THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LETTER I.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

WEDN. NIGHT, MARCH 1.

MR. Fowler ſet out yeſterday for Glouceſterſhire, where he has an eſtate. He propoſes to go from thence to Caermarthen, to the worthy Sir Rowland. He paid a viſit to Mr. Reeves, and deſired him to preſent to me his beſt wiſhes and reſpects. He declared, that he could not poſſibly take leave of me, though he doubted not but I would receive him with goodneſs, as he called it. But it was *that* which cut him to the heart: ſo kind, and ſo cruel, he ſaid, he could not bear it.

I hope poor Mr. Fowler will be more happy than I could make him. Methinks I could have been half-glad to have ſeen him before he went: and yet *but* half-glad; ſince, had he ſhewn much concern, I ſhould have been pained.

Take now, my dear, an account of what paſſed this day in St. James's Square.

There were at Sir Charles Grandiſon's, beſides Lord and Lady L. the young Lord G. one of Miſs Grandiſon's humble ſervants; Mr. Everard Grandiſon; Miſs Emily Jervois, a young lady of about fourteen, a ward of Sir Charles; and Dr. Bartlett, a divine; of whom more by-and-by.

Sir Charles conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-room; where only were his two ſiſters. They received my couſins and me with looks of love.

'I will tell you,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'your company before I preſent them 'to you. Lord L. is a good man. I 'honour him as ſuch; and love him as 'my ſiſter's huſband.'

Lady L. bowed, and looked round her, as if ſhe took pride in her brother's approbation of her lord.

Mr. Everard Grandiſon,' proceeded he, 'is a ſprightly man. He is pre-'pared to admire you, Miſs Byron. 'You will not believe, perhaps, half 'the handſome things he will ſay to 'you; but yet, will be the only perſon 'who hears them, that will not.

'Lord G. is a modeſt young man: 'he is genteel, well-bred; but is ſo 'much in love with a certain young 'lady, that he does not appear with 'that dignity in her eye, [Why 'bluſhes my Charlotte?] that other-'wiſe perhaps he might.'

'Are not *you*, Sir Charles, a *modeſt* 'man?'

'No compariſons, Charlotte. Where 'there is a double prepoſſeſſion; no 'compariſons!—But Lord G. Miſs 'Byron, is a good kind of young 'man. You'll not diſlike him, though 'my ſiſter is pleaſed to think—'

'No

'No comparisons, Sir Charles.'

'That's fair, Charlotte. I will leave 'Lord G. to the judgment of Miss 'Byron. Ladies can better account 'for the approbation and dislikes of 'ladies, than we men can.

'Dr. Bartlett you'll also see. He is 'learned, prudent, humble. You'll 'read his heart in his countenance the 'moment he smiles upon you. Your 'grandpapa, Madam, had fine curl-'ing silver hair, had he not? The 'moment I heard that you owed obli-'gation to your grandfather's care and 'delight in you, I figured to myself 'that he was just such a man, habit 'excepted: your grandfather was not 'a clergyman, I think. When I have 'friends whom I have a strong desire 'to please, I always endeavour to treat 'them with Dr. Bartlett's company. 'He has but one fault; he speaks too 'little; but, were he to speak much, 'every one else would *wish* to be silent.

'My ward, Emily Jervois, is an 'amiable girl. Her father was a good 'man; but not happy in his nuptials. 'He bequeathed to my care, on his 'death-bed, at Florence, this his on-'ly child. My sister loves her. I 'love her for her own sake, as well 'as for her father's. She has a great 'fortune: and I have had the happi-'ness to recover large sums, which her 'father gave over for lost. He was 'an Italian merchant; and driven out 'of England by the unhappy temper 'of his wife. I have had some trou-'ble with her; and, if she be living, 'expect more.'

'*Unhappy temper of his wife*, Sir 'Charles! You are very mild in your 'account of one of the most abandon-'ed of women.'

'Well, but Charlotte, I am only 'giving brief hints of Emily's story, 'to procure for her an interest in Miss 'Byron's favour, and to make their 'first acquaintance easy to each other. 'Emily wants no prepossession in Miss 'Byron's favour. She will be very 'ready herself to tell her whole story 'to Miss Byron. Mean time, let us 'not say all, that is just to say of the '*mother*, when we are speaking of the '*daughter*.'

'I stand corrected, Sir Charles.'

'Emily, Madam,' (turning to me) 'is not constantly resident with us in 'town. She is fond of being every 'where with my Charlotte.'

'And where you are, Sir Charles,' said Miss Grandison.

Mr. Reeves whispered a question to Sir Charles, which was seconded by my eyes; for I guessed what it was: Whether he had heard any thing far-ther of Sir Hargrave.

'Don't be anxious,' said Sir Charles. 'All must be well. People, long used 'to error, don't, without reluctance, 'submit to new methods of proceed-'ing. All must be well.'

Sir Charles, stepping out, brought in with him Miss Jervois. 'The gen-'tlemen seem engaged in conversa-'tion,' said he. 'But I know the im-'patience of this young lady to pay 'her respects to Miss Byron.'

He presented her to us: 'This dear 'girl is my Emily.—Allow me, Ma-'dam, whenever Miss Grandison shall 'be absent, to claim for her the bene-'fit of your instruction, and your ge-'neral countenance, as she shall ap-'pear worthy of it.'

There are not many men, my Lucy, who can make a compliment to one lady, without robbing, or, at least, de-preciating another. How often have you and I observed, that a polite bro-ther is a black swan?

I saluted the young lady, and told her I should be fond of embracing eve-ry opportunity that should offer, to commend myself to her favour.

Miss Emily Jervois is a lovely girl. She is tall, genteel, and has a fine complexion; and, though pitted with the small-pox, is pretty. The sweet-ness of her manners, as expressed in her aspect, gives her great advantage. I was sure, the moment I saw her, that her greatest delight is to please.

She made me two or three pretty compliments; and, had *not* Sir Charles commended her to me, I should have been highly taken with her.

Mr. Grandison entered. 'Upon my 'honour, Sir Charles, I can stay no 'longer, said he: 'to know that the 'finest woman in England is under 'the same roof with me; yet, to be so 'long detained from paying my re-'spects to her—I can't bear it.' And in a very gallant manner, as he seem-ed to *intend*, he paid his compliments first to me, and then to my two cou-

sins:

ſins:—and whiſpering, yet loud enough to be heard, to Miſs Grandiſon, ſwore, by his ſoul, that report fell ſhort of my perfections—and I can't tell what.

'Did I not tell you, that you would ſay ſo, Sir?' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

I did not like the gentleman the better for what I had heard of him: but, perhaps, ſhould have been leſs indifferent to his compliment, had I not before been acquainted with Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. The men of this caſt, I think, ſeem all alike. Poor creatures! how from my heart—but, indeed, now that I have the honour to know theſe two ſiſters, I deſpiſe *myſelf*.

Sir Charles, addreſſing himſelf to my couſins and me, 'Now,' ſaid he, 'that 'my couſin Grandiſon has found an 'opportunity to introduce himſelf; 'and that I have preſented my ward 'to you; we will, if you pleaſe, ſee 'how Lord L. Lord G. and Dr. 'Bartlett, are engaged.'

He led my couſin Reeves into the dining-room.

Lord L. addreſſed us with great politeneſs.

After Sir Charles had preſented the doctor to my couſins, he reſpectfully took my hand: 'Were there fifty 'ladies here, my good Dr. Bartlett, 'whom you had never ſeen before, 'you would, I am ſure, from the cha'racter you have had of Miſs Byron, 'be under no difficulty of reading that 'character in this young lady's face.—'Miſs Byron, behold, in Dr. Bartlett, 'another grandfather!'

'I reverence,' ſaid I, 'good Dr. 'Bartlett. I borrow Sir Charles's 'thought: the character he has given 'you, Sir, is ſtamped in your coun'tenance. I ſhould have venerated 'you where-ever I had ſeen you.'

The gentleman has ſuch a truly venerable aſpect, my Lucy, I could not help ſaying this.

'Sir Charles's goodneſs, Madam,' ſaid he, 'as it ever did, prevents my 'wiſhes. I rejoice to ſee, and to con'gratulate a new ſiſter *reſtored*, as I 'will call it in the language of Miſs 'Grandiſon, to the beſt of families.'

Juſt then came in a ſervant, and whiſpered to Sir Charles. 'Shew the 'gentleman,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'into 'the drawing-room, next the ſtudy.'

Mr. Grandiſon came up to me, and ſaid many ſilly things. I thought them ſo at that time.

Mr. Reeves ſoon after was ſent for out by Sir Charles. I did not like his looks on his return.

Dinner being ready to be ſerved, and Sir Charles, who was ſtill with the gentleman, ſummoned to it, he deſired we would walk down, and he would wait upon us by the time we were ſeated.

'Some new trouble,' thought I, 'of 'which I am the cauſe, I doubt.'

Preſently came in Sir Charles, unaffectedly ſmiling and ſerene.—'God 'bleſs you, Sir!' thought I—His looks pleaſed me better than my couſin's.

But, my dear, there is ſomething going forward that I cannot get out of my couſin. I hoped I ſhould when I got home. The gentleman, to whom Sir Charles was called out, was certainly that Bagenhall. Mr. Reeves cannot deny that. I gueſſed it was, by Sir Charles's ſending in for Mr. Reeves. It muſt be about me.

We had ſeveral charming converſations. Sir Charles was extremely entertaining; ſo unaſſuming, ſo lively, ſo modeſt! It was alſo delightful to ſee the attention paid to him by the ſervants, as they waited at table. They watched every look of his. I never ſaw love and reverence ſo agreeably mingled in ſervants faces in my life. And his commands were delivered to them with ſo much gentleneſs of voice and aſpect, that one could not but conclude, in favour of both, that they were the beſt of ſervants to the beſt of maſters.

Mr. Grandiſon was very gallant in his ſpeeches to me; but very uncivil with his eyes.

Lord L. ſaid but little; but what he did ſay, deſervedly gained attention.

Every body reverenced Dr. Bartlett, and was attentive when he ſpoke; and would, I dare ſay, on his own account, had not the maſter of the houſe, by the regard he paid him, engaged every one's veneration for him. Many of the queſtions which Sir Charles put to him, as if to inform himſelf, it was evident he could himſelf have anſwered: yet he put them with an air of *teachableneſs*, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf; and received the doctor's anſwers to them with as much ſatisfaction, as if he were then newly enlightened by them.

them.—Ah, my Lucy! you imagine, I dare ſay, that this admirable man loſt nothing in my eyes, by this his polite condeſcenſion. Reſerve, and a politeneſs that had dignity in it, ſhewed that the fine gentleman and the clergyman were not ſeparated in Dr. Bartlett.—Pity they ſhould be in any of the function!

Sir Charles gave Lord G. an opportunity to ſhine, by leading the diſcourſe into circumſtances and details, which Lord G. could beſt recount. My lord has been a traveller. He is a connoiſſeur in Antiquities, and in thoſe parts of *nice* knowledge, as I, a woman, call it, with which the Royal Society here, and the learned and polite of other nations, entertain themſelves.

Lord G. appeared to advantage, as Sir Charles managed it, under the awful eye of Miſs Grandiſon. Upon my word, Lucy, ſhe makes very free with him. I whiſpered her, that ſhe did—'A very Miſs Howe,' ſaid I.

'To a *very* Mr. Hickman,' re-whiſpered ſhe.—'But here's the difference: I am not determined to have Lord G. Miſs Howe yielded to her mother's recommendation, and intended to marry Mr. Hickman, even when ſhe uſed him worſt. One time or other,' (archly continued ſhe the whiſper, holding up her ſpread hand, and with a countenance of admiration) 'my Lord G. is to ſhew us his collection of butterflies, and other gaudy inſects: will you make one?—

'Of the gaudy inſects?' whiſpered I.

'Fie, Harriet!—One of the party, you know, I muſt mean. Let me tell you, I never ſaw a collection of theſe various inſects, that I did not the more admire the Maker of them, and of all us inſects, whatever I thought of the collectors of the minute ones.—Another word with you, Harriet—Theſe little playful ſtudies may do well enough with perſons who do not want to be *more* than indifferent to us; but do you think a lover ought to take high delight in the painted wings of a butterfly, when a fine lady has made herſelf all over butterfly to attract him?—Eyes off, Sir Charles!' for he looked, though ſmilingly, yet earneſtly, at us, as we whiſpered behind the counteſs's chair; who heard what was ſaid, and was pleaſed with it.

LETTER II.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAR. 2.

I Should have told you that Miſs Grandiſon did the honours of the table; and I will go round it; for I know you expect I ſhould. But I have not yet done with Lord G. Poor man! he is exceſſively in love, I ſee that. Well he may. What man would not with Miſs Grandiſon? Yet is ſhe too ſuperior, I think.

What can a woman do, who is addreſſed by a man of talents inferior to her own? Muſt ſhe throw away her talents? Muſt ſhe hide her light under a buſhel, purely to do credit to the man? She cannot pick and chuſe, as men can. She has only her negative; and, if ſhe is deſirous to oblige her friends, not always *that*. Yet it is ſaid, women muſt not encourage fops and fools. They muſt encourage men of ſenſe only. And it is *well* ſaid. But what will they do, if their lot be caſt only among foplings? if the men of ſenſe do not offer themſelves? And pray, may I not aſk, if the taſte of the age, among the men, is not dreſs, equipage, and foppery? Is the cultivation of the mind any part of their ſtudy? The men, in ſhort, are ſunk, my dear; and the women but barely ſwim.

Lord G. ſeems a little too finical in his dreſs. And yet I am told, that Sir Walter Watkyns outdoes him in foppery. What can they mean by it, when Sir Charles Grandiſon is before them? *He* ſcruples not to modernize a little; but then you ſee, that it is in compliance with the faſhion, and to avoid ſingularity; a fault to which great minds are perhaps too often ſubject, though *he* is ſo much above it.

I want to know, methinks, whether Sir Charles is *very* much in earneſt in his favour to Lord G. with regard to Miſs Grandiſon. I doubt not, if he be, but he has good reaſons for it.

Were this vile Sir Hargrave out of my head, I could ſatisfy myſelf about twenty and twenty things, that now and then I want to know.

Miſs Jervois behaved very diſcreetly. With what pleaſure did ſhe hang on every word that fell from the lips of her

her guardian! I thought more than once of Swift's Cadenus and Vaneſſa. Poor girl! how I ſhould pity her, were ſhe inſenſibly to ſuffer her gratitude to lead her to be in love with her benefactor! Indeed, I pity every body who is hopeleſsly in love.

Now don't ſhake your head, my uncle! Did I not always pity Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler? — You know I did, Lucy.

Miſs Jervois had a ſmile ready for every one; but it was not an implicit, a childiſh ſmile. It had diſtinction in it; and ſhewed intelligence. Upon the whole, ſhe ſaid little; and heard all that was ſaid with attention: and hence I pronounce her a very diſcreet young lady.

But I thought to have done with the *men* firſt; and here is Mr. Grandiſon hardly mentioned; who, yet, in his own opinion, was not the laſt of the men at table.

Mr. Grandiſon is a man of middling ſtature; not handſome in my eyes; but ſo near being handſome, that he may be excuſed, when one knows him, for thinking himſelf ſo; becauſe he is liable to make greater miſtakes than that.

He dreſſes very gaily too. He is at the *head of* the faſhion, as it ſeems, he thinks; but, however, is one of the *firſt* in it, be it what it will. He is a great frequenter of the drawing-room; of all manner of public ſpectacles: a leader of the taſte at a new play, or opera. He dances, he ſings, he laughs; and values himſelf on all three qualifications: and yet certainly has ſenſe; but is not likely to improve it much; ſince he ſeems to be ſo much afraid of ſuffering in the conſequence he thinks himſelf of, that whenever Sir Charles applies himſelf to him, upon any of his levities, though but by the eye, his conſciouſneſs, however mild the look, makes him ſhew an uneaſineſs at the inſtant. He reddens, fits in pain; calls for favour by his eyes and his quivering lips; and has, notwithſtanding, a ſmile ready to turn into a laugh, in order to leſſen his own ſenſibility, ſhould he be likely to ſuffer in the opinion of the company: but every motion ſhews his conſciouſneſs of inferiority to the man, of whoſe ſmiles or animadverſions he is ſo very apprehenſive.

What a captious, what a ſupercilious huſband, to a woman who ſhould happen to have a ſtronger mind than his, would Mr. Grandiſon make! But he values himſelf upon his having preſerved his liberty.

I believe there are more batchelors now in England, by many thouſands, than were a few years ago: and, probably, the numbers of them (and of ſingle women, of courſe) will every year increaſe. The luxury of the age will account a good deal for this; and the turn our ſex take in *un*-domeſticating themſelves, for a good deal more. But let not thoſe worthy young women, who may think themſelves deſtined to a ſingle life, repine over-much at their lot; ſince, poſſibly, if they have had no lovers, or having had one, two, or three, have not found a huſband, they have had rather a miſs than a loſs, as men go. And let me here add, that I think, as matters ſtand in this age, or indeed ever did ſtand, that thoſe women who have joined with the men in their inſolent ridicule of old maids, ought never to be forgiven: no, though Miſs Grandiſon ſhould be one of the ridiculers. An old maid *may be* an odious character, if they will tell us, that the bad qualities of the perſons, not the maiden ſtate, are what they mean to expoſe: but then they muſt allow, that there are old maids of twenty; and even that there are widows and wives of all ages and complexions, who, in the abuſive ſenſe of the words, are as much old maids, as the moſt particular of that claſs of females.

But a word or two more concerning Mr. Grandiſon.

He is about thirty-two. He has had the *glory* of ruining two or three women. Sir Charles has *reſtored* him to a ſenſe of ſhame [All men, I hope, are born with it;] which a few months ago he had got above. And he does not now entertain ladies with inſtances of the frailty of individuals of their ſex; which many are too apt, encouragingly, to ſmile at: when I am very much miſtaken, if every woman would not find her account, if ſhe wiſhes *herſelf* to be thought well of, in diſcouraging every reflection that may have a tendency to debaſe or expoſe the ſex in general. How can a man be ſuffered to boaſt of his vileneſs to one woman

in the preſence of another, without a rebuke, that ſhould put it to the proof, whether the boaſter was, or was not, paſt bluſhing.

Mr. Grandiſon is thought to have hurt his fortune, which was very conſiderable, by his free living, and an itch of gaming; to cure him of which, Sir Charles encourages him to give him his company at all opportunities. He certainly has underſtanding enough to know how to value the favour; for he owns to Miſs Grandiſon, that he both loves and fears him; and now and then tells her, that he would give the world, if he had it, to be able to be juſt what Sir Charles is! 'Good God!' at other times he has broke out, 'What an 'odious creature is a rake! how I 'hate myſelf, when I contemplate the 'excellences of this divine brother of 'yours!'

I ſhall ſay nothing of Sir Charles in this place. You, I know, my Lucy, will admire me for my forbearance.

Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, were the graces of the table. So lively, ſo ſenſible, ſo frank, ſo polite, ſo good-humoured, what honour do they and their brother reflect back on the memory of their mother! Lady Grandiſon, it ſeems, was an excellent woman. Sir Thomas was not, I have heard, quite unexceptionable. How uſeful, if ſo, are the women in the greater, as well as in the leſs, parts of domeſtick duty, where they *perform* their duty! And what have thoſe, who do not, to anſwer for, to God, to their children, and even to their whole ſex, for the contempts they bring upon it by their uſeleſsneſs, and, perhaps, extravagance; ſince, if the human mind is not actively good, it will generally be actively evil.

Dr. Bartlett I have already ſpoken of. How did he enliven the converſation, whenever he bore a part in it! So happy an elocution, ſo clear, ſo juſt, ſo ſolid, his reaſoning! I wiſh I could remember every word he ſaid.

Sir Charles obſerved to us, before we *ſaw* him, that he was not forward to ſpeak: but, as I hinted, he threw the occaſions in his way, on purpoſe to draw him out; and at ſuch times, what he ſaid was eaſy, free, and unaffected; and whenever a ſubject was concluded, he had done with it. His modeſty, in ſhort, made him always follow rather than lead a ſubject, as he very well might do, be it what it would.

I was charmed with the Brachman's prayer; which he, occaſionally, gave us, on the ancient Perſians being talked of.

Looking up to the riſing ſun, which it was ſuppoſed they worſhipped, theſe were the words of the Brachman.

'O THOU (meaning the ALMIGHTY) 'by whom *thou*,' (meaning the Sun) 'art enlightened, illuminate 'my mind, that my actions may be 'agreeable to THY will!'

And this I will think of, my Lucy, as often as my early hour, for the future, ſhall be irradiated by that glorious orb.

Every body was pleaſed with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. Their modeſty, good ſenſe, and amiable tempers, and the kind, yet not oſtentatious regard which they expreſs to each other, (a regard ſo creditable to the married ſtate) cauſe them to be always treated and ſpoken of with diſtinction.

But I believe, as I am in a ſcribbling vein, I muſt give you the particulars of one converſation; in which, farther honour was done to Dr. Bartlett.

After dinner, the counteſs, drawing me on one ſide, by both my hands, ſaid, 'Well, our other ſiſter, our new-'found ſiſter, let me know how you 'like us; I am in pain leſt you ſhould 'not love us as well as you do *our* 'Northamptonſhire relations.'

'You overcome me, Madam, with 'your goodneſs.'

Miſs Grandiſon then coming towards us, 'Dear Miſs Grandiſon,' ſaid I, 'help me to words—'

'No, indeed, I'll help you to no-'thing. I am jealous.—Lady L. 'don't think to rob me of my Har-'riet's preferable love, as you have 'of Sir Charles's. I *will* be beſt 'ſiſter here.—But what was your ſub-'ject?—Yet I will anſwer my own 'queſtion. Some pretty compliment, 'I ſuppoſe; women to women. Wo-'men hunger and thirſt after compli-'ments. Rather than be without 'them, if no men are at hand to flat-'ter us, we love to ſay handſome

'things

'things to one another; and ſo teach 'the men to find us out.'

'You need not be *jealous*, Char-'lotte,' ſaid the counteſs; 'you may 'be *ſure*.—This ſaucy girl, Miſs By-'ron, is ever fruſtrating her own pre-'tenſions.—Can flattery, Charlotte, 'ſay what we will, have place *here*? '—But tell me, Miſs Byron, how you 'like Dr. Bartlett?'

'Aye, tell us, Harriet,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'how you like Dr. Bart-'lett?—Pray, Lady L. don't anticipate 'me: I propoſe to give our new ſiſter 'the hiſtory of us all; and is not 'Dr. Bartlett one of *us*?' She has 'already given me the hiſtory of all 'her friends, and of herſelf: and I 'have communicated to you, like a 'good ſiſter, all ſhe has told me.'

I conſidered Dr. Bartlett, I ſaid, as a ſaint; and, at the ſame time, as a man of true politeneſs.

'He is indeed,' ſaid the counteſs, 'all that is worthy and amiable in 'man. Don't you ſee how Sir Charles 'admires him?'

'Pray, Lady L. keep clear of my 'province. Here is Sir Charles. He 'will not let us break into parties.'

Sir Charles heard this laſt ſentence. —'Yet I wonder not,' ſaid he, join-ing us, 'that three ſuch women get to-'gether: goodneſs to goodneſs is a na-'tural attraction. We men, however, 'will not be excluded—Dr. Bartlett, 'if you pleaſe—'

The doctor approached in a moſt graceful manner—'Let me again, 'Miſs Byron, preſent Dr. Bartlett to 'you, as a man that is an honour to 'his cloth; and that is the ſame thing, 'as if I ſaid, to human nature;'—[The good man bowed in ſilence.] 'and Miſs Byron to you, my good 'doctor,' (taking my hand) 'as a 'lady moſt worthy your diſtinguiſhed 'regard.'

'You do me too much honour, Sir,' ſaid I.—'I ſhall hope, good Dr. Bart-'lett, by your inſtructions, to be ena-'bled to deſerve ſuch a recommenda-'tion.'

'My dear Harriet,' ſaid the coun-teſs, ſnatching my other hand, 'you 'are a *good* girl; and that is more to 'your honour than beauty.'

'Be quiet, Lady L.' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

Mr. Grandiſon came up—'What? 'is there not another hand for me?'

I was vexed at his interruption. It prevented Dr. Bartlett from ſaying ſomething that his lips were opening to ſpeak with a ſmile of benignity.

'How the world,' ſaid Sir Charles, ſmiling, 'will puſh itſelf in!—*Heart*, 'not *hand*, my dear Mr. Grandiſon, 'was the ſubject.'

'Whenever you, Sir Charles, and 'the doctor, and theſe ladies, are got 'together, I know I *muſt* be unſeaſon-'able: but if you exclude me ſuch 'company, how ſhall I ever be what 'you and the doctor would have me to 'be?'

Lord L. and Lord G. were coming up to us: 'See your attraction, Miſs 'Byron,' ſaid the counteſs.

'But,' joined in Miſs Grandiſon, 'we will not leave our little Jervois by 'herſelf, expecting and longing! Our 'couſins Reeves—only that when they 'are together, they cannot want com-'pany—ſhould not be thus left. Is 'there more than one heart among us? '—This man's excepted,' humour-ouſly puſhing Mr. Grandiſon as if from the company—'Let us be orderly, and 'take our ſeats.'

'How cruel is this!' ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, appealing to Sir Charles.

'Indeed, I think it is a little cruel, 'Charlotte.'

'Not ſo: let him be good then.— 'Till when, may all our ſex ſay, to 'ſuch men as my couſin has been— "Thus let it be done by the man, "whom, if he were good, good per-"ſons would delight to honour."'

'Shame, if not principle,' ſaid Lord L. ſmiling, 'would effect the 'cure, if all ladies were to act thus.— 'Don't you think ſo, couſin Everard?'

'Well, well,' ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, 'I will be good, as faſt as I can:—but, 'doctor, what ſay you?—Rome was 'not built in a day.'

'I have great hopes of Mr. Gran-'diſon,' ſaid the doctor.—'But, la-'dies, you muſt not, as Mr. Grandi-'ſon obſerved, exclude from the be-'nefit of *your* converſation, the man 'whom you wiſh to be good.'

'What! not till he *is* good?' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. 'Did I not ſay, 'we ſhould delight to honour him when 'he was?'

'But, what, Sir Charles? (come, I had rather take my cue from you, than any body; what) are the signs which I am to give to be allowed—'

'Only these, my cousin—When you can be serious on serious subjects; yet so chearful in your seriousness, as if it sat easy upon you; when you can, at times, prefer the company and conversation of Dr. Bartlett, who is not a solemn or severe man, to any other; and, in general, had rather stand well in his opinion, than in that of the gayest man or woman in the world.'

'Provided yours, Sir Charles, may be added to the doctor's.'

'Command me, Mr. Grandison, whenever you two are together. We will not oppress you with our subjects. Our conversation shall be that of men, of *chearful* men. You shall lead them and change them at pleasure. The first moment (and I will watch for it) that I shall imagine you to be tired or uneasy, I will break off the conversation; and you shall leave us, and pursue your own diversions, without a question.'

'You were always indulgent to me, Sir Charles,' said Mr. Grandison; 'and I have retired, and blushed to myself sometimes, for *wanting* your indulgence.'

Tea was preparing. Sir Charles took his own seat next Lord L. whom he set in to talk of Scotland. He enjoyed the account my lord gave of the pleasure which the countess, on that her first journey into those parts, gave to all *his* family and friends; as Lady L. on her part acknowledged she had a grateful sense of *their* goodness to her.

'I rejoice,' said Sir Charles, 'that the sea divides us not from such worthy people, as you, my lord, have given us a relation to. Next visit you make, (Charlotte, I hope, will accompany me) I intend to make one in your train, as I have told your lordship before.'

'You will add to our pleasure, Sir Charles. All my relations are prepared to do you honour.

'But, my lord, did not the ladies think a little hardly of your lordship's engagement; that a man of your merit should go from Scotland for a wife? I do assure you, my lord, that, in all the countries I have been in, I never saw finer women than I have seen in Scotland; and, in very few nations, though six times as large, greater numbers of them.'

'I *was* to be the happiest of men, Sir Charles, in a Grandison—I thank *you*,' bowing.

'It is one of my felicities, my lord, that my sister calls herself yours.'

Lady L. whispering me, as I sat between her and Miss Grandison, 'The two worthiest hearts in the world, Miss Byron! my Lord L.'s, and my brother's!'

'With joy I congratulate your ladyship on both,' re-whispered I. 'May God long continue to you two such blessings!'

I thought of the vile Sir Hargrave at the time.

'I can tell you how,' said Mr. Grandison, 'to repay that nation—You, Sir Charles, shall go down, and bring up with you a Scottish lady.'

I was vexed with myself for starting. I could not help it.

Don't you think, Lucy, that Sir Charles made a very fine compliment to the Scottish ladies!—I own that I have heard the women of our northern counties praised *also*. But are there not, think you, as pretty women in England?

'My sister Harriet,' applied Sir Charles to me, 'you need not, I hope, be told, that I am a great admirer of fine women.'

I had like to have bowed—I should not have been able to recover myself, had I so seemed to apply his compliment.

'I the less wonder that you are, Sir Charles, because, in the word *fine*, you include mind as well as person.'

'That's my good girl!' said Miss Grandison, as she poured out the tea: 'and so he does.'

'My dear Charlotte,' whispered I, pray, say something encouraging to Lord G. He is pleased with every body: but nobody says any thing to him; and he, I see, both loves and fears you.'

'Hush, child!' whispered she again. 'The man's best when he is silent. If it be his day to *love*, it is his day to *fear*. What a deuce! shall a woman's time be never?'

'That's

'That's good news for my lord! ſhall I hint to him, that his time *will* come?'

'Do, if you dare. I want you to provoke me.' She ſpoke aloud.

'I have done,' ſaid I.

'My lord! what do you think Miſs Byron ſays?'

'For Heaven's ſake, dear Miſs Grandiſon!'

'Nay, I *will* ſpeak it.'

'Pray, Madam, let me know,' ſaid my lord.

'You will know Miſs Grandiſon in time,' ſaid Sir Charles.—'I truſt her not with any of *my* ſecrets, Miſs Byron.'

'The more ungenerous you, Sir Charles; for you get out of me all mine. I complained of you, Sir, to Miſs Byron, for your reſerves at Colnebrook.'

'Be ſo good, Madam,' ſaid my lord—

'Nay, nothing but the Mountain and the Mouſe. Miſs Byron only wanted to ſee your collection of inſects.'

'Miſs Byron will do me great honour.'

'If Charlotte won't attend you, Madam,' ſaid the counteſs, 'to my Lord G.'s, I will.'

'Have I not brought you off, Harriet?' whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon. 'Truſt me another time.—She will let you know the day before, my lord.'

'Miſs Grandiſon, my lord,' ſaid I, loves to alarm. But I will, with pleaſure, wait on *her*, and on the counteſs, whenever they pleaſe.'

'You will ſee many things worth your notice, Madam, in Lord G.'s collection,' ſaid Sir Charles to me. 'But Charlotte thinks nothing leſs than men and women worthy of hers; her parrot and ſquirrel, the one for it's prattle, the other for it's vivacity, excepted.'

'Thank you, Sir Charles.—But pray do *you* be quiet! I fear nobody elſe.'

'Miſs Byron,' ſaid the counteſs, pray ſpare her not: I ſee you can make Charlotte be afraid of *two*.'

'Then it muſt be of *three*, Lady L.—You know my reverence for my elder ſiſter.'

'Indeed but I don't. I know only, that nobody can better tell what ſhe *ſhould* do, than my Charlotte: but I have always taken too much delight in your vivacity, either to wiſh or expect you to rein it in.'

'You acted by me like an *indolent* parent, Lady L. who miſcalls herſelf *indulgent*. You gave me my head for your own pleaſure; and when I had got it, though you found the inconvenience, you choſe rather to bear it, than to take the pains to reſtrain me—But Sir Charles, whatever faults he might have had when he was from us, came over to us finiſhed. He grew not up with us from year to year; his blaze dazzled me; and I have tried over and over, but cannot yet get the better of my reverence for *him*.'

'If I have not my ſiſter's love, rather than what ſhe pleaſantly calls her reverence, I ſhall have a much worſe opinion of my own outward behaviour, than of her merit.'

'Your outward behaviour, Sir Charles, cannot be in fault,' ſaid Lord L. 'but I join with my ſiſter Charlotte, in her opinion of what *is*.'

'And I too,' ſaid the counteſs—for I am a party—This is it, Sir Charles—Who that lies under obligations which they cannot return, can view the obliger but with the moſt delicate ſenſibility?'

'Give *me* leave,' ſaid Miſs Emily, her face crimſoned over with modeſt gratitude, 'to ſay, that I am one, that ſhall ever have a reverence, ſuperior to my love, for the beſt of guardians.'

Bluſhes overſpread my face, and gave a tacit acknowledgment, on my part, of the ſame ſenſibility, from the ſame motives.

'Who is it,' joined in Dr. Bartlett, 'that knows my patron, but muſt acknowledge—'

'My dear Dr. Bartlett,' interrupted Sir Charles, 'from you, and from my good Lord L. theſe fine things are not to be borne. From my three ſiſters,' looking at *me* for one, 'and from my dear ward, I cannot be ſo uneaſy, when they will not be reſtrained from acknowledging, that I have ſucceeded in my endeavours to perform my *duty* to them.'

I long to know, as I ſaid once before, the particulars of what Sir Charles has done, to oblige every body in ſo high

high a manner. Don't *you*, Lucy? Bleſs me! what a deal of time have I waſted ſince I came to town? I feel as if I had wings, and had ſoared to ſo great a height, that every thing and perſon that I before beheld without diſſatisfaction, in this great town, looks diminutive and little under my aching eye. Thus, my dear, it muſt be in a better world, if we are permitted to look back upon the *higheſt* of our ſatisfactions in this.

I was aſked to give them a leſſon on the harpſichord after tea. Miſs Grandiſon ſaid, 'Come, come, to prevent 'all excuſes, I will ſhew you the 'way.'

'Let it then be,' ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, 'Shakeſpeare's Cuckow. You 'have made me enter with ſo much 'comparative ſhame into myſelf, that 'I muſt have ſomething lively to raiſe 'my ſpirits.'

'Well, ſo it ſhall,' replied Miſs Grandiſon. 'Our poor couſin does 'not know what to do with himſelf 'when you are got a little out of his 'reach.'

'That is not fair, Charlotte,' ſaid Sir Charles. 'It is not that graceful 'manner of obliging, in which you 'generally excel. Compliance and 'reflection are not to be coupled.'

'Well, well, but I will give the 'good man his Cuckow, to make him 'amends.'

Accordingly ſhe ſung that ballad from Shakeſpeare; and with ſo much ſpirit and humour, as delighted every body.

Sir Charles being a judge of muſick, I looked a little ſillier than uſual, when I was again called upon.

'Come, my dear,' ſaid the kind counteſs, 'I will prepare you a little 'farther. When you ſee your two 'elder ſiſters go before you, you will 'have more courage.'

She ſat down, and played one of Scarlatti's leſſons; which, you know, are made to ſhow a fine hand. And ſurely, for the ſwiftneſs of her fingers, and the elegance of her manner, ſhe could not be equalled.

'It is referred to you, my third ſiſ-'ter,' ſaid Sir Charles [who had been taken aſide by Mr. Reeves; ſome whiſpering talk having paſſed between them] 'to favour us with ſome of 'Handel's muſick: Mrs. Reeves ſays, 'ſhe has heard you ſing ſeveral ſongs 'out of the Paſtoral, and out of ſome 'of his fineſt oratorios.'

'Come hither, come hither, my 'ſweet Harriet—here's his Alexan-'der's Feaſt; my brother admires *that*, 'I know; and ſays it is the nobleſt 'compoſition that ever was produced 'by man; and is as finely ſet as writ-'ten.'

She made me ſit down to the inſtrument.

'As you know,' ſaid I, 'that great 'part of the beauty of this perform-'ance ariſes from the proper tranſi-'tions from one different ſtrain to ano-'ther, any one ſong muſt loſe great-'ly, by being taken out of it's place; 'and I fear—'

'Fear nothing, Miſs Byron,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'your obligingneſs, as 'well as your obſervation, intitle you 'to all allowances.'

I then turned to that fine air—

'Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
'Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.'

Which not being ſet ſo full with accompanying ſymphonies, as moſt of Mr. Handel's are, I performed with the more eaſe to myſelf, though I had never but once before played it over.

They all, with more compliments than I dare repeat, requeſted me to play and ſing it once more.

'*Dare repeat!*' methinks I hear my uncle Selby ſay, 'the girl that does no-'thing but repeat her own praiſes, 'comes with her *If I dare repeat!*'

Yes, Sir, I anſwer; for compliments that do not elevate, that do not touch me, run glibly off my pen: but ſuch as, *indeed*, raiſe one's vanity; how can one *avow* that vanity by writing them down?—But they were reſolved to be pleaſed before I began.

One compliment, however, from Sir Charles, I cannot, I find, paſs over in ſilence. He whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon, as he leaned upon my chair, 'How 'could Sir Hargrave Pollexfen have 'the heart to endeavour to ſtop ſuch a 'mouth as that!'

And now, having laſt night and this morning, written ſo many ſides, it is time to break off. Yet I could give you many more particulars of agreeable converſation that paſſed, were I ſure

you

you would not think me inſufferably tedious; and did not the unkind reſerve of my couſin Reeves, as to the buſineſs of that Bagenhall, ruſh upon my memory with freſh force, and help to tire my fingers. I am the more concerned, as my couſin himſelf ſeems not eaſy; but is in expectation of hearing ſomething, that will either give him relief, or add to his pain.

Why, Lucy, ſhould our friends take upon themſelves to keep us in the dark, as to thoſe matters which it concerns us more to know, than perhaps any body elſe? There is a tenderneſs ſometimes ſhewn on arduous occaſions in this reſpect, that gives as much pain, as we could receive from the moſt explicit communication. And then, all the while, there is ſo much ſtrength of mind and diſcretion, ſuppoſed in the perſon that knows an event, and ſuch weakneſs in her that is to be kept in ignorance, that—But I grow as ſaucy as impatient. Let me conclude, before I expoſe myſelf to reproof for a petulance, that I hope is not natural to *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER III.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

THURSDAY NIGHT, MAR. 2.

AND what do you think was the reaſon of Mr. Reeves's reſerves? A moſt alarming one. I am obliged to him, that he kept it from me, though the uncertainty did not a little affect me. Take the account of it, as it comes out.

I told you in my former, that the perſon to whom Sir Charles was ſent for out, was Mr. Bagenhall; and that Sir Charles had ſent in for Mr. Reeves, who returned to the company with a countenance that I did not like ſo well as I did Sir Charles's. I now proceed to give you, from minutes of Mr. Reeves, what paſſed on the occaſion.

Sir Charles took Mr. Reeves aſide—'This unhappy man, (Sir Hargrave, 'I mean,' ſaid he) 'ſeems to me to 'want an excuſe to himſelf, for put-'ting up with a treatment which he 'thinks diſgraceful. When we have 'to deal with children, humours muſt 'be a little allowed for. But you will 'hear what the propoſal is now. Let 'not the ladies, however, nor the gen-'tlemen within, know any thing of 'the matter till all is over. This is a 'day devoted to pleaſure. But *you*, 'Mr. Reeves, know ſomething of the 'matter; and can anſwer for your fair 'couſin.'

He then led Mr. Reeves in to Mr. Bagenhall.

'This, Sir, is Mr. Reeves.—Sir 'Hargrave, in ſhort, Mr. Reeves, 'among other demands that I cannot 'comply with, (but which relate only 'to myſelf, and therefore need not be 'mentioned) inſiſts upon an introduc-'tion to Miſs Byron. He ſays, ſhe is 'abſolutely diſengaged—Is ſhe, Sir?'

'I dare ſay ſhe is,' anſwered my couſin.

'This gentleman has been naming 'to me Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, and 'others.'

'No one of them has ever met with 'the ſhadow of encouragement from my 'couſin. She is above keeping any man 'in ſuſpenſe, when ſhe is not in any her-'ſelf. Nothing has given her more 'uneaſineſs than the number of her 'admirers.'

'Miſs Byron,' ſaid Sir Charles, '*muſt* be admired by every one that 'beholds her; but ſtill more by thoſe 'who are admitted to the honour of 'converſing with her. But Sir Har-'grave is willing to build upon her 'diſengagement ſomething in his own 'favour. Is there any room for Sir 'Hargrave, who pleads his ſufferings 'for her; who vows his honourable 'intentions, even at the time that he 'was hoping to gain her by ſo unman-'ly a violence; and appeals to her for 'the purity, as he calls it, of his be-'haviour to her all the time ſhe was in 'his hands—who makes very large 'offers of ſettlements—Is there any 'room to hope, that Miſs Byron—'

'No, none at all, Sir Charles.'

'What! not to ſave a life, Mr. 'Reeves?' ſaid Mr. Bagenhall.

'If you mean mine, Mr. Bagen-'hall,' replied Sir Charles, 'I beg '*that* may not be conſidered. If Sir 'Hargrave means his own, I will pro-'nounce that it is ſafe from any pre-'meditated reſentment of mine.—Do 'you think Miſs Byron will bear to 'ſee Sir Hargrave, Mr. Reeves? I

'preſume

'presume he intends to beg pardon of 'her. Will she consent to receive a 'visit from him?—But is not this 'wretched trifling, Mr. Bagenhall?'

'You will remember, Sir Charles, 'this is a proposal of *mine*: what I '*hoped* might be agreed to by Sir Har'grave; but that I was willing to con'sult you before I mentioned it to 'him.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Bagen'hall: I now remember it.'

'If ever man doated upon a woman,' said Mr. Bagenhall, 'it is Sir Har'grave on Miss Byron. The very 'methods he took to obtain her for a 'wife, shew *that* most convincingly. 'You will promise not to stand in his 'way, Sir?'

'I repeat, Mr. Bagenhall, what I 'have heretofore told you; that Miss 'Byron,—(*you'll* excuse me, Mr. 'Reeves)—is still under *my* protection. 'If Sir Hargrave, as he ought, is in'clined to ask her pardon; and if he 'can obtain it, and even upon his own 'terms, I shall think Miss Byron and 'he may be happier together, than at 'present I can imagine it possible. I 'am not desirous to be any way consi'dered, but as her protector from vio'lence and insult; and that I *shall* 'be, if she claim it, in defiance of a 'hundred such men as Sir Hargrave. 'But then, Sir, the occasion must be 'sudden: no legal relief must be at 'hand. I will not, either for an ad'versary's sake, or my own, be de'fied into a cool and premeditated ven'geance.'

'But, Sir Charles, Sir Hargrave 'has some hardships in this case. You 'will not give him the satisfaction of 'a gentleman; and, according to the 'laws of honour, a man is not intitled 'to be *treated* as a gentleman, who 'denies to one—'

'Of whose making, Mr. Bagenhall, 'are the laws of honour you mention? 'I own no laws, but the laws of GOD 'and my country. But, to cut this 'matter short, tell Sir Hargrave, that 'little as is the dependence a man of 'honour can have upon that of a man 'who has acted by an helpless woman 'as he has acted by Miss Byron, I 'will breakfast with him in his own 'house to-morrow morning, if he 'contradicts it not. I will attribute 'to the violence of his passion for 'the lady, the unmanly outrage he 'was guilty of. I will suppose him 'mistaken enough to imagine, that he 'should make her amends by marriage, 'if he could compel her hand; and 'will trust my person to his honour, 'one servant only to walk before his 'door, not to enter the house, to at'tend my commands, after our con'versation is over. My sword, and 'my sword only, shall be my compa'nion; but this rather, that I would 'not be thought to owe my safety to 'the want of it, than in expectation, 'after such confidence placed in him, 'to have occasion to draw it in my own 'defence. And pray, Mr. Bagen'hall, do you, his friend, be present; 'and any other friends, and to what 'number he pleases.'

When I came to this place in my cousin's minutes, I was astonished; I was out of breath upon it.

Mr. Bagenhall was surprized, and asked Sir Charles, if he were in earnest.

'I would not be thought a rash 'man, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave '*threatens* me: I never avoid a threat'ner. *You* seem to hint, Sir, that I 'am not intitled to fair play, if I con'sent not to meet him with a murde'rous intention. With *such* an inten'tion I never will meet any man; 'though I have as much reason to rely 'on the skill of my arm, as on the 'justice of my cause. If foul play is 'hinted at, I am no more safe from 'an assassin in my bed-chamber, than 'in Sir Hargrave's house. Something 'must be done by a man who refuses 'a challenge, to let a challenger see, '(such is the world, such is the cus'tom!) that he has *better* motives 'than fear, for his refusal. I will put 'Sir Hargrave's honour to the fullest 'test: tell him, Sir, that I will bear a 'great deal; but that I will not be in'sulted, were he a prince.'

'And you really would have me—'

'I would, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir 'Hargrave, I see, will not be satis'fied, unless something extraordinary 'be done: and if I hear not from you, 'or from him, I will attend him by 'ten to-morrow morning, in an ami'cable manner, to breakfast at his own 'house in Cavendish Square.'

I am in terror, Lucy, even in transcribing only.

'Mr. Reeves,' said Sir Charles, 'you

'you undo me, if one word of this 'matter eſcape you, even to your 'wife.'

Mr. Reeves begged, that he might attend him to Sir Hargrave's.

'By no means, Mr. Reeves.'

'Then, Sir Charles, you appre-'hend danger.'

'I do *not*. Something, as I ſaid, 'muſt be done; this is the ſhorteſt and 'beſt method to make all parties eaſy. 'Sir Hargrave thinks himſelf ſlighted. 'He may infer, if he pleaſes, in his 'own favour, that I do *not* deſpiſe a 'man, in whom I can place ſuch a 'confidence. Do you, Mr. Reeves, 'return to company; and let no one 'know the occaſion of your abſence, 'or of mine, from it.'

I have told you, my dear, what a difference there was in the countenances of both, when each ſeparately entered the dining-room. And could this great man, (ſurely I may call him *great*) could he, in *ſuch* circumſtances, on his return, give joy, pleaſure, entertainment, to all the company, without the leaſt cauſe of ſuſpicion of what had paſſed?

Mr. Reeves, as I told you, ſingled out Sir Charles in the evening to know what had paſſed after he left him and Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Charles acquainted him, that Mr. Bagenhall had propoſed to let him know that night or in the morning, how Sir Hargrave approved of his intended viſit. 'He has, 'accordingly, ſignified to me already,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'that Sir Hargrave 'expects me.'

'And will you go, Sir?'

'Don't give yourſelf concern about 'the matter, Mr. Reeves. All muſt 'end well. My intention is, not to 'run into miſchief, but to prevent it. 'My principles are better known 'abroad, than they are in England. I 'have been challenged more than once 'by men who knew them, and thought 'to find their ſafety from them. I 'have been obliged to take ſome ex-'traordinary ſteps to ſave myſelf from 'inſult; and thoſe ſteps have anſwered 'my end, in more licentious countries 'than this. I hope this ſtep will pre-'ſerve me from calls of this nature in 'my own country.'

'For God's ſake, Sir Charles—'

'Be not uneaſy on my account, 'Mr. Reeves. Does not Sir Hargrave 'value himſelf upon his fortune? He 'would be loth to forfeit it. *His* for-'tune is *my* ſecurity. And am I not a 'man of ſome conſequence myſelf? 'Is not the affair between us known? 'Will not therefore the cauſe juſtify 'me, and condemn him? The man is 'turbulent; he is uneaſy with him-'ſelf; he knows himſelf to be in the 'wrong. And ſhall a man who re-'ſolves to pay a ſacred regard to laws 'divine and human, fear this Goth? 'Tis time enough to fear, when I 'can be unjuſt. If you value my 'friendſhip, as I do yours, my good 'Mr. Reeves,' proceeded he, 'I ſhall 'be ſure of your abſolute ſilence. I 'will attend Sir Hargrave by ten to-'morrow morning. You will hear 'from me, or ſee me at your own 'houſe, by twelve.'

And then it was, as Mr. Reeves tells me, that Sir Charles turned from him, to encourage me to give the company a leſſon from Dryden's Alexander's Feaſt.

Mr. Reeves went out in the morning. My couſin ſays, he had been exceſſively uneaſy all night. He now owns, he called in St. James's Square, and there breakfaſted with Lord and Lady L. Miſs Grandiſon, Miſs Emily, and Dr. Bartlett. Sir Charles went out at nine, in a chair, one ſervant only attending him: the family knew not whither. And his two ſiſters were fomenting a rebellion againſt him, as they humorouſly called it, for his keeping from them (who kept nothing from *him*) his motions, when they and my lord were together, and at his houſe: but my lord and Miſs Emily pleaſantly refuſed to join in it. Mr. Reeves told us, on his return, that his heart was ſo ſunk, that they took great notice of his dejection.

About three o'clock, juſt as Mr. Reeves was determined to go to St. James's Square again, and, if Sir Charles had not been heard of, to Cavendiſh Square, (though irreſolute what to do when there) the following billet was brought him from Sir Charles. After what I have written, does not your heart leap for joy, my Lucy?

'DEAR SIR,

HALF AN HOUR AFTER TWO,

'I Will do myſelf the honour of viſiting Mrs. Reeves, Miſs Byron, and you, at your uſual tea-time, if you are not engaged. I tell the ladies here, that thoſe who have leaſt to do, are generally the moſt buſy people in the world. I can therefore be only anſwerable, on this viſit, for, Sir, *your moſt humble ſervant*,

'CHARLES GRANDISON.'

Then it was, that vehemently urged both by my couſin and me, Mr. Reeves gave us briefly the cauſe of his uneaſineſs.

About ſix o'clock, Sir Charles came in a chair. He was charmingly dreſſed. I thought him, the moment he entered, the handſomeſt man I ever ſaw in my life. What a tranſporting thing muſt it be, my Lucy, to an affectionate wife, without reſtraint, without check, and performing nothing but her duty, to run with open arms, to receive a worthy huſband, returning to her after a long abſence, or from an eſcaped danger! How cold, how joyleſs!—But no! I was neither cold nor joyleſs; for my face, as I felt it, was in a glow; and my heart was ready to burſt with congratulatory meaning, at the viſible ſafety, and unhurt perſon, of the man who had laid me before under ſuch obligations to him, as were too much for my gratitude. O do not, do not tell me, my dear friends, that *you* love him, that *you* wiſh me to be his. I ſhall be ready, if you *do*, to wiſh—I don't know what I would ſay: but *your* wiſhes were always the leaders of *mine*.

Mrs. Reeves having the ſame cauſe for apprehenſion, could hardly reſtrain herſelf when he entered the room. She met him at the door, her hand held out, and with ſo much emotion, that Sir Charles ſaid, 'How 'well, Mr. Reeves, you have kept 'my ſecret!'—Mr. Reeves told him what an uneaſineſs he had laboured under from the preceding evening; and how ſilent he had been, till his welcome billet came.

Then it was, that both my couſins, with equal freedom, congratulated him.

And I'll tell you how the fool, the maiden fool, looked and acted. Her feet inſenſibly moved to meet him, while he was receiving the freer compliments of my couſins. I curtſied baſhfully; it was hardly noticeable; and, *becauſe* unnoticed, I paid my compliments in a deeper curtſey. And then, finding my hand in his, when I knew not whether I had a hand or not—'I am grieved, Sir,' ſaid I, 'to be 'the occaſion, to be the cauſe—' And I ſighed for one reaſon, (perhaps you can gueſs what that was) and bluſhed for two; becauſe I knew not what to ſay, nor how to look; and becauſe I was under obligations which I could not return.

He kindly ſaved my farther confuſion, by making light of what had paſſed: and, leading me to a ſeat, took his place by me.

'May I aſk, Sir Charles?' ſaid my couſin Reeves, and ſtopt.

'The converſation was too tedious, 'and too various, to be minutely related, Mr. Reeves. But Sir Hargrave had, by Mr. Bagenhall's deſire, got his ſhort-hand writer in a 'cloſet; and that unknown to me, 'till all was over. I am to have a copy 'of what paſſed. You ſhall ſee it, if 'you pleaſe, when it is ſent me.—'Mean time, what think you of a 'compromiſe at *your* expence, Miſs 'Byron?'

'I dare abide by every thing that 'Sir Charles Grandiſon has ſtipulated 'for me.'

'It would be cruelty to keep a lady 'in ſuſpenſe, where doubt will give her 'pain, and cannot end in pleaſure.—'Sir Hargrave is reſolved to wait upon 'you: are you willing to ſee him?'

'If, Sir, you will adviſe me to ſee 'him.'

'I adviſe nothing, Madam. Purſue 'your inclinations. Mr. Reeves is at 'liberty to admit whom he pleaſes 'into his houſe; Miſs Byron to ſee in 'it, or whereſoever ſhe is, whom *ſhe* 'pleaſes. I told him my mind very 'freely: but I left him determined to 'wait on you. I have reaſon to believe 'he will behave very well. I ſhall be 'ſurprized if he does not in the humbleſt manner aſk your pardon—and 'yours, Mr. Reeves, and your lady's. '—But if you have any apprehenſions, 'Madam,' (to me) 'I will be ready 'to attend you at five minutes notice,

'before

'before he ſhall be admitted to your 'preſence.'

'It is very good, Sir,' ſaid Mr. Reeves, 'to be ready to favour Miſs 'Byron with your countenance, on 'ſuch an occaſion. But I hope we 'need not give you that trouble in 'this houſe.'

Sir Charles went away ſoon after; and Mr. Reeves has been accuſing himſelf ever ſince, with anſwering him too abruptly, though he meant nothing but the trueſt reſpect. And yet as I have written it, on re-peruſal, I don't above half like Mr. Reeves's anſwer. But where high reſpect is entertained, grateful hearts will always, I believe, be accuſing themſelves of imperfections, which none other ſee, or can charge them with.

As Sir Charles is ſafe, and I have now nothing to apprehend but Sir Hargrave's viſit, I will diſpatch this letter, with aſſurances that I am, my dear Lucy, *your ever affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IV.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

FRIDAY, ONE O'CLOCK, MAR. 3.

SIR Charles has juſt ſent the impatiently expected paper, tranſcribed by the ſhort-hand writer from his minutes of the converſation that paſſed on Sir Charles's intrepid viſit at Sir Hargrave's. *Intrepid*, I call it: but had I known of it, as Mr. Reeves did, before the event, in ſome meaſure, juſtified the *raſhneſs*, I ſhould have called it raſh, and been for propoſing to ſend peace-officers to Cavendiſh Square, or taking ſome method to know whether he were ſafe in his perſon; eſpecially when three o'clock approached; and his dinner-time is earlier than that of moſt other people of faſhion.

Mr. Reeves has been ſo good as to undertake to tranſcribe this long paper for me, that I may have time to give you an account of three particular viſits which I have received. I aſked Mr. Reeves, if it were not a ſtrange way of proceeding in this Bagenhall to have his ſhort-hand-writer, and now turned liſtener, always with him? He anſwered, it was not an uſual way; but, in caſes of this nature, where murder, and a trial, were expected to follow the raſhneſs, in a court of juſtice, he thought it carried with it, though a face of premeditation, yet a look of fairneſs; and there was no doubt but the man had been in bad ſcrapes before now, and was willing to uſe every precaution for the future.

THE PAPER.

'On Thurſday morning, March the 'ad, 17.., I, Henry Cotes, according to notice given me the preceding evening, went to the houſe of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, baronet, in Cavendiſh Square, about half an hour after eight in the morning, in order to take minutes, in ſhort-hand, of a converſation that was expected to be held between the ſaid Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and Sir Charles Grandiſon, Baronet, upon a debate between the ſaid gentlemen; on which I had once before attended James Bagenhall, Eſquire, at the houſe of the ſaid Sir Charles Grandiſon in St. James's Square; and from which conſequences were apprehended, that might make an exact account of what paſſed of great importance.

'I was admitted, about nine o'clock, into the withdrawing-room; where were preſent the ſaid Sir Hargrave, the ſaid James Bagenhall, Solomon Mercoda, Eſquire, and John Jordan, Eſquire: and they were in full converſation about the reception that was to be given to the ſaid Sir Charles Grandiſon; which not being a part of my orders or buſineſs, I had no command to take down; but the *contrary*.

'And that I might, with the leſs interruption, take minutes of the expected converſation, I was ordered to place myſelf in a large cloſet adjoining to the ſaid withdrawing-room, from which it was ſeparated by a thin wainſcot-partition: but, leſt the ſaid Sir Charles ſhould object to the taking of the ſaid minutes, I was directed to conceal myſelf there till called forth; but to take the ſaid mi-

'nutes fairly and truly, as, upon occaſion, I would make oath to the truth thereof.

'About half an hour after nine o'clock, 'I heard Mr. Bagenhall, with an 'oath, that denoted, by the voice, 'eagerneſs and ſurprize, ſay, Sir 'Charles was come. And immediately a footman entered, and 'ſaid, "Sir Charles Grandiſon."

'Then three or four of the gentlemen 'ſpoke together pretty loud and 'high; but what they ſaid I thought 'not in my orders to note down. 'But this is not improper to note: 'Sir Hargrave ſaid, "Give me that "pair of piſtols, and let him fol"low me into the garden. By G— "he ſhall take *one*."

"No, no!" I heard Mr. Merceda 'ſay; who, being a foreigner, I 'knew his voice from the reſt— "No, no! that muſt not be."

'And another voice, I believe by the 'liſp, it was Mr. Jordan's, ſay, "Let us, Sir Hargrave, hear what "a man ſo gallant has to ſay for "himſelf. *Occaſions* may ariſe *af*"*terwards*."

'Mr. Bagenhall, whoſe voice I well 'knew, ſaid, D—n his blood, if a 'hair of Sir Charles Grandiſon's 'head ſhould be hurt on this viſit.

"Do I, d—n you all," ſaid Sir Har'grave, "offer any thing unfair, "when I would give him the choice "of the piſtols?"

"What! in your own garden! A "pretty ſtory, whichſoever drops!" 'ſaid Mr. Merceda. "The de"vil's in it, if he may not be *forced* "now to give you the ſatisfaction of "a gentleman elſewhere.

"Deſire Sir Charles, (D——n his "blood," ſaid Sir Hargrave,) "to "come in." And then [as I ſaw 'through a knot-hole, that I juſt 'then, hunting for a crack in the 'wainſcot-partition, diſcovered] Sir 'Charles entered; and I ſaw, that 'he looked very ſedate and chear'ful; and he had his ſword by his 'ſide, though in a morning-dreſs. 'And then the converſation began, 'as follows.

'SIR CHARLES.

'YOUR ſervant, Sir Hargrave.— 'Mr. Bagenhall, yours.—Your 'ſervant, gentlemen.

'MR. BAGENHALL. Yours, Sir 'Charles.—You are a man of your 'word.—This gentleman is Mr. Jor'dan, Sir Charles.—This gentleman 'is Mr. Merceda.

'SIR CH. Mr. Merceda!—I have 'heard of Mr. Merceda.—I have been 'very free, Sir Hargrave, to invite 'myſelf to breakfaſt with you.

'SIR HARGRAVE. Yes, by G—. 'And ſo you have before now. Have 'you any body with you, Sir?—If 'you have, let them walk in.

'SIR CH. Nobody, Sir.

'SIR HAR. Theſe are gentlemen, 'Sir. They are men of honour. 'They are *my* friends.

'SIR CH. They look like gentle'men. I ſuppoſe every man a man 'of honour, till I find him otherwiſe.

'SIR HAR. But don't think I have 'them here to intimidate—

'SIR CH. Intimidate, Sir Har'grave! I know not what it is to be 'intimidated. You ſay the gentlemen 'are your friends. I come with a view 'to increaſe, and not diminiſh, the 'number of your friends.

'SIR HAR. Increaſe the number 'of my friends!—What! with one 'who robbed me of the only wo'man on earth that is worth hav'ing! And who, but for the unmanly 'advantage taken of me, had been my 'wife before the day was over, Sir! 'And yet to refuſe me the ſatisfaction 'of a gentleman, Sir!—But I hope you 'are now come—

'SIR CH. To breakfaſt with you, 'Sir Hargrave—Don't be warm. I 'am determined, if poſſible, not to be 'provoked—But I muſt not be ill'treated.

'SIR HAR. Why, then, Sir, take 'one of thoſe two piſtols. My cha'riot ſhall carry us—

'SIR CH. No-where, Sir Hargrave. 'What has hitherto paſſed between 'us, was owing to accident. It is 'not my way to recriminate. To your 'own heart, however, I appeal: that 'muſt convince you, that the method 'you took to gain the lady, rendered 'you unworthy of her. I took no '*unmanly* advantage of you. That I 'refuſed to meet you in the way you 'have demanded, gives me a title to 'call myſelf your beſt friend—

'SIR HAR. My beſt friend, Sir—

'SIR CH. Yes, Sir. If either the

'preſervation

'preſervation of your own life, or the 'ſaving you a long regret for taking 'that of another, as the chance might 'have been, deſerves your conſidera-'tion. In ſhort, it depends upon 'yourſelf, Sir Hargrave, to let me 'know whether you were guilty of 'a bad action from mad and violent 'paſſion, or from deſign, and a natural 'bias, if I may ſo call it, to violence; 'which alone can lead you to think 'of juſtifying one bad action by ano-'ther.

'SIR HAR. Then, Sir, account 'me a man of *natural violence*, if you 'pleaſe. Who ſhall value the opi-'nion of a man that has diſgracefully '—G— d— you, Sir—Do you ſee— 'what marks I ſhall carry to my 'grave—

'SIR CH. Were I as violent as 'you, Sir Hargrave, you might carry 'thoſe marks to your grave, and not 'wear them long.—Let us breakfaſt, 'Sir. That will give you time to 'cool. Were I even to do as you 'would have me, you would beſt find 'your account in being cool. You 'cannot think I would take ſuch an 'advantage of you, as your paſſion 'would give me.

'MR. BAG. Nobly ſaid, by Hea-'ven!—Let us breakfaſt, Sir Hargrave. 'Then you will be cooler. Then will 'you be fitter to diſcuſs this point, or 'any other.

'MR. MERCEDA. Very right.—You 'have a noble enemy, Sir Hargrave.

'SIR CH. I am no man's enemy, 'Mr. Merceda. Sir Hargrave ſhould 'conſider, that in the occaſion for all 'this, he was to blame; and that all 'my part in the affair was owing to 'accident, not malice.

'MR. JORDAN. I doubt not, Sir 'Charles, but you are ready to aſk 'pardon of Sir Hargrave, for your 'part—

'SIR CH. Aſk pardon, Sir!—No! '—I think I *ought* to have done juſt 'as I did. Were it to do again, I 'ſhould do it, whoever were the man.

'SIR HAR. See there! See there! 'Mr. Bagenhall—Mr. Merceda—Mr. 'Jordan!—ſee there! Hear that!— 'Who can have patience?

'SIR CH. I can tell you who ought 'to have patience, Sir Hargrave. I 'ſhould have a very mean opinion of 'any man here, called upon as I was, 'if he had not done juſt as I did: and 'a ſtill meaner than I have of *you*, Sir 'Hargrave, had you, in the like caſe, 'refuſed aſſiſtance to a woman in diſ-'treſs. But I will not repeat what I 'have written.

'SIR HAR. If you are a *man*, Sir 'Charles Grandiſon, take your choice 'of one of thoſe piſtols. G— d— 'you! I *inſiſt* upon it.

'And I ſaw through the knot-hole, 'that Sir Hargrave aroſe in paſſion.

'SIR CH. As I AM a *man*, Sir 'Hargrave, I will *not*. It might look 'to an angry man like an inſult, which 'I am above intending, were I to ſay, 'that I have given, on our *firſt* inter-'view, proofs that I want not cou-'rage. I give you now, as I think, 'the higheſt I *can* give, in refuſing 'your challenge. A perſonal inſult I 'know how to repel. I know how to 'defend myſelf—But, as I ſaid, I will 'not repeat any thing I have written.

'MR. MER. But, Sir Charles, 'you have threatened a man of honour 'in what you have written, if we take 'you right, with a weapon that ought 'to be uſed only to a ſcoundrel; yet 'refuſe—

'SIR CH. The man, Sir, that ſhall 'take it into his head to inſult me, 'may do it with the greater ſafety, 'though perhaps not with impunity, 'as he may be aſſured I will not kill 'him for it, if I can help it. I can 'play with my weapons, Sir, (it may 'look like boaſting;) but will not 'play with any man's life, nor conſent 'to make a ſport of my own.

'SIR HAR. D—n your coolneſs, 'Sir—I cannot bear—

'SIR CH. Curſe not your ſafety, 'Sir Hargrave.

'MR. JOR. Indeed, Sir Charles, 'I could not bear ſuch an air of ſupe-'riority—

'SIR CH. It is *more* than an air, 'Mr. Jordan. The man who can 'think of juſtifying one violent action 'by another, muſt give a *real* ſuperi-'ority againſt himſelf. Let Sir Har-'grave confeſs his fault—I have put 'him in the way of doing it, with all 'the credit to himſelf that a man can 'have who has *committed* a fault—and 'I offer him my hand.

'SIR HAR. Damnable inſult!— 'What, own a fault to a man who, 'without any provocation, has daſhed

'my

'my teeth down my throat; and, as 'you ſee—Gentlemen—ſay, Can I, 'ought I, *now* to have patience?

'SIR CH. I intended not to do 'you any of this miſchief, Sir Hargrave. I drew not my ſword, to return a paſs made by yours—actually received a raking on my ſhoulder from a ſword that was aimed at my 'heart. I ſought nothing but to hinder you from doing that miſchief to *me*, which I was reſolved not to do to *you*. This, Sir Hargrave—this, gentlemen—was the ſtate of the caſe; and the cauſe ſuch, as no man of honour could refuſe engaging in.——And now, Sir, I meet you, upon my own invitation, in your own houſe, unattended, and alone, to ſhew you, that I have the ſame diſpoſition as I had from the firſt, to avoid doing you injury—and *this* it is, gentlemen, that gives me a ſuperiority to Sir Hargrave, which he may leſſen by behaving as I, in this caſe, would behave to him.

'MR. BAG. By G— this is nobly ſaid.

'MR. JOR. I own, Sir Hargrave, that I would ſooner kneel to ſuch a man as this than to a king on his throne.

'SIR HAR. D—n me, if I forgive him, with theſe marks about me!—I inſiſt upon your taking one of thoſe piſtols, Sir.—Gentlemen, my friends, he boaſts of his advantages: he *may* have ſome from his curſed coolneſs: he can have none any other way. Bear witneſs, I forgive him if he lodges a brace of bullets in my heart—Take one of thoſe piſtols, Sir. They are equally loaded—Bear witneſs, if I die, that I have provoked my fate. But I will die like a man of honour.

'SIR CH. To *die* like a man of honour, Sir Hargrave, you muſt have *lived* like one. You ſhould be ſure of your cauſe. But theſe piſtols are too ready a miſchief. Were I to meet you in *your own* way, Sir Hargrave, I ſhould not expect that a man ſo enraged would fire his over *my* head, as I ſhould be willing to do mine over *his*. Life I would not put upon the perhaps involuntary twitch of a finger.

'SIR HAR. Well, then, the ſword. You came, though undreſſed, with your ſword on.

'SIR CH. I did; and for the reaſon I gave to Mr. Bagenhall. I draw it not, however, but in my own defence.

'SIR HAR. (Riſing from his ſeat) Will you favour me with your company into my own garden? Only you and I, Sir Charles. Let the gentlemen, my friends, ſtay here. They ſhall only look out of the windows, if they pleaſe—Only to that graſs-plot, Sir—(pointing, as I ſaw)—If *you* fall, I ſhall have the worſt of it, from the looks of the matter, killing a man in my own garden; if I fall, you will have the evidence of my friends to bring you off.

'SIR CH. I need not look at the place, Sir Hargrave.—And ſince, gentlemen, it is allowed, that the piſtols may be diſmiſſed; and ſince by their lying loaded on the table, they ſeem but to ſtimulate to miſchief; you will all excuſe me—and you, Sir Hargrave, will forgive me—

'And ſo ſaying, he aroſe, with great tranquillity, as I ſaw; and taking the piſtols, lifted up the ſaſh that was next to that at which Sir Hargrave ſtood, and diſcharged them both out of the window.

'By the report, the writer is ſure 'they were well loaded.

'In ran a crowd of ſervants, men and women, in diſmay. The writer ſat ſtill in the cloſet, knowing the matter to be no worſe. One of the men cried out, "This is the murderer!" And they all (not ſeeing their maſter, as I ſuppoſe, at the window beyond Sir Charles, and who afterwards owned himſelf too much ſurprized to ſtir or ſpeak) were for making up to Sir Charles.

'Sir Charles then retiring, put his hand upon his ſword: but mildly ſaid, "My friends, your maſter is ſafe. "Take care I hurt not any of you."

'SIR HAR. I am ſafe—Be gone, ſcoundrels!

'MR. BAG. Be gone! Quit the room. Sir Hargrave is ſafe.

'MR. MER. } Be gone! be gone!
'MR. JOR. }

'The ſervants, as I ſaw, crouded out as faſt as they came in.

'Sir Charles, then ſtepping towards

'Sir

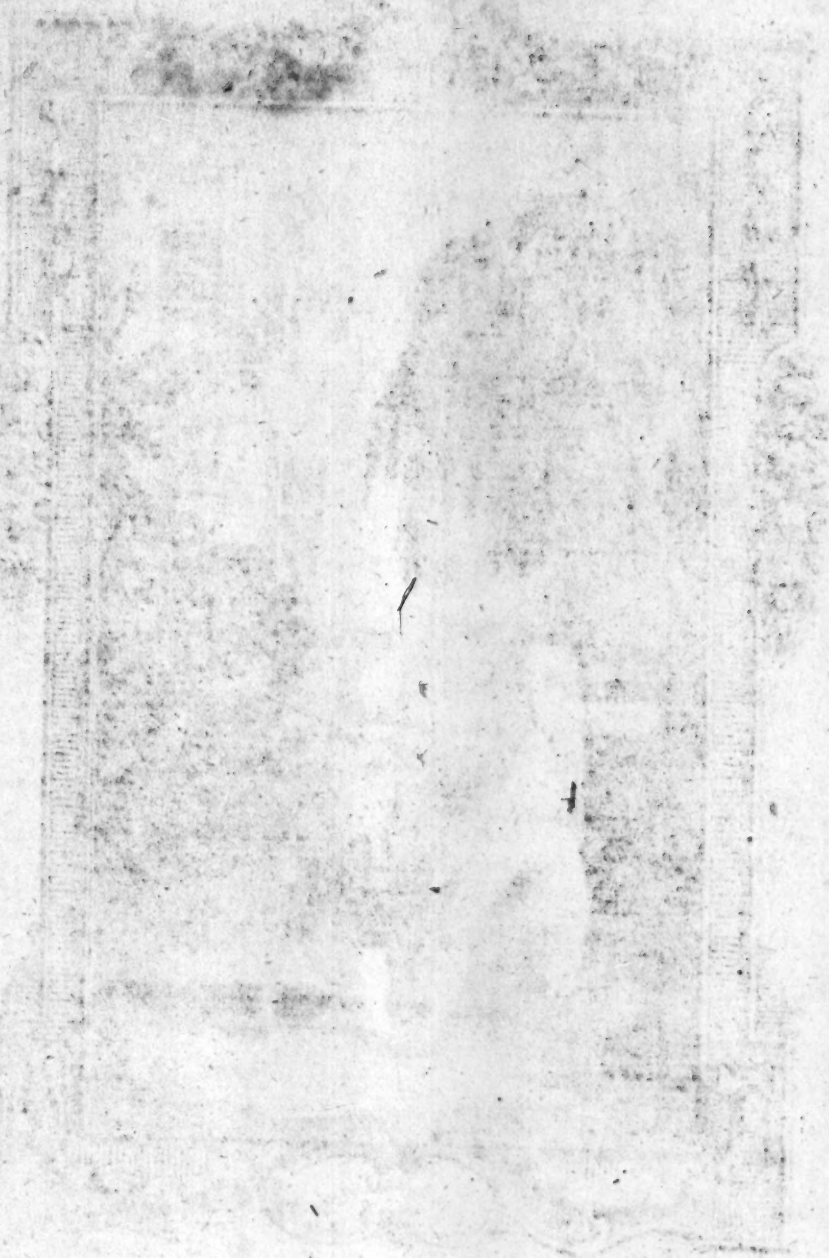

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Plate III. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & C.º Nov.16,1782.

Sir Hargrave, ſaid, "You will, ſome time hence, Sir, think the diſcharge of thoſe piſtols much happier than if they had been put to the uſe deſigned when they were loaded. I offer you my hand: it is an offer that is not to be twice refuſed. If you have malice to me, I have none to you. I invited myſelf to *breakfaſt* with you. You and your friends ſhall be welcome to *dine* with me. My time is near expired," (looking at his watch) —for Sir Hargrave ſeemed too irreſolute either to accept or refuſe his hand.

Mr. Jor. I am aſtoniſhed!—Why, Sir Charles, what a tranquillity muſt you have within you!—The devil take me, Sir Hargrave, if you ſhall not make up matters with ſuch a noble adverſary.

Mr. Mar. He has won me to his ſide.—By the great God of Heaven, I had rather have Sir Charles Grandiſon for my friend than the greateſt prince on earth!

Mr. Jag. Did I not *tell* you, gentlemen?—D—n me, if I have not hitherto lived to nothing but to my ſhame! I had rather be Sir Charles Grandiſon in this one paſt hour, than the Great Mogul all my life.

Sir Hargrave even ſobbed, as I could hear by his voice, like a child. "D—n my heart," ſaid he, in broken ſentences—"and muſt I thus put up —and muſt I be thus overcome?—By G—, by G—, Grandiſon, you muſt, you muſt, walk down with me into the garden. I have ſomething to propoſe to you; and it will be in your own choice either to compromiſe, or to give me the ſatisfaction of a gentleman: but you muſt retire with me into the garden."

Sir. Ch. With all my heart, Sir Hargrave.

And taking off his ſword, he laid it on the table.

Sir Har. And muſt I do ſo too?—D—n me, if I do!—Take up your ſword, Sir.

Sir Ch. I will, to oblige you, Sir Hargrave. It will be always in my choice to draw it, or not.

Sir Har. D—n me, if I can live to be *thus* treated?—Where the devil have you been till now?—But you muſt go down with me into the garden.

Sir Ch. Shew me the way, Sir Hargrave.

They all interpoſed: but Sir Charles ſaid, "Pray, gentlemen, let Sir Hargrave have his way. We will attend you preſently."

The writer then came out, by the gentlemen's leave, who ſtaid behind, at the windows. They expreſſed their admiration of Sir Charles. And Mr. Merceda and Mr. Bagenhall (the writer mentions it to their honour) reproached each other, as if they had no notion of what was great and noble in man till now.

Sir Charles and Sir Hargrave ſoon appeared in ſight, walking, and as converſing earneſtly. The ſubject, it ſeems, was ſome propoſals made by Sir Hargrave, about the lady, which Sir Charles would not comply with. And when they came to the graſs-plot, Sir Hargrave threw open his coat and waiſtcoat, and drew; and ſeemed, by his motions, to inſiſt upon Sir Charles's drawing likewiſe. Sir Charles had his ſword in one hand; but it was undrawn; the other was ſtuck in his ſide; his frock was open. Sir Hargrave ſeemed ſtill to inſiſt upon his drawing, and put himſelf into a fencing attitude. Sir Charles then calmly ſtepping towards him, put down Sir Hargrave's ſword with his hand, and put his left-arm under Sir Hargrave's ſword-arm. Sir Hargrave lifted up the other arm paſſionately; but Sir Charles, who was on his guard, immediately laid hold of it, and ſeemed to ſay ſomething mildly to him; and letting go his left-hand, led him towards the houſe; his drawn ſword ſtill in his hand. Sir Hargrave ſeemed to expoſtulate, and to reſiſt being led, though but faintly, and as a man overcome with Sir Charles's behaviour; and they both came up together, Sir Charles's arm ſtill within his ſword-arm—[The writer retired to his firſt place.] "D—n me," ſaid Sir Hargrave, as he entered the room, "this man, this Sir Charles, is the devil—He has made a mere infant of me. Yet, he tells me, he will not be my friend neither, in the point my heart is ſet upon." He threw his ſword upon the floor.—

"This

" This only will I ſay, as I ſaid be-
" low, be my friend in that one point,
" and I will forgive you with all my
" ſoul."

'SIR CH. The lady is, muſt be, her own miſtreſs, Sir Hargrave. I have acquired no title to any influence over her. She is an excellent woman. She would be a jewel in the crown of a prince. But you muſt allow me to ſay, ſhe muſt not be terrified. I do aſſure you, that her life has been once in danger already: all the care and kindneſs of my ſiſter, and a phyſician, could hardly reſtore her.

'SIR HAR. The moſt inflexible man, devil I ſhould ſay, I ever ſaw in my life!—But you have no objection to my ſeeing her. She ſhall ſee (yet how can I forgive you that?) what I have ſuffered in my perſon for her ſake. If ſhe will not be mine, theſe marks ſhall be *hers*, not *yours*. And though I will not terrify her, I will ſee if ſhe has no pardon, no pity for me. She knows, ſhe *very* well knows, that I was the moſt honourable of men to her, when ſhe was in my power. By all that's ſacred, I intended only to make her Lady Pollexfen! I ſaw ſhe had as many lovers as viſiters, and I could not bear it.—You, Sir Charles, will ſtand my friend; and if money and love will purchaſe her, ſhe ſhall yet be mine.

'SIR CH. I promiſe you no friendſhip in this caſe, Sir Hargrave. All her *relations* leave her, it ſeems, to her own diſcretion; and who ſhall offer to lead her choice? What I ſaid below, when you would have made *that* a condition, I repeat—I think ſhe ought *not* to be yours; nor ought you, either for your own ſake or hers, to deſire it. Come, come, Sir Hargrave, conſider the matter better. Think of ſome other woman, if you are diſpoſed to marry. Your figure—

'SIR HAR. Yes, by G—. I make a pretty figure now, don't I?

'SIR CH. Your fortune will make you happier in marriage with any other woman, after what has happened, than this *can* make you. For my own part, let me tell you, Sir Hargrave, I would not marry the greateſt princeſs on earth, if I thought ſhe did not love me above all other men, whether I *deſerved* her love or not.

'SIR HAR. And you have no view to yourſelf in the advice you give?—Tell me that—I inſiſt upon your telling me that.

'SIR CH. Whenever I pretend to give advice, I ſhould abhor myſelf, if I did not wholly conſider the good of the perſon who conſulted me; and if I had any retroſpection to myſelf, which might in the leaſt affect that perſon.

'The breakfaſt was then brought in. This that follows was the converſation that paſſed at and after breakfaſt.

'MR. BAG. See what a Chriſtian can do, Merceda. After this, will you remain a Jew?

'MR. MER. Let me ſee ſuch *another* Chriſtian, and I will give you an anſwer. You, Bagenhall, I hope, will not think yourſelf intitled to boaſt of your Chriſtianity?

'MR. BAG. Too true! We have been both of us ſad dogs.

'SIR HAR. And I have been the moſt innocent man of the three; and yet, that's the devil of it, am the greateſt ſufferer. Curſe me, if I can bear to look at myſelf in a glaſs!

'MR. JOR. You ſhould be above all that Sir Hargrave. And let me tell you, you need not be aſhamed to be overcome, as you are overcome. You really appear to me a *greater*, and not a *leſs* man, than you did before, by your compromiſing with ſuch a noble adverſary.

'SIR HAR. That's ſome comfort, Jordan.—But, d—n me, Sir Charles, I will ſee the lady: and you ſhall introduce me to her, too.

'SIR CH. That cannot be—What! ſhall I introduce a man to a woman, whom I think he ought no more to ſee, than ſhe ſhould ſee him? If I thought you would go, I might, if *ſhe* requeſted it, be there, leſt, from what ſhe has ſuffered already, ſhe ſhould be too much terrified.

'SIR HAR. What, Sir! You would not turn *Quixote* again?

'SIR CH. No need, Sir Hargrave. You would not again be the *giant* who ſhould run away with the lady.

'The gentlemen laughed.

'SIR

'SIR HAR. By G—d, Sir, you have carried your matters very triumphantly.

'SIR CH. I mean not triumph, Sir Hargrave. But where either truth or juſtice is concerned, I hope I ſhall never palliate.

'MR. BAG. Curſe me, if I believe there is ſuch another man in the world!

'SIR CH. I am ſorry to hear you ſay that, Mr. Bagenhall. Occaſion calls not out every man equally.

'SIR HAR. Why did I not ſtrike him?—D—n me, that muſt have provoked you to fight.

'SIR CH. *Provoked*, in that caſe, I ſhould have been, Sir Hargrave, I told you, that I would not bear to be inſulted. But, ſo warranted to take *other* methods, I ſhould not have uſed my ſword: the caſe has happened to me before now; but I would be upon friendly terms with you, Sir Hargrave.

'SIR HAR. Curſe me, if I can bear my own littleneſs!

'SIR CH. When you give this matter your cool attention, you will find reaſon to rejoice, that an enterprize began in violence, and carried on ſo far as you carried it, concluded not worſe. Every opportunity you will have for exerting your good qualities, or for repenting of your bad, will contribute to your ſatisfaction to the end of your life. You could *not* have been happy, had you prevailed over me. Think you, that a murderer ever was a happy man? I am the more ſerious, becauſe I would have you think of this affair. It *might* have been a *very* ſerious one.

'SIR HAR. You know, Sir Charles, that I would have compromiſed with you below. But not one point—

'SIR CH. Compromiſe, Sir Hargrave!—As I told you, I had no quarrel with *you*: you propoſed conditions, which I thought ſhould not be complied with. I aimed not to carry *any* point. Self-defence, I told you, was the whole of my ſyſtem.

'MR. BAG. You have given ſome hints, Sir Charles, that you have not been unuſed to affairs of this kind.

'SIR CH. I have before now met a challenger: but it was when I could not avoid it; and with the reſolution of ſtanding only on my own defence, and in the hope of making an enemy a friend. Had I—

'MR. BAG. What poor toads, Merceda, are we!

'MR. MER. Be ſilent, Bagenhall; Sir Charles had not done ſpeaking.—Pray, Sir Charles—

'SIR CH. I was going to ſay, that had I ever premeditatedly given way to a challenge, that I *could* have declined, I ſhould have conſidered the acceptance of it as the greateſt blot of my life: I am naturally cholerick; yet, in this article, I hope I have pretty much ſubdued myſelf. In the affair between Sir Hargrave and me, I have the pleaſure to reflect, that *paſſion*, which I hold to be my moſt dangerous enemy, has not had, in any one moment, an aſcendency over me.

'SIR HAR. No, by my ſoul! And how ſhould it? You came off too triumphantly. *You* were not hurt: *You* have no *marks* to ſhew. May I be curſed, if, in forgiving you, which yet I know not how to do, I do not think myſelf the greater hero!

'SIR CH. I will not conteſt that point with you, Sir Hargrave. There is, no doubt, but the man, who can ſubdue his paſſion and forgive a *real* injury, is a hero. Only remember, Sir, that it was not owing to your *virtue* that I was not hurt, and that it was not my *intention* to hurt *you*.

'MR. JOR. I am charmed with your ſentiments, Sir Charles. You muſt allow me the honour of your acquaintance. We all acknowledge duelling to be criminal; but no one has the courage to break through a bad cuſtom.

'SIR CH. The empty, the *falſe* glory, that men have to be thought brave, and the apprehenſion of being deemed cowards among men, and among *women* too, very few men alm to get above.

'MR. JOR. But you, Sir Charles, have ſhewn that reputation and conſcience are entirely reconcileable.

'MR. BAG. You have, by Heaven! And I beg of you, Sir, to allow me to claim your farther acquaintance. You may have a ſoul by it.—Merceda, what ſay you?

'MR. MER. Say! What a devil

'can I ſay? But the *doctrine* would 'have been nothing without the *example*.

'SIR HAR. And all this at my expence!—But, Sir Charles, I muſt, I will have Miſs Byron.

'MR. JOR. I think every thing impertinent, that hinders me from aſking queſtions for my information and inſtruction, of a man ſo capable of giving both, on a ſubject of this importance.—Allow me, Sir Charles, to aſk a few queſtions, in order to confirm me quite your proſelyte.

'SIR CH. [Taking out his watch, as I ſaw.] Time wears. Let my ſervant be called in. The weather is cold. I directed him to attend before the door.'

'It was immediately ordered, with apologies.

'SIR CH. Aſk me, Mr. Jordan, what queſtions you pleaſe.

'MR. JOR. You have been challenged more than once, I preſume.

'SIR CH. I am not a quarrelſome man: but as it was early known that I made it a principle not to engage in a duel, I was the more ſubjected, I have reaſon to think, for that, to inconveniences of this nature.

'MR. JOR. Had you always, Sir Charles, that magnanimity, that intrepidity, that ſteadineſs, I know not what to call it, which we have ſeen and admire in you?

'SIR CH. I have always conſidered ſpirit as the diſtinction of a man. My father was a man of ſpirit, I never feared man, ſince I could write man. As I never ſought danger, or went out of the way to meet it, I looked upon it, when it came, as an unavoidable evil, and as a call upon me for fortitude. And hence I hardly ever wanted that preſence of mind in it, which a man ought to ſhew; and which ſometimes, indeed, was the means of extricating me from it.

'SIR HAR. An inſtance of which this morning, I ſuppoſe you think, has produced?

'SIR CH. I had not that in my head. In Italy, indeed, I ſhould hardly have acted as in the inſtance you hint at. But in England, and, Sir Hargrave, I was willing to think, in Cavendiſh Square, I could not but conclude myſelf ſafe. I know my own heart. I wiſhed you no evil, Sir. I was calm. I *expected* to meet you full of fire, full of reſentment: but it is hard, thought I, (as ſome extraordinary ſtep ſeems neceſſary to be taken) if I cannot content myſelf with that ſuperiority (excuſe me, Sir Hargrave) which my calmneſs, and Sir Hargrave's paſſion, muſt give me over him, or any man. My ſword was in my power. Had I even apprehended aſſaſſination, the houſe of an Engliſh gentleman could not have been the place for it: and where a confidence was repoſed. But one particular inſtance, I own, I had in my mind, when I ſaid what I did.

'All the gentlemen beſought him to give it.

'SIR CH. In the raging of the war, now ſo ſeaſonably for all the powers at variance, concluded, I was paſſing through a wood in Germany, in my way to Manheim. My ſervant, at ſome diſtance before me, was endeavouring to find out the right road, there being more than one. He rode back affrighted, and told me he had heard a loud cry of murder, ſucceeded by groans, which grew fainter and fainter, as thoſe of a dying perſon: and beſought me to make the beſt of my way back. As I was thinking to do ſo, (though my way lay through the wood, and I had got more than half-way in it) I beheld ſix Pandours iſſue from that inner part of the wood, into which, in all probability, they had dragged ſome unhappy paſſenger; for I ſaw a horſe bridled and ſaddled, without a rider, grazing by the road-ſide. They were well-armed. I ſaw no way to eſcape. They probably knew every avenue in and out of the wood; I did not. They ſtopped when they came within two muſquet-ſhots of me, as if they had waited to ſee which way I took. Two of them had dead poultry ſlung acroſs their ſhoulders, which ſhewed them to be common plunderers. I took a reſolution to ride up to them. I bid my ſervant, if he ſaw me attacked, make the beſt of his way for his own ſecurity, while they were employed either in rifling or murdering me; but if they ſuffered me to paſs, to follow me. He had no portmanteau to tempt them. That, and my other baggage, I had cauſed to be ſent by water to Manheim.

'I am

"I am an Engliſhman, gentlemen," ſaid I, (judging, if Auſtrians, as I ſuppoſed they were, that plea would not diſavail me!) "I am doubtful of my way. Here is a purſe;" holding it out. "As ſoldiers, you muſt be gentlemen: it is at your ſervice, if one or two of you will be ſo kind as to eſcort and guide me through this wood." They looked upon one another: I was loth they ſhould have time to deliberate—"I am upon buſineſs of great conſequence. Pray, direct me the neareſt way to Manheim. Take theſe florins."

'At laſt, one that ſeemed of authority among them, held out his hand; and, taking the purſe, ſaid ſomething in Sclavonian; and two of them, with their pieces ſlung on their ſhoulders, and their ſabres drawn, led me out of the wood in ſafety; but hoped, at parting, my farther generoſity. I found a few more florins for them; and they rode back into the wood; I ſuppoſe to their fellows; and glad I was to come off ſo well. Had I either ſeemed afraid of them, or endeavoured to eſcape, probably I had been loſt. Two perſons were afterwards found murdered in the wood; one of them, perhaps, the unhappy man whom my ſervant had heard cry out, and groan.

'MR. JOR. I feel *now* very ſenſibly, Sir Charles, your danger and eſcape. Your fortitude indeed was *then* of ſervice to you.

'SIR HAR. But, Sir Charles, methinks I ſhall be eaſier in myſelf, if you give me one inſtance of your making, before now, an enemy a friend. Have you one in point?

'SIR CH. Stories of this nature come very ill from a man's own mouth.

'SIR HAR. I *muſt* have it, Sir Charles. A brother-ſufferer will better reconcile me to myſelf.

'SIR CH. If you will *not* excuſe me, then, I will tell you the ſtory.

'MR. JOR. Pray, Sir—

'SIR CH. I had a miſunderſtanding at Venice with a young gentleman of the place. He was about twenty-two. I was a year younger—

'MR. BAG. At the Carnival, I ſuppoſe?—About a lady, Sir Charles?

'SIR CH. He was the only ſon of a noble Venetian family, who had great expectations from him. He was a youth of genius. Another noble family at Urbino, to which he was to be allied in marriage, had alſo an intereſt in his welfare. We had made a friendſhip together at Padua. I was at Venice by his invitation, and ſtood well with all his family. He took offence againſt me, at the inſtigation of a deſigning relation [illegible] of his; to own the truth, [illegible]lady, as you ſuppoſe, Mr. [illegible]agenhall, his ſiſter. He would not allow me to defend my innocence to the face of the accuſer; nor yet to appeal to his father, who was a perſon of temper as well as ſenſe. On the contrary, he upbraided me in a manner that I could hardly bear. I was reſolved to quit Venice; and took leave of his whole family, the lady excepted, who would not be ſeen by me. The father and mother parted with me with regret. The young gentleman had ſo managed, that I could not with honour appeal to them; and, at taking leave of him in their preſence, under pretence of a recommendatory letter, he gave into my hand a challenge. The anſwer I returned, after proteſting my innocence, was to this effect: "I am ſetting out for Verona in a few hours. You know my principles; and I hope will better conſider of the matter. I never, while I am maſter of my temper, will give myſelf ſo much cauſe of repentance to the laſt hour of my life, as I ſhould have, were I to draw my ſword, to the irreparable injury of any man's family; or to run the ſame riſque of injuring my own, and of incurring the final perdition of us both."

'MR. MER. This anſwer rather provoked than ſatisfied, I ſuppoſe?

'SIR CH. Provocation was not my *intention*. I deſigned only to remind him of the obligations we were both under to our reſpective families, and to throw in a hint of a ſtill ſuperior conſideration. It was likely to have more force in that Roman Catholick country than, I am ſorry to ſay it, it would in this Proteſtant one.

'SIR HAR. How, how, Sir Charles, did it end?

'SIR CH. I went to Verona. He followed me thither; and endeavoured to provoke me to draw. "Why ſhould I draw?" ſaid I.

"Will the decision by the sword be *certainly* that of justice? You are in a passion. You have no reason to doubt either my skill or my courage;" [On such an occasion, gentlemen, and with such a view, a man may perhaps be allowed to give himself a little consequence:] "and solemnly once more do I avow my innocence, and desire to be brought face to face with my accusers."

'He raved the more for my calmness. I turned from him, with intent to leave him. He thought fit to offer me a personal insult. I now, methinks, blush to tell it—he gave me a box on the ear, to provoke me to draw.

'Mr. Miles. And *did* you draw, Sir?

'Mr. Bag. To be sure, you *then* drew?

'Mr. Jor. Pray, Sir Charles, let us know. You could not then *help* drawing? This was a provocation that would justify a saint.

'Sir Ch. He had forgot, in that passionate moment, that *he* was a gentleman. I did not remember that I was one. But I had no occasion to draw.

'Sir Har. What a plague—You did not cane him?

'Sir Ch. He got well after a fortnight's lying by.

'Sir Har. Damnation!

'Sir Ch. I put him into possession of the lodgings I had taken for myself, and into proper and safe hands. He was, indeed, unable for a day or two to direct for himself. I sent for his friends. His servant did me justice as to the provocation. Then it was that I was obliged, in a letter, to acquaint the father of a discovery I had made, which the son had refused to hear, which, with the lady's confession, convinced them all of my innocence. His father acknowledged my moderation; as the young gentleman himself did, desiring a renewal of friendship: but as I thought the affair had gone too far for a cordial reconciliation, and knew that he would not want instigators to urge him to resent an indignity, which he had, however, brought upon himself, by a greater offered to me, I took leave of him and his friends, and revisited some of the German courts, that of Vienna in particular, where I resided some time.

'In the mean while the young gentleman married. His lady, of the Altieri family, is an excellent woman. He had a great fortune with her. Soon after his nuptials, he let me know, that, as he doubted not, if I had drawn my sword, I should, from his violence at the time, have had his life in my power, he could not but acknowledge, that he owed all his acquisitions, and the best of wives, as well as the happiness of both families, with *that* life, to me.

'I apply not this instance: but, Sir Hargrave, as I hope to see you married, and happy, though it can never be, I think, to Miss Byron, such generous acknowledgments as misbecome not an Italian, I shall then hope for from an Englishman.

'Sir Har. And had your Italian any marks left him, Sir?—Depend upon it, I shall never look into a glass, but I shall curse you to the very pit!

'Sir Ch. Well, Sir Hargrave, this only I will add, that be as sensible as you will, and *as I am*, of the happy issue of this untoward affair, I will never expect a compliment from you, that shall tend to your abasement.

'Mr. Jor. Your hand, Sir Hargrave, to Sir Charles—

'Sir Har. What, without terms! Curse me, if I do!—But let him bring Miss Byron in his hand to me; (that is the least he can do) then may I thank him for my wife.

'Sir Charles made some smiling answer, but the writer heard it not.

'Sir Charles would then have taken leave: but all the gentlemen, Sir Hargrave among the rest, were earnest with him to stay a little longer.

'Mr. Jor. My conversion must be perfected, Sir Charles. This is a subject that concerns us all. *We shall remember every tittle of the conversation*; and think of it when we do not see you.—Let me beg of you to acquaint me, how you came to differ from all other men of honour in your practice, as well as in your notions, upon this subject?

'Sir Ch. I will answer your question, Mr. Jordan, as briefly as I can.

'My

'My father was a man of ſpirit. He had high notions of honour, and he inſpired me early with the ſame. I had not paſſed my twelfth year, when he gave me a maſter to teach me what is called, The ſcience of defence. I was fond of the practice, and ſoon obtained ſuch a ſkill in the weapons, as pleaſed both my father and maſter. I had ſtrength of body beyond my years; the exerciſe added to it. I had agility; it added to my agility: and the praiſes given me by my father and maſter, ſo heightened my courage, that I was almoſt inclined to wiſh for a ſubject to exerciſe it upon. My mother was an excellent woman; ſhe had inſtilled into my earlieſt youth, almoſt from infancy, notions of moral rectitude, and the firſt principles of Chriſtianity, now rather ridiculed than inculcated in our youth of condition. She was ready ſometimes to tremble at the conſequences, which ſhe thought might follow from the attention which I paid (thus encouraged and applauded) to this *practice*; and was continually reading lectures to me upon *true* magnanimity, and upon the law of kindneſs, benevolence, and forgiveneſs of injuries. Had I not loſt her ſo ſoon as I did, I ſhould have been a more perfect ſcholar than I am in theſe noble doctrines. As ſhe knew me to be naturally haſty, and very ſenſible of affronts; and as ſhe had obſerved, as ſhe told me, that even in the delight ſhe had brought me to take in doing good, I ſhewed an over-readineſs, even to raſhneſs, which ſhe thought might lead me into errors, that would more than overbalance the good I aimed to do; ſhe redoubled her efforts to keep me right: and, on this particular acquirement of a ſkill in the management of the weapons, ſhe frequently enforced upon me an obſervation of Mr. Locke, "That young men, in their warm blood, are often forward to think they have in vain learned to fence, if they never ſhew their ſkill in a duel."

'This obſervation, inſiſted upon and inculcated, as ſhe knew how, was very ſeaſonable at that time of danger. And ſhe never forgot to urge upon me, that the ſcience I was learning, was a ſcience properly called of *defence*, and not of *offence*; at the ſame time endeavouring to caution me againſt the low company into which a dexterity at my weapons might lead me, as well as againſt the diverſions themſelves exhibited at the infamous places where thoſe brutal people reſorted; infamous even by name*, as well as in the nature of them.

'From her inſtructions I had an early notion, that it was much more noble to forgive an injury than to reſent it; and to give a life, than to take it. My father (I honour his memory!) was a man of gaiety, of munificence. He had great qualities. But my mother was my oracle. And he was always ſo juſt to her merit, as to command me to conſider her as ſuch; and the rather, he uſed to ſay, as ſhe diſtinguiſhed well between the *falſe* glory and the *true*; and would not have her boy a coward.

'MR. MER. A good beginning, by my life!

'MR. JOR. Pray proceed, Sir Charles. I am all attention.

'SIR HAR. Aye, aye, we all liſten.

'MR. BAG. Curſe him that ſpeaks next, to interrupt you.

'SIR CH. But what indelibly impreſſed upon my heart my mother's leſſons, was an occurrence, which, and the conſequences of it, I ſhall ever deplore. My father, having taken leave of my mother, on a propoſed abſence of a few days, was, in an hour after, brought home, as it was thought, *mortally* wounded in a duel. My mother's ſurprize on this occaſion threw her into fits, from which ſhe never after was wholly free. And theſe, and the dangerous way he continued in for ſome time, brought her into an ill ſtate of health; broke, in ſhort, her conſtitution; ſo that, in leſs than a twelvemonth, my father, to his inexpreſſible anguiſh of mind, (continually reproaching himſelf on the occaſion) loſt the beſt of wives, and my ſiſters and I the beſt of mothers and inſtructors.

'My concern for my father, on

* Hockley in the Hole, Bear-Garden, &c.

'whom

'whom I was an hourly attendant throughout the whole time of his confinement; and my being, by that means, a witneſs of what both he and my mother ſuffered; compleated my abhorrence of the vile practice of duelling. I went on, however, in endeavouring to make myſelf a maſter of the *ſcience*, as it is called; and, among the other weapons, of the *ſtaff*; the better to enable me to avoid drawing my ſword, and to empower me, if called to the occaſion, to give, and not take, a life; and the rather, as the cuſtom was ſo general, that a young man of ſpirit and fortune, at one time or other, could hardly expect to eſcape a provocation of this ſort.

'My father once had a view, at the perſuaſion of my mother's brother, who was a general of note and intereſt in the Imperial ſervice, and who was very fond of a military life, and of me, to make a ſoldier of me, though an only ſon; and I wanted not, when a boy, a turn that way: but the diſguſt I had conceived on the above occaſion, againſt duelling, and the conſideration of the abſurd alternative which the gentlemen of our army are under, either to accept a challenge contrary to laws divine and human, or to be broke if they do not, (though a ſoldier is the leaſt maſter of himſelf, or of his own life, of any man in the community) made me think the Engliſh ſervice, though that of my country, the leaſt eligible of all ſervices. And for a man, who was born to ſo conſiderable a ſtake in it, to devote himſelf to another, as my uncle had done, from principles which I approved not, I could not but heſitate on the propoſal, young as I was. As it ſoon became a maxim with me, not to engage, even in a national cauſe, without examining the juſtice of it, it will be the leſs wondered at, that I could not think of any foreign ſervice.

'MR. BAG. Then you have never ſeen ſervice, Sir Charles?

'SIR CH. Yes, I made one campaign as a volunteer, notwithſtanding what I have ſaid. I was then in the midſt of marching armies, and could not tell how to abate the ardor thoſe martial movements had raiſed in my breaſt. But, unleſs my country were to be unjuſtly invaded by a foreign enemy, I think I would not, on any conſideration, be drawn into the field again.

'MR. JOR. But you lead from the point, Mr. Bagenhall; Sir Charles was going to ſay ſomewhat more on the ſubject of duelling.

'SIR CH. When I was thus unhappily deprived of my mother, my father, in order to abate my grief, [I was very much grieved] was pleaſed to conſent to my going abroad, in order to make the Grand Tour, as it is called; having firſt viſited all the Britiſh dominions in Europe, Gibraltar and Minorca excepted. I then ſuppoſing I might fall into circumſtances that might affect the principles my mother had been ſo careful to inſtil into me, and to which my father's danger and her death had added force, it was natural for me to look into hiſtory, for the riſe and progreſs of a cuſtom ſo much and ſo juſtly my averſion; and which was ſo contrary to all laws divine and human; and particularly to that true heroiſm which Chriſtianity injoins, when it recommends meekneſs, moderation, and humility, as the glory of the human nature. But I am running into length.

'Again Sir Charles took out his watch. They were clamorous for him to proceed.

'When I found, (continued he) that this unchriſtian cuſtom owed it's riſe to the barbarous northern nations, who had, however, ſome plea to make in excuſe, which *we* have not, as they were governed by particular lords, and were not united under *one* head or government, to which, as to a laſt reſort, perſons ſuppoſing themſelves aggrieved, might appeal for legal redreſs; and that theſe barbarous nations were *truly* barbarous, and enemies to all politeneſs; my reaſoning on this occaſion added new force to prejudices ſo well founded.

'The gentlemen ſeemed afraid that Sir Charles had done ſpeaking. They begged he would go on.

'I then had recourſe, (proceeded he) to the hiſtories of nations famous for their courage. That of the Romans, who, by that quality,

'obtained

'obtained the empire of the world, was my firſt ſubject. I found not any traces in their hiſtory, which could countenance the ſavage cuſtom. When a diſpute happened, the challenge from both parties generally was, that each ſhould appear at the head of the army the next engagement, and give proofs of his intrepidity againſt the common foe. The inſtance of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, which was a *publick*, a *national* combat, as I may call it, affords not an exception to my obſervation. And yet even *that*, in the *early ages* of Rome, ſtands condemned by a better example. For we read, that Tullus challenged Albanus, general of the Albans, to put the cauſe of the two nations upon the valour of each captain's arm, for the ſake of ſparing a greater effuſion of blood. But what was the anſwer of Albanus, though the inducement to the challenge was ſo plauſible?—That the cauſe was a publick, not a private one; and the deciſion lay upon the two cities of Alba and Rome.

'Many ages afterwards, Auguſtus received a challenge from Mark Antony. Who, gentlemen, thought of branding as a coward that prince, on his anſwering, That if Antony were weary of his life, he might find many *other* ways to end it than by *his* ſword.

'Metellus, before that, challenged by Sertorius, anſwered with his pen, not his ſword, That it was not for a captain to die the death of a common ſoldier.

'The very Turks know nothing of this ſavage cuſtom; and they are a nation that raiſed themſelves by their bravery from the moſt obſcure beginnings, into one of the greateſt empires on the globe, as at this day. They take occaſion to exalt themſelves above Chriſtians, in this very inſtance; and think it a ſcandal upon Muſſulmans to quarrel, and endeavour to wreak their private vengeance on one another.

'All the Chriſtian doctrines, as I have hinted, are in point againſt it. But it is dreadful to reflect, that the man who would endeavour to ſupport his arguments againſt this infamous practice of duelling, by the laws of Chriſtianity, though the moſt excellent of all laws, [Excuſe me, Mr. Merceda, your own are *included* in them] would ſubject himſelf to the ridicule of perſons who call themſelves Chriſtians. I have mentioned, therefore, Heathens and Mahometans; though in this company, perhaps—But I hope I need not, however, remind any body here, that that one doctrine of returning *good* for *evil*, is a nobler and more heroick doctrine than *either* of thoſe people, or your *own*, Mr. Merceda, ever knew.

'MR. JOR. You have ſhewn it, Sir Charles, by example, by practice, to be ſo. I never ſaw a hero till now.

'SIR CH. One *modern* inſtance, however, of a challenge refuſed, I recollect, and which may be given, by way of *inference*, at leaſt, to the advantage of my argument. The army of the famous Mareſchal Turenne, in revenge for injuries more than hoſtile, as was pretended, had committed terrible depredations in the Palatinate. The elector, incenſed at the unſoldierly deſtruction, challenged the mareſchal to a ſingle combat. The mareſchal's anſwer was to this effect—That if the truſt which the king his maſter had repoſed in him, would permit him to accept of his challenge, he would not refuſe it; but, on the contrary, would deem it an honour to meaſure his arms with thoſe of ſo illuſtrious a prince: but that, for the ſake of his maſter's ſervice, he muſt be excuſed.

'Now, though I think the mareſchal might have returned a ſtill better anſwer, (though this was not a bad one for a military man;) yet where we can, as Chriſtians and as men, plead the divine laws, and have not, when we meet, as private ſubjects, the mareſchal's nor even the *Goths* excuſe, I think the example worthy conſideration.

'And if, gentlemen, I *have* argued before now, or ſhould hereafter argue, as follows, to a challenger, ſhall I deſerve either to be branded or inſulted?

"Of what uſe are the laws of ſociety, if magiſtracy may be thus "defied? Were I to accept of your "challenge, and were you to prevail

'againſt

" againſt me, who is to challenge you? " and if you fall, who him by whoſe " ſword you periſh? Where, in ſhort, " is the evil to ſtop? But I will *not* " meet you. My ſyſtem is ſelf-de- " fence, and ſelf-defence only. Put " me upon *that*, and I queſtion not " but you will have cauſe to repent it. " A *premeditated* revenge is that which " I will not meet you to gratify. I " will not dare to riſque the ruſhing " into my Maker's preſence from the " conſequences of an act, which can- " not, in the man that falls, admit of " repentance, and leaves, for the ſur- " vivor's portion, nothing but bitter " remorſe. I fear not any more the " reproaches of men, than your inſults " on this occaſion. Be the latter of- " fered to me at your *peril*. It is, per- " haps, as happy for you as for my- " ſelf, that I have a fear of an higher " nature. Be the event what it will, " the teſt you would provoke me to, " can decide nothing as to the juſtice " of the cauſe on either ſide. Already " you will find me diſpoſed to do you " the juſtice you pretend to ſeek. For " your own ſake, therefore, conſider " better of the matter; ſince it is not " impoſſible, but, were we to meet, " and both ſurvive, you may exchange, " what you will think a real diſgrace, " for an imaginary one."

'And thus, gentlemen, have I al- moſt ſyllogiſtically argued with my- ſelf on this ſubject.

'Courage is a virtue;

'Inordinate paſſion is a vice:

'Such paſſion, therefore, cannot be courage.

'Does it not, then, behove every man of true honour to ſhew, that reaſon has a greater ſhare than reſentment in the boldneſs of his reſolves?

'And what, by any degree, is *ſo* reaſonable as a regard to our duty?

'You called upon me, gentlemen, to communicate my notions on this important ſubject. I have the more willingly obeyed you, as I hope Sir Hargrave, on the occaſion that brought us to this not unhappy breakfaſting, will be the better ſa- tisfied that it has ſo ended; and as, if you are ſo good as to adopt them, they may be of ſervice to others of your friends, in caſe of debates among them. Indeed, for my own ſake, I have always been ready to communicate my notions on this head, in hopes ſometimes to be ſpar- ed provocation: for, as I have own- ed, I am paſſionate; I have pride; I am often afraid of *myſelf*; and the more, becauſe I am not naturally, I will preſume to ſay, a timid man.

'MR. BAG. 'Fore God, Sir Har- grave, ſomebody has eſcaped a ſcour- ing, as the ſaying is.

'MR. MER. Aye, by my life, Sir Hargrave, you had like to have caught a Tartar.

'SIR CH. *The race is not always to the ſwift*, gentlemen. Sir Har- grave's paſſion would, doubtleſs, have laid him under diſadvantage: defence is guarded; offence expoſes itſelf.

'MR. BAG. But, Sir Charles, you deſpiſe no man, I am ſure, for dif- fering from you in opinion. I am a Catholick—

'SIR CH. A *Roman* Catholick— No religion teaches a man evil. I honour *every man* who lives up to what he profeſſes.

'MR. BAG. But that is not the caſe with me, I doubt.

'MR. MER. That is *out* of doubt, Bagenhall.

'MR. JOH. The truth is, Mr. Ba- genhall has found his conveniences in changing. He was brought up a Proteſtant. Theſe *diſpenſations*, Mr. Bagenhall!—

'MR. MER. Aye, and they were often an argument in Bagenhall's mouth for making me his proſe- lyte.

'SIR CH. Mr. Bagenhall, I per- ceive, is rather of the religion of the *court*, than that of the *church* of Rome.

'MR. BAG. But what I mean, by telling you I am a Catholick, is this: I have read the opinion of ſome of our famous caſuiſts, that, in ſome caſes, a private man may become his own avenger, and challenge an ene- my into the field.

'SIR CH. *Bannes* and *Cajetan*, you mean; one a Spaniard, the other an Italian. But the higheſt authority of your church is full againſt them in this point. The council of Trent treats the combatants who fall, as ſelf- murderers, and denies them Chriſ- tian burial. It brands them, and

'all

'all thoſe who by their preſence countenance and abet this ſhocking and unchriſtian practice, with perpetual infamy; and condemns them to the loſs of goods and eſtates. And farthermore, it deprives, *ipſo jure*, all thoſe ſovereign princes, who ſuffer ſuch acts of violence to be perpetrated with impunity in the lands and cities which they hold of the church, of all the territories ſo held. I need not add to this, that Lewis the XIVth's edict againſt duelling was the greateſt glory in his reign. And permit me to conclude with obſerving, that the baſe arts of poiſoning, by the means of treacherous agents, and the cowardly practice of aſſaſſination by bravoes hired on purpoſe to wreak a private revenge, ſo frequent in Italy, are natural *branches* of this old *Gothick tree*. And yet (as I have before hinted) the barbarous northern nations had pleas to make in behalf of duelling, from *their* polity, which we have not from *ours*; Chriſtianity out of the queſtion.

'The gentlemen ſaid, they would very ſeriouſly reflect upon all that had paſſed in this uncommon converſation.

'SIR HAR. Well, but, Sir Charles, I muſt recur to my old note—Miſs Byron—She *muſt* be mine. And I hope you will not ſtand in my way.

'SIR CH. The lady is her own miſtreſs. I ſhall be glad to ſee any and all of you, gentlemen, at St. James's Square.

'MR. BAG. One thing I believe it is proper to mention to Sir Charles Grandiſon.—You know, Sir, that I brought a young man to your houſe, to take minutes of the converſation that paſſed between you and me there, in apprehenſion of conſequences. In *like* apprehenſions, I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave—

'SIR HAR. And now, Bagenhall, I could curſe you for it. The affair—confound it!—that I meant to be recorded for my juſtification, has turned out to his honour. Now am I down in black and white, for a tame—fool.—Is it not ſo?

'MR. JOR. By no means. If you think ſo, Sir Hargrave, you have but ill profited by Sir Charles's noble ſentiments.

'SIR CH. How is this, Mr. Bagenhall?

'MR. BAG. I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave to have the ſame young man, who is honeſt, diſcreet, and one of the ſwifteſt ſhort-hand writers of the age, to take a faithful account of every thing that has paſſed; and he is in that cloſet.

'SIR CH. I muſt ſay, this is very extraordinary—But as I always ſpeak what I think, if I am not afraid of my own recollection, I need not of any man's minutes.

'MR. BAG. You need not in this caſe, Sir Charles. Nothing has paſſed, as Sir Hargrave obſerves, but what makes for your honour. We that ſet him to work, have more need to be afraid than you. We bid him be honeſt, and not ſpare any of us. We little thought matters would have ended ſo amicably.

'MR. JOR. Thank God they have!

'MR. MER. A very happy ending, I think!

'SIR HAR. Not except Miſs Byron conſents to wipe out theſe marks.

'MR. BAG. Mr. Cotes, your taſk is over. Pray ſtep in with what you have done.

'The writer obeyed. Mr. Bagenhall aſked, if the minutes ſhould be read? Sir Hargrave ſwore, no; except, as he ſaid, he had made a better figure in the debate. Sir Charles told them, he could not ſtay to hear them: but that, as they *were* written, and as he had been allowed before a copy of what paſſed between him and Mr. Bagenhall, he ſhould be glad to have one now; and the rather, as Sir Hargrave ſhould have an inſtance, after he had peruſed it, of his readineſs to condemn himſelf, if he found he had been wanting either to his own character, or to that of any man preſent.

'They conſented that I ſhould ſend Sir Charles the firſt fair copy. Sir Charles then took his leave.

'The gentlemen all ſtood ſilent for ſeveral minutes, when they returned from attending him to the door, looking upon one another, as if each expected the other to ſpeak: but when they ſpoke it was all in praiſe of Sir Charles, as the moſt

'modeſt, the moſt polite, the braveſt, 'and nobleſt of men. Yet his 'maxims, they ſaid, were confound-'edly ſtrange; impoſſible for ſuch 'ſorry dogs as them (that was their 'phraſe) to practiſe.

'But Sir Hargrave ſeemed greatly diſ-'turbed and dejected. He could 'not, he ſaid, ſupport himſelf un-'der the conſciouſneſs of his own 'inferiority. "But what could I "do," ſaid he. "The *devil* could "not have made him fight. Plague "take him! he beat me out of my "play."

"And yet," ſaid Mr. Mereeda, "a "tilting-bout ſeems no more to "him than a game at puſh-pin."

"You would have thought ſo," ſaid 'Sir Hargrave, "had you obſerved "with what a ſleight, and with "what unconcernedneſs, he puſhed "down my drawn ſword with his "hand, (though he would grant me "nothing) and took me under the "arm, and led me in to you, as tho' "he had taken me priſoner. The "devil has long," continued he, "owed me a ſhame: but who would "have thought he had ſo much "power over Sir Charles Gran-"diſon, as to get him to pay it "me? But, however, I never will "be eaſy till Miſs Byron is Lady "Pollexfen."

'I take leave, honoured Sir, to ob-'ſerve, that a few things are noted 'in this copy, which, to avoid giv-'ing offence, will not be in that I 'ſhall write for the gentlemen. I 'was ordered to ſhew it to Mr. Ba-'genhall, before you had it; but 'for this reaſon I ſhall excuſe my-'ſelf, as having not remembered 'that command.

'This, therefore, is a true copy of '*all* that paſſed, taken to the beſt of 'the ability of, Sir, give me leave 'to ſubſcribe, *your very great ad-'mirer, and moſt humble ſervant,*

'HENRY COTES.'

CONTINUATION OF MISS BYRON'S LETTER.

WHAT a packet, including the ſhort-hand writer's paper tranſcribed by my couſin Reeves, ſhall I ſend you this time! I will not ſwell it by reflections on that paper (that would be endleſs;) but haſten to give you ſome account of the viſiters I mentioned.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came, without any previous notice, about nine o'clock.

My heart ſunk, when his chair ſtopt at the door, and I was told who was in it.

He was ſhewn into the great parlour. My couſin Reeves's ſoon attended him. He made great apologies to them (and ſo Mr. Reeves ſaid he ought) for the diſturbance he had given them.

He laid all to love——Proſtituted name! made a cover to all acts of violence, indiſcretion, folly, in both ſexes!

I was in my own apartment. Mrs. Reeves came up to me. She found me in terror; and went down and told him ſo; and begged, that he would not inſiſt upon ſeeing me.

The whole intent of this viſit, he ſaid, was to beg me to forgive him. It was probable, that I ſhould have the ſame emotion upon his firſt viſit at any other time; and he entreated the favour of ſeeing me. He had a *right*, he ſaid, to ſee me: he was a ſufferer for my ſake. They ſaw, he told them, that he was not the man he had *been*; and as he had been denied, and been brought to deny himſelf, the ſatisfaction due to a gentleman, from a man whom he had never offended, he inſiſted on having the opportunity given him of ſeeing me, and receiving my forgiveneſs, as what would conſolidate his reconciliation with Sir Charles Grandiſon.

There was no reſiſting this plea.

And down I *trembled*, I can hardly ſay walked.

Notwithſtanding all my little reaſoning with myſelf, to behave with the dignity of an injured perſon; yet the moment I ſaw him approach me at my entrance into the parlour, I ran to Mr. Reeves, and caught hold of his arm, with looks, I doubt not, of terror. Had Sir Charles Grandiſon been there, I ſuppoſe I ſhould have run to him in the ſame manner.

'Ever dear and adorable goodneſs!' (were his words, coming to me) 'how

'ſweet

'sweet is this terror, and how juſt! *I* 'have forgiven worſe injuries,' pointing to his mouth. 'I meant nothing 'but honour to *you*.

'*Honour*, Sir! Cruelty, Sir! Barbarity, Sir! How can you *wiſh* to 'ſee the creature whom you ſo wickedly treated?'

'I appeal to yourſelf, Madam, if I 'offered the leaſt indecency!—For all 'I have ſuffered by my mad enterprize, 'what but diſgrace—'

'Diſgrace, Sir, was your portion, 'Sir,' (half out of breath)—'What '*would* you, Sir?—Why this viſit! 'What am I to do?'

I hardly knew what I ſaid; and ſtill I held Mr. Reeves's arm.

'Forgive me, Madam: *that* is what 'you are to do. Pardon me; on my 'knee I beg your pardon.' And he dropt down on one knee.

'Kneel not to me, Sir—Pray, do 'not kneel—You bruiſed, you hurt, 'you terrified me, Sir—and, Lord bleſs 'me! I was in danger of being your '*wife*, Sir.'

Was not this laſt part of my anſwer a very odd one? But the memory of what I ſuffered at the time, and of the narrow eſcape I had, left me not the leaſt preſence of mind, on his addreſs to me kneeling.

He aroſe. '*In danger of being my* '*wife*, Madam! Only that the me'thod I took was wrong, Madam!'

'Miſs Byron, you ſee, is in terror, 'Sir Hargrave—Sit down, my love,' (taking my hand, and leading me to the fire-ſide) 'How you tremble, my 'dear!—You ſee, Sir Hargrave, the 'terror my couſin is in—You ſee—'

'I do—I do; and am ſorry for the 'occaſion.—We will all ſit down.—'Compoſe yourſelf, dear Miſs By'ron—And,' (holding up his claſped hands to me) 'I beſeech you, forgive me.'

'Well, Sir, I forgive you—I for'give you, Sir.'

'Were you not in ſo much diſorder, 'Madam—were it to be ſeaſonable 'now—I will tell you what I have far'ther to beg. I would—'

'Speak, Sir, now; and never let 'me—'

'Suffer an interruption, Madam—'I am too apprehenſive of that word '*never*. You *muſt* allow of my ad'dreſs. I aſk you not any favour, but 'as I ſhall behave myſelf in future.'

'Yes, yes; Sir, your behaviour—'But, Sir, were you to become the 'beſt man in the world, this, this, is 'the laſt time that I ever—'

'Dear Miſs Byron!' And then he pleaded his paſſion; his fortune; his *ſufferings*.—A wretch! [Yet I had now and then a little pity for his diſfigured mouth and lip]—His reſolutions to be governed by me in every act of his life—The ſettlement of one half of his eſtate upon me.—The *odious* wretch mentioned *children*, my dear—*younger* children. He ran on in ſuch a manner, as if he had been drawing up marriage-articles all the way hither.

Upon my abſolutely renouncing him, he aſked me, if Sir Charles Grandiſon had not made an impreſſion on my heart.

What, Lucy, could make me inwardly fret at this queſtion? I could hardly have patience to reply. I now ſee, my dear, that I have indeed a great deal of pride.

'Surely, Sir Hargrave, I am not 'accountable to you—'

'You are not, Madam: but I muſt 'inſiſt upon an anſwer to this queſtion. 'If Sir Charles Grandiſon has made 'an application to you for favour, I 'can have no hope.'

'Sir Charles Grandiſon, Sir, is ab'ſolutely diſintereſted. Sir Charles 'Grandiſon has made—' There I ſtopt; I could not help it.

'No application to my couſin, I 'aſſure you, Sir Hargrave,' ſaid Mr. Reeves. 'He is the nobleſt of men. 'Had he any ſuch thoughts, I dare 'ſay, he would be under difficulties 'to break his mind, leſt ſuch a de'claration ſhould be thought to leſſen 'the merit of his protection.'

A good thought of Mr. Reeves. And who knows, my Lucy, but there may be ſome foundation for it?

'*Protection!* D—n it!—But I am 'the *eaſier* upon this aſſurance.—Let 'me tell you, Mr. Reeves, that had I 'not found him to be a wonder of a 'man, matters ſhould not have ended 'as they ſeem at preſent to have done.'

'But, Sir Hargrave,' ſaid Mrs. Reeves, 'permit me to ſay, as I know 'Miſs Byron's mind, that there can 'not be the leaſt room to imagine that 'Miſs Byron—'

'Dear Mrs. Reeves, forgive me. 'But I cannot receive a denial from

'any other mouth than hers. Is there 'no room for a ſincere penitent to hope 'for mercy from a ſweetneſs ſo ange-'lick, and who is abſolutely diſen-'gaged?'

'You have had *mine* already, Sir 'Hargrave,' ſaid I. 'I am amazed, 'that, knowing my mind *before* your 'wicked inſult upon me, you ſhould 'have any expectation of this kind '*after* it.'

He again vowed his paſſion, and ſuch ſtuff.

I think, Lucy, I never ſhall be able, for the future, to hear with patience any man talk of love, of paſſion, and ſuch nonſenſe.

Let me ſummarily add, (for I am tired of the ſubject) that he ſaid a hundred impertinent things ſillier than any of thoſe ſaid by Mr. Grandiſon, in my praiſe; [indeed, every thing of this nature now appears ſilly to me.]—He inſiſted upon a preference to Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme.—He reſolved not to deſpair, as his ſufferings for my ſake had given him (as he ſaid he preſumed to tell me) ſome merit in his *own* opinion, if not in *mine*; and as his forgiveneſs of the man who had injured him, ought, he thought, to have ſome weight in his favour.

He took leave of my couſins and me in a very reſpectful manner. I wiſh him no harm. But I hope I ſhall never ſee him again.

And now, Lucy, with the end of this very diſagreeable viſit, I will conclude my letter; and ſhall have another long one ready for the next poſt.

LETTER V.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

MARCH 3.

I Had not recovered myſelf after Sir Hargrave's viſit, when Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon called, as they ſaid, for a moment; however, this agreeable moment laſted two hours. Miſs Grandiſon, the inſtant ſhe ſaw me, challenged me — 'Hey-day! 'What's the matter with our Harriet, 'Mrs. Reeves?' And, patting my neck, 'Why theſe flutters, child?— 'Perturbations delightful, or unde-'lightful, Harriet, whether?'

I told her who had been here, and but juſt left me; and, by the help of my couſins, gave them the particulars of what had paſſed.

They were greatly pleaſed; and the more, they ſaid, as their brother, on ſeeing them uneaſy, had acquainted them, that all matters between him and Sir Hargrave were accommodated; but had not had opportunity to tell them more.

'Let me reckon with you Harriet,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, taking my hand with a ſchooling air: 'I am half jea-'lous of you: Lady L. has got the 'ſtart of me in my brother's affec-'tions: but ſhe is my elder ſiſter; 'firſt come firſt ſerved; I can bear 'that; but I will not be cut out by a 'younger ſiſter.'

'What is now to follow?' thought I; and I fluttered like a fool; the more for her arch look, as if ſhe would read my heart in my eyes.

Increaſed palpitation (O the fool!) made it look as if I took her jeſt for earneſt. What a ſituation am I in?

'Dear Charlotte,' ſaid Lady L. ſmiling, 'you ſhall not thus perplex 'our ſweet ſiſter.—My dear, don't 'mind her. You'll know her better 'in time.'

'Be quiet, Lady L. I ſhall have it 'all out.'

'All what out?' ſaid I. 'O Miſs 'Grandiſon, how you love to alarm!'

'Well, well, I'll examine farther 'into theſe perturbations another time. 'I have beat the buſh before now for 'one hare, and out have popt two. 'But all I mean is; a paper, a letter '(my brother called it a paper) was 'brought to him ſealed up. He re-'warded the bringer; but ſent it di-'rectly away unopened (that we found 'out) to you, Harriet. Now, child, 'if I allow of *his* reſerves, I will not 'allow of *yours*. Pray anſwer me 'fairly and truly; what are the con-'tents of that paper?'

'They give the particulars of the 'converſation that paſſed in the alarm-'ing interview between Sir Charles—'

'And Sir Hargrave. That's my 'good girl.—You ſee, Lady L. how 'this young thief will ſteal away the 'affections of our brother from us 'both. He has ſhewed *us* nothing of 'this. But if you would not have 'me jealous, Harriet, be ſure keep no

'one

'one ſecret of your heart from me.—'

'That relates merely to myſelf; I 'think I will not.'

'Then you'll be a good girl: and 'I'll give my love for you the reins, 'without a pull-back.'

Juſt then a ſervant came in with a card.

'LADY D.'s compliments to Mrs. 'Reeves and Miſs Byron; and 'if it would be agreeable, ſhe will wait 'on them preſently, for one quarter of 'an hour. She is obliged to go out of 'town early in the morning.'

'What ſhall I do now?' ſaid I. I was in a flutter; not being fully recovered from that into which Sir Hargrave's viſit had thrown me.

'What now? What now?' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. 'Ah! Harriet, we 'ſhall find you out by degrees.'

By the way, Lucy, you are fond of plays; and it is come into my head, that, to avoid all *ſays-I's* and *ſays-ſhe's*, I will henceforth, in all dialogues, write names in the margin: ſo fancy, my dear, that you are reading in one of your favourite volumes.

HARRIET. Do you know Lady D.?

MISS GR. Very well: but I did not know that *you* did, Harriet.

LADY L. And I know ſhe has a ſon: and I know ſhe wants him to marry.

HARRIET. That I may keep no ſecrets from my two ſiſters, my aunt Selby has written to me—

MISS GR. Lately?

HARRIET. Very lately.

MISS GR. O! becauſe you had not told me of that.

MRS. REEVES. And pray, ladies, what is Lady D.'s character?

LADY L. She is a very ſenſible and prudent woman.

MISS GR. I am not very intimate with her; but have ſeen her in two or three of my viſits. I have always thought her ſo.—And pray, Harriet, don't you want to know what character my *lord* bears?

HARRIET. My lord is nothing to me. I *have* anſwered. I have given my negative.

MISS GR. The deuce you have!—Why, the man has a good 12,000*l.* a year.

HARRIET. I don't care.

MISS GR. What a deuce ails the girl!

Then humorouſly telling on her fingers—'ORME, *one*; FENWICK, '*two*; GREVILLE, *three*; FOWLER, '*four*;—I want another finger; but 'I'll take in my thumb—SIR HAR-'GRAVE, *five*—And now, (putting the fore-finger of one hand on the thumb of the other) 'LORD D. *ſix!*—'And none of them the man!—De-'pend upon it, girl, pride will have a 'fall.'

What could ſhe mean by that?—Sir Charles Grandiſon's ſiſters, I hope, will not—But I believe ſhe meant nothing.

'Have I pride, Miſs Grandiſon?' coldly and gravely aſked I, as my couſin obſerved to me afterwards.

MISS GR. Have you pride?—Yes, that you have; or you have *worſe*.

What could this mad lady mean by this?—And what could *I* mean? For I had tears in my eyes. I was very low-ſpirited at that moment.

LADY L. Well, but Miſs Byron, ſhall we be impertinent, if we ſtay to ſee the lady?—I have a great value for her. She has been an admirable executrix and truſtee for her ſon; and was as good a wife. I was juſt going; but, as ſhe goes out of town to-morrow, will ſtay to pay my compliments to her. We can withdraw till you have had your talk.

MISS GR. Does ſhe come to perſuade you, Harriet, to retract your refuſal?

HARRIET. I know not her buſineſs. I wrote my mind to my aunt Selby. But I believe my aunt could not have written, and the counteſs received what ſhe wrote, by this time. But do not go: we can have no private talk.

MISS GR. Well, but now I will tell you, without puniſhing your curioſity farther, what Lord D.'s character is. He is as ſober a man as moſt of the young nobility. His fortune is great. In ſenſe, he neither abounds, nor is wanting; and that claſs of men, take my word for it, are the beſt qualified of all others to make good huſbands to women of ſuperior talents. They know juſt enough to induce them to admire in *her*, what they have not in *themſelves*. If a woman has prudence enough to give

'conſe-

conſequence to ſuch a one before folks, and will behave as if ſhe thought him her ſuperior in underſtanding, ſhe will be able to make her own will a law to him; by the way of '*I will, ſhall I?*'—Or, '*If you pleaſe*, my dear, *I will do*—'*what I think fit.*' But a fool and a wit are the extreme points, and equally unmanageable.—And now tell me, Harriet, what can be your motive for refuſing ſuch a man as this?

HARRIET. I wiſh, my dear, you would not talk to me of theſe men. I am ſick of them all—Sir Hargrave has cured me—

MISS GR. You fib, my dear—But did you ever ſee Lord D.?

HARRIET. No, indeed!

MISS GR. 'No, indeed!'—Why, then, you are a ſimpleton, child.—What, refuſe a man, an earl too! in the bloom of his years, 12,000 good pounds a year! yet never have ſeen him—Your motives, child! your motives!—I wiſh you are not already—There ſhe ſtopt.

HARRIET. And I wiſh, Miſs Grandiſon, with all my heart, if that would tame you, that you were in love over head and ears, and could not help it!

MISS GR. And wiſh you me that for ſpite, or to pleaſe me?—I *am* in love, my dear; and nothing keeps me in countenance, but having company among the grave ones. Dearly do I love to find girls out. Why, I found out Lady L. before ſhe would own a tittle of the matter. So prim!—'And '*how can you think ſo*, Charlotte? '*Who, I, in love!* No, indeed! No 'man has a place in *my* heart!'—Then I was reſolved to have her ſecret out. I began with my *roundabouts*, and my *ſuppoſes*—A *leer*—as thus—[I was both vexed and pleaſed with her archneſs] And then a *ſuppoſe*—then came a bluſh—'Why, Charlotte, 'I cannot but *ſay*, that if I were '*obliged* to have the one man or the 'other—' Then came a ſigh, endeavoured in haſte to be returned to the heart whence it came; and when it could not find it's way back, to be cut into three halves, as the Iriſhman ſaid; that is, into two half-ſighs, and a hem; and a 'Get you gone, for an 'impertinent—' As much as to ſay, 'You have it!'—And when I found I *had*, and ſhe owned it; why then I put my mad head to her grave one; and we had but one heart betwixt us.

LADY L. (laughing) Out of breath, Charlotte, I hope.

MISS GR. Not yet—How often have I kept watch and ward for her! Sometimes have I lent her my dreſſing-room for their love-meetings: yet, for the *world*, ſhe would not marry without her papa's conſent: no, but like the reſt of us, ſhe would ſuffer her affections to be *engaged*, without letting him know a ſyllable of the matter.—Very true, Lady L. what ſignifies looking ſerious?

LADY L. Strange creature!

MISS GR. Once or twice did I change dreſſes with her. In ſhort, I was a perfect Abigail to her in the affair: and let me tell you, two ſiſters, agreed to manage a love affair, have advantages over even a lady and her woman.

LADY L. Mad creature!

MISS GR. All this I did for her without fee or reward; only from the dear delight of promoting the good work, and upon the Chriſtian principle of 'Do as you would be done by.'—Is not all this true, Lady L.? Deny it if you can.

LADY L. And have you *done*, Charlotte?—Ah, my dear Miſs Byron, you'll never do any thing with this girl, except you hear all as ſhe has to ſay. And if you *have* a ſecret, 'tis better to let her know it at firſt. Charlotte is a generous girl, after all; but ſometimes, as now, a very impertinent one—

What could theſe ladies mean by this, I wonder? If they ſuſpect me to love ſomebody, ſurely this is not the way, that two ſuch ladies, in *generoſity*, ſhould take, when they think I have no engagement; and know that the doubt muſt lie on their brother's ſide, whom, with all their *roundabouts*, as they call them, they cannot fathom.

I would give any thing, methinks, to know, if Sir Charles was ever in love.

Juſt then a rapping at the door made us ſuppoſe it was the counteſs. It was. After compliments to Mrs. Reeves and me, ſhe embraced Lady L. very affectionately, and Miſs Grandiſon kindly; aſking the firſt after Lord L.'s health, and the other after her brother. 'He is the man of all men, 'Miſs Grandiſon,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I 'want

'want to ſee. We ſhall be in town 'ſoon, for a month or two; and then 'you muſt make me known to one, 'whom every body calls the beſt of 'men; as here,' ſaid ſhe, coming up again to me, 'I have longed to be 'acquainted with one of the beſt of 'women.'

LADY L. Miſs Byron is, indeed, an excellent young woman. We do ourſelves the honour of calling her *ſiſter*.

LADY D. What an encouragement is that to be good? Even in this age, bad as it is, true merit will never want admirers. And let me ſay, that where beauty and goodneſs meet, as *here*, they adorn each other.

'Agreeable Lady D.' thought I: 'my heart will not ſuggeſt a thought 'in favour of your *ſon*; but I ſhall ea'ſily be in love with *you*.' The heart hardly deſerves praiſe, my Lucy, that is not fond of it from the worthy.

Her ladyſhip took Lady L. aſide, and ſaid ſomething to her. Lady L. anſwered with a 'No,' as I ſuppoſe: to which Lady D. replied, 'I am glad 'of that;' adding, 'I am not afraid 'of ſaying any thing to a perſon of 'Lady L.'s known prudence.'

Ah, my Lucy! ſhe aſked Lady L. I dare ſay, whether the acknowledged ſiſterhood extended to the brother, as a brother, or as—ſomething elſe—And by her chearful and condeſcending court to me afterwards, and to Mrs. Reeves, was ſatisfied by Lady L.'s anſwer, I make no doubt, that there is room for Lord D.'s addreſs, for any thing on Sir Charles's part.

I will not be mean, Lucy! Greatly as I admire Somebody, theſe excellent ſiſters ſhall not find me *entangled in an hopeleſs paſſion*.

Her ladyſhip took my hand, and led me to the window. 'I was brought 'to town,' ſaid ſhe, 'on an extraor'dinary occaſion, two days ago; and 'muſt ſet out on my return in the 'morning. I thought I would not 'miſs the opportunity of paying my 'compliments to a young lady, of 'whom I had heard every body ſpeak 'with great commendation. I make 'no doubt but your good aunt Selby 'has—' There ſhe ſtopt.

'My aunt has ſent me up two of 'your ladyſhip's letters, and copies of 'her anſwers.'

'I am pleaſed with your frankneſs, 'my dear. It was that part of your 'character that engaged me. Young 'women, in theſe caſes, are generally 'either ſo affected, ſo ſtarched, (as if 'they thought there were ſomething 'ſhameful in a treaty of this kind) or 'they are ſo aukward, that I have not 'patience with them. You have all 'the modeſty—Indeed, my dear, your 'goodneſs of heart ſhines out in every 'feature of your face.'

'Your ladyſhip does me high ho'nour.'

'I am pleaſed even with that ac'knowledgment. The diſcretion of 'a perſon is often moſt ſeen in minute'neſſes. Another would have made 'diſqualifying ſpeeches. But com'pliments made to the heart by one 'who is not accuſtomed to flatter; 'ſuch compliments, I mean, as it 'would be culpable for a perſon not 'to be able to verify; ſhould not be 'diſclaimed.

'To ſay truth, my dear, I did not 'intend to mention one word of the 'matter to you on this firſt viſit. I 'only wanted to ſee you, and to con'verſe with you a little, that I might 'make report accordingly to my ſon; 'who, however, knows not that I 'ſhould pay my compliments to you; 'but the moment I ſaw you, your 'aſpect confirmed all that I had heard 'ſaid in your favour; and ſeeing you 'alſo ſo much careſſed by two ladies of 'characters ſo eſtabliſhed; and no leſs 'pleaſed with what I obſerved of Mr. 'and Mrs. Reeves [you are a family 'of good people;] I was reſolved to 'be as frank as you are, and as your 'aunt Selby has been—She is a good 'woman.'—

'Indeed, Madam, ſhe is.'—

'Accordingly, I have ſingled you 'out, in the face of every body pre'ſent.—You will have the diſcretion 'to caution them on this ſubject, till 'you have ſeen my ſon, (I am ſure 'there can be no doubt on his ſide) 'and till you know whether you ſhall 'approve of our propoſals or not: and, 'without heſitation, I beſpeak your 'good opinion of *me* till then. I am 'ſure, my dear, we ſhall be very happy 'in each other. If you and my Lord 'are happy, you and I *muſt* be ſo.—'But, when the knot is tied, I will be 'only your viſiter, and that at your

'own

'own invitation. I am thought to be 'a managing woman: managing women are not always the beſt to live 'with. You, I underſtand, are an 'excellent œconomiſt.' [A glorious character in this age for a young woman!—Perſons of the higheſt quality ought not to think themſelves above it.] 'One perſon's methods 'may differ from another's; yet both 'may be equally good, and reach the 'ſame end. My ſon has found the '*beneſit* of my œconomy: nevertheleſs, his wife ſhall not have cauſe to 'think, that, where ſhe means well, 'I will prefer my methods to hers. 'If ever I give advice, it ſhall be only 'when you aſk it: and then, if you 'do not take it, I will not be angry; 'but allow that, having weighed the 'matter well, you prefer your own 'judgment on the beſt convictions. 'People who are to act for themſelves, 'ſhould be always left to judge for 'themſelves; becauſe they only are 'anſwerable for their own actions.— 'You bluſh, my dear! I hope, I don't 'oppreſs you. I would not oppreſs a 'modeſty ſo happily blended with 'frankneſs.'

I was affected with her goodneſs. 'What an amiable frankneſs! O that 'all huſbands mothers were like your 'ladyſhip!' ſaid I. 'What numbers 'of happy daughters-in-law would 'there then be, that now are not ſo!'

'Charming creature!' ſaid ſhe.— 'Proceed. I am glad I don't oppreſs 'you with my prate.'

'*Oppreſs* me, Madam!—You delight me! Talk of a bad world!— 'I ought, I am ſure, to think it a good 'one!—In every matronly lady I have 'met with a *mother*; in many young 'ladies, as thoſe before us, *ſiſters*; in 'their brother, a *protector*; if your 'ladyſhip has not heard on what occaſion, I ſhall be ready to acquaint 'you with it.'

'Sweet child! Charming frankneſs! I have *ſeen*, I have *heard*, 'enough of you for my preſent purpoſe.—We will return to company.— 'Such company as I find you in is not 'to be had at all times. I will reſtore 'you to them.'

'But, Madam,' declining her leading hand—

'But what, my dear!'

'Have you not, Madam!—But your 'ladyſhip could *not* have received any 'letter from my aunt Selby—I wrote—'

'I have *not*, my dear. I could not, 'as you ſay. But I ſhall find a letter 'from her, perhaps, on my return. 'You approve, I hope, of the propoſal, 'if you ſhall have no objection to my 'ſon?'

'My aunt, Madam, will let you 'know—'

'I will not have it otherwiſe than I 'wiſh it to be.—Remember that I value you for the frankneſs you are 'praiſed for.—A little female trifling 'to my *ſon*, if you will, in order to be 'aſſured of his value for you, (and 'men love not all halcyon courtſhips) 'but none to *me*, my love. I'll aſſiſt 'you, and keep your counſel, in the 'firſt caſe, if it be neceſſary. He ſhall 'love you above all the women on 'earth, and convince you that he does, 'or he ſhall not call you his.—But no 'female trifling to his mother, child! 'We women ſhould always underſtand one another.'

'Becauſe I would not be thought to 'be an inſincere creature, a trifler, I 'think I ought to mention to your ladyſhip, that it would be a great, a 'very great part of my happineſs, to 'be deemed worthy of your friendſhip—without—'

'Without what?—You do well, 'perhaps, to bluſh! Without what?'

'Without the relation—if you 'pleaſe.'

I was confounded with her goodneſs, Lucy. Here, my dear, is another ſuperior character.—I fancy her maiden-name was Grandiſon.

'But I *don't pleaſe*. So no more of 'this. Let us join company.' And, taking my hand with the goodneſs of a real mother; yet her brow a little overclouded; ſhe made apologies to them for taking me aſide; and ſaid, ſhe could truſt to their prudence, ſhe was ſure, as they muſt needs gueſs at her view; and therefore ſhe offered not to put a limit to their conjectures; ſince denial or evaſion would but, in this caſe, as it *generally* did, defeat it's own end, and ſtrengthen what it aimed to weaken.

'Is there no obtaining ſuch a mo- 'ther,' thought I, 'without marrying 'Lord D.?—And ſhould I refuſe to 'ſee him, if an interview is deſired, 'eſpecially when Lady L. has ſeemed

'to

'to encourage the counteſs to think, 'that Somebody has no thoughts.—'Indeed I don't deſire that that Somebody ſhould.—If—I don't know 'what I was going to add to that *if*: 'But pray tell my grandmamma, that 'I hope her Harriet will never give 'her cauſe to lament her being *entangled in a hopeleſs paſſion*. No, indeed!'

But, my Lucy, one ſilly queſtion to *you* who have been a little *entangled*, and more happily *diſentangled*: I catch myſelf of late in ſaying *him* and *he*, and writing to you *Somebody*, and ſuch like words, inſtead of ſaying and writing boldly, as I uſed to do, Sir Charles, and Sir Charles Grandiſon; which would ſound more reſpectfully, and yet am ſure I want not reſpect. What is the meaning of this?—Is it a ſign—Ah! my Lucy! you ſaid you would keep a ſharp look-out; and did I not ſay I would upon myſelf? Surely I ſaid truth: ſurely you will think ſo, when you ſee ſuch little ſilly things as theſe do not eſcape me. But when you think me too trifling, my dear, don't expoſe me. Don't read it out in the venerable circle. That to ſome may appear very weak and ſilly, which by others will be thought excuſable, becauſe natural. It would be wrong (as I yet never did it) to write ſeparately to you. And what have I in my heart, were it to be laid open to all the world, that I ſhould be—afraid—I was going to write, that I ſhould be *aſhamed* of? But I think I *am* a little aſhamed, at times, for all that.—Ah, Lucy! don't add, 'And ſo I ought.'

Lady D. repeated her deſire of being acquainted with Sir Charles. She has no daughter: ſo it was purely for the ſake of his great character. She heard, ſhe ſaid, that he was the politeſt of brothers. That was always a good ſign with her.—'He gives you, Miſs 'Grandiſon, I am told, a great deal of 'his company.'

Miſs Grandiſon ſaid, that her brother, ſhe believed, was one of the buſieſt men in the kingdom, who was not engaged in publick affairs; and yet the moſt of a family man. 'I endeavour,' ſaid ſhe, 'to make home delightful to 'him. I never break in upon him, 'when he is in his ſtudy, without 'leave: indeed I ſeldom aſk it; for 'when he is inclined to give me his 'company, he ſends his compliments 'to me, and requeſts, as a favour *from* 'me, what I am always ready to conſider as one done *to* me. And I ſee 'he loves me. He is not uneaſy in 'my company: he comes for half an 'hour, and ſtays an hour.—But don't 'ſet me into talking of him; for my 'heart always dilates when I enter into 'the agreeable ſubject, and I know 'not where to ſtop.'

LADY L. Charlotte is a happy girl.

MISS GR. And Lady L. is a happy woman; for he loves *her* as well as he loves *me*. Indeed he is ſo good as to ſay, (but I know it is to keep us from pulling caps) that he knows not which he loves beſt: we have different qualities, he ſays; and he admires in each what the other has not.

LADY D. But what are his employments? What can he be ſo much buſied in?

MISS GR. A continual round of good offices. He has a ward. She has a large fortune. The attention he pays to her affairs takes up a good deal of his time. He is his own ſteward; and then he has a variety of other engagements, of which we aſk him not one word; yet long to know ſomething about them.—But this we are ſure of, that, if he thinks any thing will give us pleaſure, we ſhall hear of it: if the contrary, he is as ſecret as the night.

Will nobody ſay one bad or one indifferent thing of this man, Lucy! There is no bearing theſe things! O, my dear, what a Nobody is your poor Harriet!

LADY D. He is one of the handſomeſt men in England, they tell me.

MISS GR. Siſters are not judges. They may be partial. His benignity of heart makes his face ſhine. Had I a lover but half as handſome as I think my brother, I ſhould make no objection to him on the account of perſon.

LADY L. But he is the genteeleſt of men!—What think *you*, ſiſter Harriet?

HARRIET. 'Siſters are not judges. 'They may be partial.'

What meant Lady L. to apply to me? But I had been ſome time ſilent. She *could* not mean any thing: and both ſiſters complimented me on recognizing the relation.

Lady D. aſked me how long I ſhould ſtay in town?

A I ſaid,

I ſaid, I believed not long. I had leave for three months. Thoſe would be ſoon elapſed; and as my friends were ſo good as to be pleaſed with my company, I ſhould rather chuſe to walk within, than ſtep out of my limits.

The counteſs, with a nod of approbation, ſaid, 'With good young people it will be always ſo: and this is 'more praiſe-worthy in Miſs Byron, 'as ſhe may do what ſhe pleaſes.'

Then taking me a little aſide, 'I 'hope, my dear, you meant nothing 'contrary to my wiſhes, when you referred, in ſo doubtful a manner, to 'what you had written to your aunt. 'You don't anſwer me! This is a call 'upon your frankneſs. Women, when 'any thing is depending on which 'they have ſet their hearts, are impatient—Don't you know that?—'They love not ſuſpenſe.'

'It is painful to me, Madam, to 'decline a propoſal that would give me 'a relation to ſo excellent a lady.—'But—'

'But *what*, my dear?—Let not 'maidenly affectation ſtep in with it's 'cold water. You are above it. Woman to woman, daughter to mother—'You are above it.'

Then, turning to the ladies, and to my couſins—'You don't know, any 'of you, (we are by ourſelves) that 'Miſs Byron's heart is engaged?—'Miſs Grandiſon, let me apply to you; 'maiden ladies open their hearts to one 'another. Know you whether Miſs 'Byron has yet ſeen the man to whom 'ſhe wiſhes to give her hand? Her 'aunt Selby writes to me, that ſhe 'has not.'

MISS GR. We young women, Madam, often know leaſt of our own hearts. We are almoſt as unwilling to find out ourſelves in certain caſes, as to be found out by others.—Speak, ſiſter Harriet: anſwer for yourſelf.

[Was not this grievous, Lucy? And yet what ailed me, that I could not ſpeak without heſitation! But this lady's condeſcending goodneſs—yet this wicked Sir Hargrave! His attempt, his cruel treatment of me, has made me quite another creature than I was.]

'My aunt Selby, Madam, wrote 'the truth. To ſay I wiſh not to 'marry for ſome time to come, may 'ſound like an affectation, becauſe I 'have ever honoured the ſtate.—But 'ſomething has happened that has put 'me out of conceit with myſelf, and 'with men too.'

LADY D. With *all* men, child?—I will allow for a great many things in a *weak* mind, that I will not in *yours*. I have had a hint or two about an inſult, or I know not what, from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, ſince I came to town; for I have aſked after you, my dear: but what is that but a confirmation of your merits? What a diſagreeable woman muſt ſhe be, whom but one man in the world could like?

But excuſe me, Miſs Byron, I have ſaid abundance of impertinent things: I have gone farther on this firſt viſit than I intended. You muſt thank for this that ingenuous and open countenance, which confirms, at firſt ſight, the character I had heard given by every body who ſpoke of you. I ſhall ſee, perhaps, what your aunt Selby, to whom you refer, writes, when I get down. I ſhall ſoon be in town, as I ſaid, for the reſt of the winter; and then I will make myſelf miſtreſs of your whole hiſtory from theſe ladies, and from yourſelf: and there ſhall end all my enquiries, and, I hope, all my ſolicitudes, on an article that is next my heart.—Mean time, adieu, my dear—Adieu.

She then, curtſeying to all round, gave her hand to Mr. Reeves, who led her to her chair; leaving us all full of her praiſes.

MISS GR. (Looking archly) I ſay nothing as to her *particular* errand, becauſe I would not be too curious: and becauſe you aſk *me* no queſtions, Harriet.

LADY L. This muſt do, Miſs Byron: who would not wiſh for ſuch a mother?

HARRIET. Is the mother to be the principal inducement in ſuch an article as this?

MISS GR. Why, my dear, do you pretend, in ſuch an age of petit maitres, to live ſingle, till you meet with a man who deſerves you?—But, Harriet, you muſt voluntarily open your heart to me. I have a good deal of curioſity; and, whenever you are diſpoſed to gratify it, will not *withdraw* my attention.

HARRIET. I will read to you this moment, if you pleaſe, ladies, as to my

my ſiſters, what Lady D. wrote to my aunt Selby; and what my aunt anſwered on the occaſion.

Miss Gr. That's my beſt Harriet! I love to hear *how* and *every thing about* theſe ſort of matters.

Lady L. Theſe girls, Mrs. Reeves, delight in love ſubjects: there is a kind of enthuſiaſm in theſe matters that runs away with them.

Miss Gr. Say you ſo, Lady L.? And pray, had *you* ever any of this enthuſiaſm? And if you had, did matrimony cure you of it?—See, Harriet! My ſiſter has not been married many months: yet how *quietly* ſhe now talks of the *enthuſiaſm* of love to us maidens!—Ah, my dear Lady L.! women, I ſee, have their free-maſonry, as well as men—Don't you think ſo, Mrs. Reeves?

'A poor ſecret after all, I believe, on 'both ſides,' whiſpered the lively lady; but loud enough for every one to hear what ſhe ſaid.

Lady L. called her a mad girl. 'But 'let us be favoured,' ſaid ſhe to me, 'with your communications.'

I pulled out the letters. I read the two firſt paragraphs in my aunt's letter to me, entire; for they propoſe the matter, and nothing elſe.

'What follows,' ſaid I, 'is full of 'love and care, and ſo forth: but here 'is one paragraph more I can read to 'you.'

Miss Gr. As much reſerve as you pleaſe, ſiſter Harriet. I am learning how to deal with you.

Lady L. Why that, Charlotte? No fear that you will tell us more than you have a mind we ſhould know.—Regard not, therefore, this threatening, Miſs Byron.

Harriet. To own the truth, I cannot read every thing my aunt writes: but the Counteſs of D.'s propoſal, and what relates to that, I will read, if you pleaſe.

Miss Gr. What you will—Read what you will. I find we are not at preſent ſo well acquainted as we ſhall be hereafter.

What could Miſs Grandiſon mean by that!

I read the laſt paragraph but one, in which my aunt propoſes my coming down; and that I will either encourage the counteſs's propoſal, or accept of Mr. Orme; ending with the earneſt deſire of my friends to have me married.

I then gave into Miſs Grandiſon's hands the counteſs's firſt letter; and ſhe read it out.

She gave it me back, and thanked me. 'Were all women,' ſaid ſhe, 'capable of acting thus *frankly*, the ſex 'would leave affectation to the men-'monkeys.—Remember, Harriet, that 'your openneſs of heart is one of the 'graces for which I principally ad-'mire you.'

Lady L. O the rogue!—Take care of her, Miſs Byron! She tells you this, to get out of you all your ſecrets.

'Miſs Grandiſon may eaſily obtain 'her end, Madam. She need only 'tell me what ſhe beſt likes I ſhould 'be; and I muſt try to be that.'

Miss Gr. Good girl! And take this along with you; that when you convince *me*, that you will not *hide*, I will convince *you*, that I will not *ſeek*. But what is next?

I then gave into her hand the copy of my aunt Selby's anſwer.

Miss Gr. May I read it all?

Harriet. If you pleaſe: the fondneſs of my aunt, and the partiality of—

Miss Gr. Away! away, Harriet! —No affectation, child!

She read it out. Both ſiſters praiſed the heart of the dear and thrice-indulgent writer! and called her *their* aunt Selby.

I then gave Miſs Grandiſon the counteſs's ſecond letter. They were no leſs pleaſed with that than with the firſt.

Miss Gr. But now your opinion of the propoſal, child? Will you truſt us with that? Have you a copy of what you wrote?

Harriet. I kept a copy only of what immediately reſpected the propoſal; and that, becauſe it was poſſible I might want to have recourſe to it, as my aunt might, or might not, write farther about it.

I took it out of my pocket-book, and gave it to her to read.

'Thank you, child,' ſaid ſhe: 'I 'ſhould have no curioſity, if I did 'not love you.'

She read it out. It was the paragraph that begins with, 'You will, 'upon the ſtrength of what I have 'ſaid,' &c.—ending with, '*ſuch is my*

meaning.'—Luckily I had not tranſcribed the concluding ſentence of that paragraph; having been aſhamed of the odd words, '*Hope of your hope*.'

LADY L. But *why* ſhould that be your *meaning*, my dear?

HARRIET. I added, I remember, that I was pained by the teazings of theſe men, one after another; that I never took delight in the airy adulation; and was now the more pained, becauſe of the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, which had given me a ſurfeit of the ſex.

MISS GR. A temporary ſurfeit! It is over, I hope, by this time. But, my dear—And yet as I owe to your generoſity the communication, I would not take occaſion from it to teaze you—

HARRIET. Miſs Grandiſon will oblige me, ſay what ſhe pleaſes.

MISS GR. As you intend to marry—As your friends are very deſirous that you *ſhould*—As Lady D. is an excellent woman—As her ſon is, as men go, a tolerable man—As he is a peer of the realm; which is ſomething in the ſcale, though it is not of weight, ſingly conſidered—As his eſtate is very conſiderable—As you may have your own terms—As you like not any one of your numerous admirers:—All theſe *as's* conſidered, why, why, in the name of goodneſs, ſhould you give ſo flat a denial? Yet have not ſeen the gentleman, and therefore *can* have no diſlike either to his ſenſe or perſon? I wiſh, my dear, you would give ſuch a reaſon for your denial, a denial ſo *ſtrongly* expreſſed, as one would imagine ſuch a woman as the Counteſs of D. would be ſatisfied with, from ſuch a one as Miſs Byron.

LADY L. Perhaps, now that Miſs Byron has ſeen what a lady the Counteſs of D. is—

MISS GR. And now that ſhe has overcome the *temporary ſurfeit*—

LADY L. She will change her mind.

[Are you not, my dear aunt Selby—are you not, my Lucy, diſtreſſed for me at this place? I was at the time greatly ſo for *myſelf*.]

HARRIET. My mind has been diſturbed by Sir Hargrave's violence; and by apprehenſions of fatal miſchiefs that might *too* probably have followed the generous protection given me: wonder not, therefore, ladies, if I am unable, on a ſudden, to give ſuch reaſons for having refuſed to liſten to Lady D.'s propoſal, as you require; although, at the ſame time, I find not in my heart the leaſt inclination to encourage it.

MISS GR. You *have* had your difficulties of late, my Harriet, to contend with: and thoſe you muſt look upon as a tax to be paid by a merit ſo conſpicuous. Even in this ſlighter caſe, as you love to oblige, I can pity you for the ſituation you are likely to be in, betwixt the refuſed ſon and the deſerving mother. But when you conſider, that the plagues of the diſcreet proceed from other people, thoſe of the indiſcreet from themſelves, you will ſit down with a juſt compliment to yourſelf, and be content. You ſee I can be grave now and then, child.

HARRIET. May I *deſerve* to be called prudent and diſcreet: on that condition I am willing to incur the penalty.

LADY L. Come, come; that is out of the queſtion, my dear: ſo you are contented of courſe, or in the way to be ſo.

The ladies took their leave, and ſeemed pleaſed with their viſit.

It is now, my dear friends, ſome how or other, become neceſſary, I think, to let you minutely into my ſituation, that you may adviſe, caution, inſtruct me.—For, I proteſt, I am in a ſort of wilderneſs.—Pray, my Lucy, tell me—But it cannot be from *love*: ſo I don't care—Yet to lie under ſuch a weight of obligation; and to find myſelf ſo much ſurpaſſed by theſe ladies—Yet it is from *envy*, ſurely: that is a very bad paſſion. I hope my boſom has not a place in it for ſuch a mean ſelf-tormentor. Can it be from *pride*? Pride is a vice that always produces mortification: and proud you all made me of your favour.—Yet I thought it was grateful to be proud of it.

[I wiſh I were with you, Lucy. I ſhould aſk you abundance of queſtions; and repoſe my anxious heart on your faithful boſom; and, at the ſame time, from your anſwers, arm it againſt too great a ſenſibility before it is too late.

But pray, don't I remember, that

you

you ſaid, you found ſighing a relief to you on a certain occaſion?—I am ſerious, my dear. That there was a ſort of you know not what of *pleaſure* in ſighing? Yet that it was involuntary?—Did you not ſay, that you were ready to quarrel with yourſelf, you knew not why?—And, pray, had you not a fretting, gnawing pain in your ſtomach, that made you I can't tell how to deſcribe it; yet were humble, meek, as if looking out for pity from every body, and ready to pity every body? Were you not attentive to ſtories of people, young women eſpecially, labouring under doubts and difficulties?—Was not your humanity raiſed? your ſelf-conſequence lowered? But did you not think *ſuſpenſe* the greateſt of all torments?—I think, my dear, you lived without eating or drinking; yet looked not pining, but freſh.—Your reſt—I remember it was broken. In your ſleep you ſeemed to be diſturbed. You were continually rolling down mountains, or tumbling from precipices—or were borne down by tempeſts, carried away with ſudden inundations; or ſinking in deep waters; or flying from fires, thieves, robbers—

How apt are we to recollect, or to *try* to recollect, when we are apprehenſive that a caſe may poſſibly be our own, all thoſe circumſtances, of which, while another's (however dear that other might be to us) we had not any clear or adequate ideas!—But I know, that ſuch of theſe as I recollect not from *you*, muſt be owing to the danger, to the terror, I was in from the violence of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Often and often do I dream over again what I ſuffered from him. I am now imploring mercy from him; and meet with nothing but upbraidings and menaces. He is now ſtopping my mouth with his handkerchief: his horrible clergyman, if a clergyman he was, is reading the ſervice quite through; and I am contending againſt the legality of the aſſerted marriage. At other times, I have eſcaped; and he is purſuing me: he gains upon my flying feet; and I wake myſelf with endeavouring in vain to cry out for help.

But when fancy is more propitious to me, then comes my reſcuer, my deliverer: and he is ſometimes a mighty prince, (dreams then make me a perfect romancer) and I am a damſel in diſtreſs. The milk-white palfrey once came in. All the marvellous takes place; and lions and tygers are ſlain, and armies routed, by the puiſſance of his ſingle arm.

Now, do not theſe reveries convince you, that I owe all my uneaſineſs to what I ſuffered from Sir Hargrave's barbarity? I think I muſt take my aunt's advice; leave London; and then I ſhall better find out whether, as all my friends ſuſpect, and as, to be ingenuous, I myſelf now begin ſometimes to fear, a paſſion ſtronger than gratitude has not taken hold of my heart. Of this I am ſure; my reaſoning faculties are weakened. Miſs Grandiſon ſays, that, in my illneſs at Colnebrook, I was delirious; and that the doctor they called in was afraid of my head: and ſhould I ſuffer myſelf to be *entangled in a hopeleſs paſſion*, there will want no farther proof that my reaſon has ſuffered.]

Adieu, my Lucy! What a letter have I written! The concluſion of it, I doubt, will of itſelf be a ſufficient evidence of the weakneſs I have mentioned, both of head and heart, of *your*

HARRIET.

On peruſal of the latter part of this letter, [which I have encloſed in hooks] if you can avoid it, Lucy, read it not before my uncle.

LETTER VI.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

SAT. MAR. 4.

THIS morning Sir Hargrave Pollexfen made Mr. Reeves a viſit. He ſaid it was to him; but I was unluckily below; and forced to hear all he had to ſay, or to appear unpolite.

He propoſed viſiting my grandmamma and aunt Selby, in order to implore their forgiveneſs; but Mr. Reeves diverted him from thinking of that.

He had not ſought me, he ſaid, at Lady Betty Williams's, but from his deſire (on the character he had heard of me) to pay his addreſſes to me in preference to every other woman. He had laid out for ſeveral opportunities

to

to get into my company, before he heard I was to dine there. Particularly, he once had reſolved to pay a viſit in form to my uncle Selby, in Northamptonſhire, and had got all his equipage in readineſs to ſet out; but heard that I was come to town with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He actually then ſet out, he ſaid, for Peterborough, with intent to propoſe the affair to my godfather Deane; but found that he was gone to Cambridge; and then being reſolved to try his fate with me, he came to town; and hardly queſtioned ſucceeding, when he underſtood that my friends left me to my own choice; and knowing that he could offer ſuch propoſals, as none of the gentlemen who had made pretenſions to me, were able to make. His intentions, therefore, were not ſudden, and ſuch as aroſe upon what he ſaw of me at Lady Betty Williams's; though the part I ſupported in the converſation there, precipitated his declaration.

He was very unhappy, he ſaid, to have ſo mortally diſobliged me; and repeated all his former pleas; his love, [rough love, I am ſure] compaſſion, ſufferings, and I cannot tell what; inſiſting, that he had forgiven much greater injuries, as was but *too* apparent.

I told him, that I had ſuffered more than he could have done, though his hurt was more viſible than mine: that nevertheleſs I forgave him; as no bad conſequences had followed between him and my protector.—['Protector!' muttered he]—But that he knew my mind before he made that barbarous attempt: and I beſought him never more to think of me; and he muſt excuſe me to ſay, that this muſt be the very laſt time I ever would ſee him.

A great deal was ſaid on both ſides; my couſins remaining attentively ſilent all the time: and at laſt he inſiſted that I would declare, that I never would be the wife either of Mr. Greville or Mr. Fenwick: aſſuring me, that the raſh ſtep he had taken to make me his, was owing principally to his apprehenſion, that Mr. Greville was more likely to ſucceed with me than any other man.

I owed him, I told him, no ſuch declaration. But Mr. Reeves, to get rid of his importunity, gave it as his opinion, that there was no ground for his apprehenſions that I would give my hand to either; and I did not contradict him.

Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Jordan, before I could get away from this importunate man, came to enquire for him. He then owned, that they came in hope of ſeeing me; and beſought me to favour him and them for one quarter of an hour only.

I was reſolved to withdraw: but, at Sir Hargrave's command, as impertinently given as officiouſly obeyed, Mr. Reeves's ſervant led them (his maſter, indeed, not contradicting) into the parlour where we were.

The two ſtrangers behaved with great reſpect. Never did men run praiſes higher, than both theſe gentlemen gave to Sir Charles Grandiſon.

And, indeed, the ſubject made me eaſier in their company than I ſhould otherwiſe have been.

It is not poſſible, I believe, for the vaineſt mind to hear itſelf profuſely praiſed, without ſome pain: but it is ſurely one of the ſweeteſt pleaſures in the world, to hear a whole company join in applauding the abſent perſon who ſtands high in our opinion: and eſpecially, if he be one to whoſe unexceptionable goodneſs *we owe*, and are not aſhamed to *own*, obligation.

What farther pleaſed me, was to hear Mr. Bagenhall declare, which he did in a very ſerious manner, that Sir Charles Grandiſon's *great* behaviour, as he juſtly called it, had made ſuch impreſſions, not only upon him, but upon Mr. Merceda, that they were both determined *to turn over a new leaf*, was his phraſe; and to live very different lives from what they *had* lived; though they were far, they bleſſed God, from being before the worſt of men.

Theſe gentlemen, with Mr. Merceda and Sir Hargrave, are to dine with Sir Charles to-day. They both mentioned it with great pleaſure: but Sir Hargrave did not ſeem ſo well pleaſed, and doubted of his being able to perſuade himſelf to go.

The invitation was given at Mr. Jordan's motion, who took hold of a ſlight invitation of Sir Charles's; Mr. Jordan declaring, that he reſolved not to let ſlip any opportunity of improving an acquaintance with ſo extraordinary a man.

Sir Hargrave talked of ſoon leaving the

the town, and retiring to one of his country-ſeats; or of going abroad, for a year or two, if he muſt have no hopes—Hopes! a wretch!—

Yet he ſhewed ſo much dejection, and is ſo really mortified with the damage done to a face that he uſed to take pleaſure to ſee reflected in the glaſs, (never once looking into either of thoſe in the parlour he was in, all the time he ſtaid) that I could once or twice have been concerned for him: but when I ſeriouſly reflect, I do not know whether his mortification is not the happieſt thing that could have befallen him. It wants only to be attended with patience. He is not *now* an ugly man in his perſon. His eſtate will always give him conſequence. He will now think the better of others, and the worſe of himſelf; he *may*, *much* worſe; and not want as much vanity as comes to his ſhare.

But ſay you, my uncle, (as I fancy you do) that I alſo may ſpare ſome of *my* vanity, and not be the worſe girl? —Ah, no! I am now very ſenſible of my own defects. I am poor, low, ſilly, weak—was I ever inſolent? was I ever ſaucy? Was I ever—O, my uncle, hide my faults. I am mortified. Let me not reproach myſelf with having *deſerved* mortification. If I did, I knew it not. I intended not to be ſaucy, vain, inſolent—and if I was ſo, lay it to a flow of health, and good ſpirits; to time of life; young, gay, and priding myſelf in every one's love; yet moſt in the love, in the fond indulgence, of all you my good friends; and then you will have ſome of my faults to lay at your own doors; nor will you, even *you*, my uncle, be clear of reproach, becauſe your correction was always mingled with ſo much praiſe, that I thought you were but at play with your niece, and that you levelled your blame more at the ſex than at your Harriet.

* *

But what have I written againſt myſelf! I believe I am *not* ſuch a low, ſilly, weak creature, as I had thought myſelf. For juſt as I had laid down my pen with a penſive air, and to look into the ſtate of my own heart, in order either to lighten, or to confirm, the ſelf-blame I had ſo glibly written down, Lady L. in her chair, made us a viſit. She came up directly to me:

'I am come to dine with your couſins 'and you, Miſs Byron,' ſaid ſhe.— 'Shall I be welcome? But don't anſwer me. I know I ſhall.'

Mrs. Reeves entered, and acknowledged the favour.

'Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and ſome 'of his brethren, are to dine with my 'brother,' ſaid my lady; 'and I, not 'being obliged to do the honours of 'the table, with my lord's conſent, 'made my eſcape. I cannot endure 'the wretch who could make ſuch a 'vile attempt upon you, and who 'might have murdered my brother.— 'Come, will you let me ſee what you 'are writing? You can forgive *Char-* 'lotte's freedom: will you excuſe her '*ſiſter's*.'

'I cannot ſhew your ladyſhip *all* 'I have written; but I will read you 'ſome paſſages of the long letter be-'fore me.'

I told her my ſubject, and read to her ſuch as I thought I *could* read. She raved at Sir Hargrave; wondered he had the confidence to approach me, eſpecially with hope. She praiſed me; yet ſaid to my couſin Reeves, that he ought to have been denied the houſe; and the rather, as I was myſelf very unwilling to ſee him.

I own, I thought ſo too. Both my couſins are *too* good-natured.

We had a great deal of talk about the duel that was ſo happily prevented. Lady L. gave us an account of that which her father fought; and to the iſſue of which they owed the loſs of the beſt of mothers: and at, and after dinner, ſhe piouſly expatiated on the excellences of that mother; and demonſtrated, what I have often thought of great conſequence, (my grandmamma's and aunt Selby's examples before me affording the nobleſt proofs) that the conduct of women in their families is of high importance; and that they need not look out of them ſo often as they do, to employ themſelves; and that not only in the moſt uſeful, but in the moſt delightful manner.

My Lord L. having broke from the company at Sir Charles's, did us the honour to drink tea with us. Every thing, he ſaid, paſſed very agreeably among the gentlemen he had left; and it was his opinion, that his brother's noble behaviour, and the converſation that paſſed at table, and in which he left

left him and them engaged, would make more than one convert among them.

He told Lady L. that Sir Charles was to ſet out on Monday for Canterbury; [For Canterbury, Lucy!] and that he ſhould take it for a favour, if ſhe would give him her company for a few days to Colnebrook. Their new houſe, he ſaid, would be ready to receive them in a week's time: it wanted nothing but a thorough airing. 'And 'if,' ſaid he, 'you could prevail upon Miſs Grandiſon to be with us till 'her brother returns, and both ſiſters 'could induce Miſs Byron to make a 'fourth, we ſhall be the happieſt party 'in the world; and perhaps may get 'Sir Charles among us, on his return, 'for a day or two.' I bowed.

'I muſt tell you, my lord, that Charlotte and I thought to offer our attendance on Miſs Byron to ſome of the 'public entertainments; but your lordſhip's pleaſure ſhall determine me: 'and if we could be ſo happy as to have 'Miſs Byron for our gueſt, I am ſure of 'my ſiſter; and it would be my preferable wiſh. — Mr. Reeves — Mrs. 'Reeves—will you ſpare Miſs Byron 'to me?'

I looked as if for their leave. They gave a ſmiling aſſent.

My lord and lady both expreſſed themſelves overjoyed.

This Canterbury ran in my head. It was brought in naturally enough; and Mr. Reeves wondered, that Sir Charles kept ſecret the motive of his journeying thither backward and forward. '*The godlike man*,' ſaid Mr. Reeves, in the words of a great poet, '*has nothing to conceal*.'—'For my 'part,' replied my lord, 'I conclude 'the motive is rather a painful than a 'pleaſurable one. Charlotte accuſes 'her brother of reſerves. I never 'found him reſerved: but he loves to 'play with her curioſity, and amuſe 'her; for ſhe is very curious, yet has '*her* ſecret.—Has ſhe not, Lady L.?'

'Indeed ſhe has,' replied my lady—'Perhaps you, my dear, will be en'truſted with it, when you are at 'Colnebrook together.'

'Pray, Madam,' ſaid I to Lady L. 'may I aſk?—Does Sir Charles give 'Lord G. his intereſt in his addreſſes 'to Miſs Grandiſon?'

LADY L. My brother wiſhes Charlotte married. He is a great friend to the married ſtate; eſpecially with regard to our ſex.

Mr. Reeves could not miſs this opportunity. 'It is a wonder,' ſaid he, 'that Sir Charles himſelf does not 'think of marriage?'

LADY L. That is a ſtring that we but juſt touch ſometimes, and away. There is a lady—

There ſhe ſtopt. Had ſhe looked with earneſtneſs at me, I had been undone, I believe.

[☞ Let me aſk you, Lucy: you have paſſed the fiery ordeal—Did you ever find in yourſelf a kind of impatience, next to petulance; and in your heart (only for fear of expoſing yourſelf) that you were ready to quarrel, or to be ſhort, with any-body that came upon you of a ſudden? yet have no buſineſs of conſequence to engage either your fingers or your thoughts?—Of late, my dear, I have been very often troubled with this odd ſenſation. But my whole temper is altering, I believe. I ſhall grow peeviſh, perverſe, and gloomy, I doubt. O this wicked Sir Hargrave! ☜]

Pray, my dear, attend for the future to thoſe indexes or hands; and forbear to read out the paſſages incloſed by them, if you can—But if you come upon them before you are aware, why then read on—with all my heart.

But to return to Lady L.'s alarming hint—'There is a lady—'

MRS. REEVES. That Sir Charles loves, I ſuppoſe?

LADY L. That loves Sir Charles; and ſhe has—But for the lady's ſake—Yet, if it be allowable for any woman to be in love with any man, upon an uncertainty of return, it is for one that is in love with my brother.

HARRIET. And cannot Sir Charles make a return?—Poor lady!

My couſin afterwards told me that my upper lip then quivered like an aſpin-leaf. I did not know that it did. I felt not a trembling at my heart; and when the lip trembles, the heart, I think, ſhould be affected. There uſed to be a cloſe connexion between mine.

MR. REEVES. Miſs Grandiſon told *me*, that, if her brother married, half a ſcore women would break their hearts.

LADY L. The words *half a ſcore* run as glibly off the tongue as *half a dozen*;

dozen: But I believe, let the envious, the cenſorious, malign our ſex, and charge us with the love of rakes and libertines, as they will, if all men were like my brother, there would not be a ſingle woman, and hardly a bad one, in the kingdom.—What ſay you, my lord?

LORD L. My dear life, you know I am all attention, whenever you, or my ſiſter Charlotte, make our brother the ſubject of your panegyrick.—If, Miſs Byron, you do not chuſe to hear ſo much ſaid of this beſt of men, you will, I doubt, have an ill time of it in the favour you will do us at Colnebrook.

HARRIET. My lord, I ſhould be very ungrateful, if I did not hear with pleaſure every thing that ſhall be ſaid in praiſe of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

LORD L. When I am out of conceit with men, as too often they give me cauſe to be, I think of my brother, and forgive them.

I wonder, Lucy, what every body *means* by praiſing Sir Charles Grandiſon ſo much in my hearing!—Shall I fly from town, to avoid hearing his praiſes!—Yes, ſay you?—But whither? It muſt not be to Selby-houſe. Well, then, I may as well go to Colnebrook. I ſhall there be informed of the reaſon for all thoſe general applauſes; for hitherto I know nothing of his hiſtory, to what they tell me I am to know.

Theſe general praiſes carried us away from a ſubject that I thought we ſhould once have made more of—*That one lady*—And I wanted to know, but had no opportunity to inform myſelf, whether that lady's relations, or herſelf, live at Canterbury. On Monday, it ſeems, Sir Charles ſets out for *that* Canterbury!

Our noble gueſts would not ſtay ſupper. They had not been gone two hours before I had an humorous letter from Miſs Grandiſon. I incloſe it.

'SAT. NIGHT, 10 O'CLOCK.

'LORD and Lady L. rejoice me, 'by telling me, you will accom-'pany them to Colnebrook on Mon-'day.—That's my good girl!—I will 'go with them for the ſake of your 'company. Yet I had half denied 'them: And why? Becauſe, if you 'muſt know—But huſh—and catch 'a mouſe—Becauſe, a certain impertinent propoſes a viſit there; and I 'had thoughts to take the opportunity 'of being alone in town, to rid my 'hands for ever if poſſible of another 'ſilly fellow, of whom, for one *month*, 'a great while ago, I thought tolerably.

'You and I, Harriet, will open to 'each other all our hearts. There is 'one chamber that has two beds in 'it. We will have that. Our dreſſing-'room ſhall be common to both. 'Lady L. is a *morning-killer*: ſhe 'always loved her bed; ſo we ſhall 'have charming opportunities for têt-'à-tête converſation.

'I will drink tea with you to-mor-'row—No, but I won't: you and 'your couſins ſhall drink tea with us. '—Do you hear? I won't be denied. 'And then we'll ſettle how it ſhall 'be. I'll tell you what, my dear— 'If, on my brother's return from 'Canterbury, he comes to us at 'Colnebrook, we will call him to ac-'count for all his reſerves. Here is 'this affair of Pollexfen's: How 'might it have ended! I tremble to 'think of it—You'll ſtand by me: 'Won't you? I cannot make Lord 'and Lady L. of my party, or I would 'have rebelled before now—But you 'and I, my dear, I warrant you— 'Yet you are ſo grave. Were you 'always ſuch a grave, ſuch a wiſe, 'ſuch a *very* wiſe girl, Harriet? Was 'your grandfather a very ſententious 'man? Was his name *Solomon* Shir-'ley?

'I love wiſdom as well as any 'body: but wiſdom, out of it's place, 'is a prude, my dear. How I 'ramble!—You'll come to-morrow— 'I deſigned but two lines. Adieu. 'Believe me ever yours,

'C. G.'

I hope, Lucy, I was not wrong in ſo readily conſenting to go to Colnebrook. My own inclination, indeed, was in my compliance: and I begin to miſtruſt myſelf, wherever that ſtrongly leads. Yet why ſhould I undervalue myſelf? I know my heart to be good. In that I will not yield to any body. I have no littleneſs in my mind: *Naturally* I have not. Guard me, O my friends! by your prayers,

that no littleneſs, that is *not* natural to my heart, may depreciate it, and make me unworthy of the love you have ever ſhewn to *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VII.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

SUNDAY, MAR. 5.

MY couſins will have it, that I am far gone in a certain paſſion, [*They* ſpeak quite out;] and with a man that has given no encouragement —Encouragement! how meanly ſounds that word! But I hope they are miſtaken. I cannot ſay, but I might prefer, if I were to have my choice—one man to another—But that is a different thing from being run away with by ſo *vehement* a folly as they are ready to aſcribe to me.

Well, but, under this notion, they are ſolicitous that I ſhould not neglect any opportunity [What a poor creature do they think me!] of *ingratiating* myſelf with the ſiſters: And therefore I muſt, by all means, accept of Miſs Grandiſon's invitation to tea.

I inſiſted, however, that they ſhould accompany me, as they likewiſe were invited: And they obliged me—I may ſay *themſelves* too; for they admire the brother and ſiſters as much as I do.

We found together Lord and Lady L. Miſs Grandiſon, Miſs Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, and Mr. Grandiſon. Sir Charles was in his drawing-room adjoining to the ſtudy; a lady with him, they ſaid. What buſineſs had I to wiſh to know whether it was an elderly or a young lady? But I muſt tell you all my follies. When we alighted, a very genteel chair made way for our coach.

Mr. Grandiſon made up to me; and, as heretofore, ſaid very ſilly things, but with an air, as if he were accuſtomed to ſay ſuch, and to have them received as gallant things, by thoſe to whom he addreſſed them. How painful it is to a mind not quite at eaſe, to be obliged to be civil, when the ear is invaded by contemptible ſpeeches, from a man who muſt think as highly of himſelf for uttering them, as meanly of the underſtanding of the perſon he is ſpeaking to!

Miſs Grandiſon ſaw me a little uneaſy, and came up to us. 'Mr. 'Grandiſon,' ſaid ſhe, 'I thought 'you had known Miſs Byron's cha'racter by this time. She is ſome'thing more than a pretty woman. 'She has a *ſoul*, Sir: the man who 'makes a compliment to her on her 'beauty, depreciates her underſtand'ing.'

She then led me to her ſeat, and ſat down next me.

Mr. Grandiſon was in the midſt of a fine ſpeech, and was not well pleaſed. He ſat down, threw one leg over the knee of the other, hemmed three or four times, took out his ſnuff-box, tapped it, let the ſnuff drop through his fingers, then broke the lumps, then ſhut it, and twirled it round with the fore-finger of his right-hand, as he held it between the thumb and fore-finger of the other; and was quite like a ſullen boy: Yet, after a while, tried to recover himſelf, by forcing a laugh at a ſlight thing or two ſaid in company, that was not intended to raiſe one.

I think, my dear, I could have allowed a little more for him, had not his name been Grandiſon.

We ſoon adjuſted every thing for the little journey. Mr. Grandiſon told Miſs Grandiſon, that if ſhe would make him amends for her treatment of him juſt now, ſhe ſhould put Lord L. upon inviting *him*. Lord and Lady L. joined to do ſo. But Miſs Grandiſon would not admit of his going; and I was glad of it.

'But, not to affront you, couſin,' ſaid ſhe, 'Miſs Byron and I want to 'have a good deal of particular con'verſation: So ſhall not be able to 'ſpare *you* an hour of our company at 'Colnebrook. But one thing, Sir: 'My brother ſets out for Canterbury 'to-morrow; tell him that *we* won't 'be troubled with your company. 'Aſk him, if *he* will?'

'Not in thoſe words neither, couſin 'Charlotte: But I will offer attend'ance; and, if he accepts of it, I 'ſhall be half as happy as if I went to 'Colnebrook;—and *only* half, bowing 'to me.'

'Why, now, you are a good doci'ble kind of a man! I want to hear

'what

'what will be my brother's anſwer: 'For we know not one ſyllable, nor 'can gueſs at his buſineſs at Can-'terbury.'

The tea equipage being brought in, we heard Sir Charles's voice, compli-menting a lady to her chair; and who pleaded engagement for declining to drink tea with his ſiſter. And then he entered the parlour to us. He ad-dreſſed my couſins, who were next him, with his uſual politeneſs. He then came to me: 'How does my good 'Miſs Byron? Not diſcompoſed, I 'hope, by your yeſterday's viſiters. 'They are all of them in love with 'you. But you muſt have been pain-'ed—I was pained for you, when I 'heard they had viſited you. But ex-'traordinary merit has ſome forfeit-'ures to pay.'

'I am ſure then,' thought I, 'you 'muſt have a great many.' Every time I ſee him, I think he riſes upon me in the gracefulneſs of his beha-viour.

'I have one agreeable piece of news 'to tell you, Madam. Sir Hargrave 'will go abroad for a twelvemonth. 'He ſays, he cannot be in the ſame 'kingdom with you, and not ſee you. 'He hopes, therefore, to leſſen the 'torment, by flying from the tempta-'tion. Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Mer-'ceda will go with him.'

Then whiſpering me, he ſaid, 'From 'a hint in the letter of the penitent 'Wilſon, that Mr. Bagenhall's cir-'cumſtances are not happy, and that 'he is too much in the power of Sir 'Hargrave; I have prevailed on the 'latter, in conſideration of the other's 'accompanying him abroad, to make 'him eaſy. And, would you believe 'it? and can you forgive me?—I 'have brought Sir Hargrave to con-'ſent to give Wilſon the promiſed '100 l. To induce him to do this, 'Merceda (influenced by the argu-'ments I urged, founded on the un-'happy fellow's confeſſions in that let-'ter) offered 50 l. more for his paſt 'ſervices to himſelf: and both, as a 'proof of the ſincerity of the pro-'miſed reformation. Wilſon ſhall not 'have the money, but upon his mar-'rying the girl to whom he is con-'tracted: and on my return from a 'little excurſion I am making to Can-'terbury, I ſhall put all in a train. 'And now, let me aſk you once more, 'can you forgive me for *rewarding*, 'as you may think it, a baſe ſervant?'

'O Sir! how can I anſwer you?—'You told me at Colnebrook, that we 'were to endeavour to bring good out 'of the evil from which you had de-'livered me. This, indeed, is mak-'ing your words true in a very exten-'ſive ſenſe: to make your enemies 'your friends; to put wicked men in-'to a way of reformation; and to 'make it a bad man's intereſt to be 'good—*Forgive* you, Sir!—from what 'I remember of that poor wretch's let-'ter, I was obliged to him myſelf: 'though vile, he was leſs vile than he 'might have been: The young wo-'man behaved with tenderneſs to me 'at Paddington: let me, therefore, add '50 l. to Mr. Merceda's 50 l. as an 'earneſt that I can follow a noble ex-'ample.'

'You charm me, Madam,' ſaid he, 'I am not diſappointed in my opinion 'of you—Wilſon, if he give hope of 'real penitence, ſhall not want the 'fourth 50 l.—It would be *too good* in 'you, ſo great a ſufferer as you were 'by his wickedneſs, to give it: but it 'will become a man to do it, who has 'not been injured by him, and who 'was the occaſion of his loſing the fa-'vour of his employer; and the rather 'as he was an adviſer to his fellow-'agents to fly, and not to fire at my 'ſervants, who might have ſuffered 'from a *ſturdier* villain. He has pro-'miſed repentance and reformation: 'this ſmall ſum will give me a kind of 'right to enforce the performance.—'But no more of this juſt now.'

Miſs Jervois juſt then looking as if ſhe would be glad to ſpeak with her guardian, he aroſe, and taking her hand, led her to the window. She was in a ſupplicating attitude, as if aſking a favour. He ſeemed to be all kind-neſs and affection to her—Happy girl! —Miſs Grandiſon, who had heard e-nough of what he ſaid of Wilſon, to be affected, whiſpered me, 'Did I not 'tell you, Harriet, that my brother 'was continually employed in doing 'good? He has invention, forecaſt, 'and contrivance: but you ſee how 'thoſe qualities are all employed.'

'O Miſs Grandiſon,' ſaid I, 'I am

'ſuch a nothing!—I cannot, as Sir 'Hargrave ſays, bear my own little-'neſs.'

'Be quiet,' ſaid ſhe—'you are an 'exceeding good girl! but you have a 'monſtrous deal of pride. Early I 'ſaw that. You are not half ſo good 'as the famous Greek, who loſing an 'election for which he ſtood, to be one 'of three hundred only, thanked the 'gods, that there were in Athens (I 'think it was) three hundred better 'men than himſelf. Will you not 'have honour enough, if it can be 'ſaid, that *next* to Sir Charles Gran-'diſon, you are the beſt creature in the 'world?'

Sir Charles led his ward to a ſeat, and ſat down by us.

'Couſin Charlotte,' ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, 'you remember your treatment 'of me, for addreſſing Miſs Byron, in 'an open, and I thought, a very polite 'manner: pray where's *your* impar-'tiality? Sir Charles has been ſhut up 'in his ſtudy with a lady who would 'not be ſeen by any body elſe.—But 'Sir Charles may do any thing.'

'I am afraid it is too late, couſin,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon; 'elſe it would 'be worth your while to try for a re-'putation.'

'Has Charlotte, Mr. Grandiſon,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'uſed you ill? La-'dies will do as they pleaſe with you 'gallant men. They look upon you 'as their own; and you wiſh them to 'do ſo. You muſt bear the inconve-'nience for the ſake of the conveni-'ence.'

'Well, but, Sir Charles, I am re-'fuſed to be of the Colnebrook party '—abſolutely refuſed. Will *you* ac-'cept of my company? Shall I attend 'you to Canterbury?'

'Are you in earneſt, couſin Gran-'diſon? Will you oblige me with 'your company?'

'With all my heart and ſoul, Sir 'Charles.'

'With all mine, I accept your kind 'offer.'

This agreeably ſurprized his ſiſters as well as me: but why then ſo ſecret, ſo reſerved, to them?

Mr. Grandiſon immediately went out to give orders to his ſervant for the journey.

'A good-natured man!' ſaid Sir Charles.—'Charlotte, you are ſome-'times too quick upon him—are you 'not?'

'Too quick upon him!—No, no! 'I have hopes of him; for he can be 'aſhamed: that was not always the 'caſe with him. Between your gen-'tleneſs and my quickneſs, we ſhall 'make ſomething of him in time.'

Mr. Grandiſon immediately return-ed; and we loſt ſomething that Sir Charles was going to reply. But, by ſome words he dropped, the purport was to blame his ſiſter for not ſparing Mr. Grandiſon before company.

'I imagine, Sir Charles, that if 'you take Mr. Grandiſon with you, 'one may venture to aſk a queſtion; 'whether you go to any family at 'Canterbury, that we have heard of? '—It is to do good, I am ſure.'

'Your eyes have aſked me that 'queſtion ſeveral times, Charlotte. 'I aim not at making ſecrets of any 'thing I do. I need not on this oc-'caſion. Yet you, Charlotte, have 'your ſecrets.'

He looked grave.

'Have I my ſecrets, Sir Charles? '—Pray what do you mean?'

She coloured, and ſeemed ſenſibly touched.

'Too much emotion, Charlotte, is 'a kind of confeſſion. Take care.' Then turning it off with a ſmile—'See, Mr. Grandiſon, I am revenging 'your cauſe. Alarming ſpirits love 'not to be alarmed.'—

'So, Harriet!' (whiſpering to me) 'I am ſilenced. Had I told you all 'my heart, I ſhould have half ſuſpect-'ed you. How he has fluttered me! '—Lady L. this is owing to you,' whiſpering her behind my chair.

'I know nothing; therefore could 'tell nothing.—Conſcience, con-'ſcience! Charlotte,' re-whiſpered Lady L.

She ſat ſtill, and was ſilent for a little while; Lord and Lady L. ſmiling, and ſeeming to enjoy her agreeable confuſion. At laſt—'But, Sir Charles, 'you *always* had ſecrets. You got 'out of me two or three of mine 'without exchange—You—'

'Don't be uneaſy, my Charlotte. 'I expected a *prompt*, not a *deliberate* 'reply. My life is a various life. 'Some things I had better not have 'known myſelf. See, Charlotte, if 'you are ſerious, you will make me

'ſo.

'ſo. I have not any motives of ac-
'tion, I hope, that are either capri-
'cious or conceited.' [Surely, Lucy, he cannot have ſeen what I wrote to you about his reſerves! I thought he looked at me.]—'Only this one hint, 'my ſiſter: whenever you condeſcend 'to conſult me, let me have every 'thing before me, that ſhall be neceſ-'ſary to enable me to form a judg-'ment.—But why ſo grave, Charlotte? 'Impute all I have ſaid, as a revenge 'of Mr. Grandiſon's cauſe, in grati-'tude for his obliging offer of accom-'panying me to Canterbury.'

'Cannot your reward *him*, Sir Charles, 'but by puniſhing *me*?'

'A good queſtion, Charlotte.—But 'do you take what I have ſaid in that 'light?'

'I have done for the preſent, Sir: 'but I hope, when you return, we 'ſhall come to an eclairciſſement.'

'*Needs* it one?—Will not better 'and more intereſting ſubjects have 'taken place by that time?'—And he looked at her with an eye of particular meaning.

'Now is he beginning to wind about 'me,' whiſpered ſhe to me, 'as I told 'you at Colnebrook: were he and I 'alone, he'd have me before I knew 'where I was. Had he been a wicked 'man, he would have been a *very* 'wicked one.'

She was viſibly uneaſy; but was afraid to ſay any more on the ſubject.

Lady L. whiſpered—'Ah! Char-'lotte, you are taken in your own 'toils. You had better let me into 'your ſecret. I would bring you off, 'if I could.'

'Be quiet, Lady L.'

We then talked of the time in the morning of our ſetting out for Colne-brook. I thought I read Miſs Emily's mind in her eyes.—'Shall we not have 'the pleaſure of Miſs Jervois's com-'pany?' ſaid I to the ſiſters.

Emily bowed to me, and ſmiled.

'The very thing that Miſs Jervois 'was petitioning to me for,' ſaid Sir Charles: 'and I wiſhed, ladies, to 'have the motion come from one of 'you.'

'Emily ſhall go with us, I think,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

'Thank you, Madam,' ſaid ſhe: 'I will take care not to break in upon 'you impertinently.'

'What, doſt *thou* too think we have 'ſecrets, child?'

'Conſent with your uſual grace, 'Charlotte: are you not too eaſily 'affected?' Sir Charles ſpoke this ſmiling.

'Every thing you ſay, Sir Charles, 'affects me.'

'I ought then to be very careful of 'what I ſay. If I have given my ſiſter 'pain, I beg her to forgive me.'

'I am afraid to go on,' whiſpered ſhe to me. 'Were he and I only to-'gether, my heart would be in his 'hand in a moment.'

'I have only this to obſerve, Miſs 'Grandiſon,' whiſpered I:—'When 'you are too hard upon me, I know 'to whom to apply for revenge.'

'Such another word, Harriet, and 'I'll blow you up!'

What could ſhe mean by that?—'*Blow me up!*' I have locked up my aunt's laſt letters, where ſo much is ſaid about *entangling*, and *inclination*, and ſo-forth. When any thing occurs that we care not to own, I ſee by Miſs Grandiſon, that it is eaſy for the ſlighteſt hint to alarm us.

But Sir Charles to ſay ſo ſeriouſly as he did, 'That his life was a various 'life;' and that 'he had better not 'have known ſome things himſelf;' affects me not a little. What can a man of his prudence have had to diſturb him? But my favourite author ſays—

'Yet, with a ſigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
'In this our *day of proof*, our *land of hope*,
'The good man has his clouds that intervene;
'Clouds that *obſcure* his ſublunary day,
'But never conquer. E'en the beſt muſt own,
'*Patience* and *reſignation* are the pillars
'Of human peace on earth.——'

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

But ſo young a man! ſo prudent! as I ſaid; and ſo generally beloved! But that he is ſo, may be the occaſion.—Some lady, I doubt!—What ſad people are we women at this rate! Yet ſome women may have the worſt of it. What are your thoughts on all theſe appearances, Lucy?

Miſs Grandiſon, as I ſaid, is uneaſy. Theſe are the words that diſturb her: 'Only this one hint, my ſiſter: when-'ever you condeſcend to conſult me, 'let me have every thing before me 'that ſhall be neceſſary to enable me to 'form a judgment.'—

And so they would *me* in her case.

But it seems plain from Sir Charles's hint, that he keeps to himself (as Miss Grandison once indeed said in his favour) those intelligences which would disturb her, and his other friends, to know. The secret which he would have made of the wicked challenge; his self-invited breakfasting with Sir Hargrave; are proofs, among others, of this: and if this be his considerate motive, what a forward, what a censorious creature have I been, on so many occasions, to blame him for his reserves, and particularly for his Canterbury excursions! I think I will be cautious for the future, how I take upon me to censure those actions, which in such a man I cannot account for.

Miss Grandison, on her brother's withdrawing with Dr. Bartlett, said, 'Well, now that my cousin Grandison will accompany my brother to 'Canterbury, we shall have that secret 'out in course.'

Lady L. It seems to be your fault, Charlotte, that we have not had it before.

Miss Gr. Be quiet, Lady L.

Mr. Gr. Perhaps not. You'll find I can keep a secret, cousin, especially if I am desired to do so.

Miss Gr. I shall wonder at that.

Mr. Gr. Why so?

Miss Gr. Shall I give it you in plain English?

Mr. Gr. You don't use to mince it.

Miss Gr. It would be strange, cousin, if a man should make a secret of an innocent piece of intelligence, who has told stories of himself, and gloried in them, that he ought, if true, to have been hanged for.—You would have it.

Mr. Gr. I knew I must have the plain English, whether I *asked* for it or not. But give me leave to say, cousin Charlotte, that you made not so superior a figure just now.

Miss Gr. True, Mr. Grandison. There is but one man in the world of whom I stand in awe.

Mr. Gr. I believe it; and hope you never design to marry, for *that* reason.

Miss Gr. What a wretch is my cousin! Must a woman stand in awe of her husband?—Whether, Sir, is marriage a state of servitude or of freedom to a woman?

Mr. Gr. Of freedom, as women generally make it.—Of servitude, if they know their duty.—Pardon me, ladies.

Miss Gr. Don't pardon him.—I suppose, Sir, it is owing to your consciousness, that you have only the *will*, and not the *spirit*, to awe a woman of sense, that you are a single man at this day.

Lady L. Pray, my lord, what have I done, that you treat me with so much contempt?

Lord L. *Contempt!* my best life!—How is that?

Lady L. You seem not to think it worth your while to *over-awe* me.

Miss Gr. Lord, my dear! how you are mistaken in applying thus to Lord L! Lord L is a good man, a virtuous man: None but rakes hold those *over-awing* doctrines. They know what they deserve; and live in continual fear of meeting with their deserts: and so, if they marry, having the hearts of slaves, they become tyrants.—Miss Byron—

Mr. Gr. The devil's in it if you two ladies want help. I fly the pit.

Lord L. And I think, Mr. Grandison, you have fought a hard battle.

Mr. Gr. By my soul, I think so too! I have held it out better than I used to do.

Miss Gr. I protest I think you have. We shall brighten you up among us. I am mistaken if there were not two or three smart things said by my cousin.—Pray, did any body mind them? I should be glad to hear them again.—Do you recollect them yourself, cousin?

Mr. Gr. You want to draw me on again, cousin Charlotte. But the d—l fetch me, if you do. I'll leave off while I am well.

Miss Gr. Would you have thought it, Lady L.! My cousin has *discretion* as well as *smartness*.—I congratulate you, Sir!—a new discovery!—But hush!—'Tis time for both to have done.

Sir Charles entered. 'Mr. Grandison a sufferer again?' said he.

Mr. Gr. No, no! Pretty well off this bout!—Miss Byron, I have had the better end of the staff, I believe.

Harriet. I can't say that, Sir.

But

But you got off, I think, in very good time.

Mr. Gr. And that's a victory, to what it uſed to be, I can aſſure you. Nobody ever could *awe* Miſs Grandiſon.

Miss Gr. Coward!—You would *now* begin again, would you?—Sir Charles loves to take me *down*.

Mr. Gr. Never, Madam, but when you are *up*. [And laughed heartily.]

Miss Gr. Witty too!—A man of repartee. A *verbal* wit! And that's half as good as a punſter at any time.

Sir Ch. Fight it out, couſin Grandiſon. You can laugh on, though the laugh of every other perſon ſhould be againſt you.

Mr. Gr. And thou, Brutus?—It is time to have done.

As I think theſe converſations characteriſtick, I hope the recital of them will be excuſed. Yet I am ſenſible, thoſe things that go well off in converſation, do not always *read* to equal advantage.

They would fain have engaged us to ſtay ſupper: but we excuſed ourſelves. I promiſed to breakfaſt with them.

I choſe not to take my maid with me. Jenny is to be made over to me occaſionally, for the time of my ſtay. Dr. Bartlett had deſired to be excuſed. So our party is only the two Siſters, Lord L. Miſs Jervois, and I.

Sir Charles and Mr. Grandiſon are to ſet out for their journey early in the morning.

Adieu, my Lucy. It is late: and ſleepineſs promiſes to befriend *your*

HARRIET.

LETTER VIII.

MRS. SELBY, TO MISS BYRON*.

MY DEAREST CHILD,

SELBY HOUSE, SUNDAY, MAR. 5.

WE are all extremely affected with your preſent ſituation. Such apparent ſtruggles betwixt your natural openneſs of heart, and the confeſſions of a young, of a new paſſion, and that ſo laudably founded, and ſo viſibly increaſing—O my love, you muſt not affect reſerves; they will ſit very awkwardly upon a young woman who never knew what affectation and concealment were.

You have laid me under a difficulty with reſpect to Lady D. She is to be with me on Saturday next. I have not written to her, though you deſired I would; ſince, in truth, we all think, that her propoſals deſerve conſideration; and becauſe we are afraid, that a *greater* happineſs will never be yours and ours. It is impoſſible, my dear, to imagine, that ſuch a man as Sir Charles Grandiſon ſhould not have ſeen the woman whom he could love, before he ſaw you; or whom he had not been engaged to love by his *gratitude*, as I may call it, for her *love*. Has not his ſiſter talked of half a ſcore ladies, who would break their hearts for him, were he to marry?—And may not this be the reaſon why he does not?

You ſee what an amiable openneſs of heart there is in the Counteſs of D. You ſee, that your own frankneſs is a particular recommendation of you to her. I had told her, that you were diſengaged in your affections: by your own diſclaiming to her the propoſed relation, you have given reaſon to ſo wiſe a lady to think it otherwiſe; or that you are not ſo much above affectation, as ſhe had hoped you were. And though we were grieved to read how much you were puſhed by Miſs Grandiſon†, yet Lady D. will undoubtedly make the ſame obſervations and inferences that Miſs Grandiſon did. And what would you have me to do? ſince you cannot give a ſtronger inſtance of your affections being engaged, than by declining ſuch a propoſal as Lady D. made, before you have converſed with, or even ſeen Lord D. And it becomes not your character or mine, either to equivocate, or to ſay the thing that is not.

Lady L. you think, (and indeed it appears) hinted to Lady D. that Sir Charles ſtands not in the way of Lord D.'s application. I ſee not, therefore, that there can be any room to hope from that quarter. Nor will your fortune, I doubt, be thought conſiderable enough. And as Sir Charles is not engaged by affection, and is generous

* This Letter, and the two that follow it, are inſerted in this place, though not received, and anſwered, till Miſs Byron was at Colnebrook, for the ſake of keeping entire the ſubject ſhe writes upon from thence.

† Letter V.

and

and munificent, there is hardly room to imagine, but that, in prudence, fortune will have ſome weight with him. At leaſt, on our ſide, that ought to be ſuppoſed, and to make a part of our firſt propoſals, were a treaty to be begun.

Your grandmamma will write to you with her own hand. I refer myſelf wholly to her. Her wiſdom, and her tenderneſs for you, we all know. She and I have talked of *every thing*. Your uncle will not raillу you, as he has done. We ſtill continue reſolved not to preſcribe to your inclinations. We are afraid therefore of adviſing you as to this new propoſal. But your grandmamma is very much pleaſed that I have not written, as you would have had me, a letter of abſolute refuſal to the counteſs.

Your uncle has been enquiring into the ſtate of Sir Charles Grandiſon's affairs. We have heard ſo many good things of him, that I have deſired Mr. Selby to make no farther enquiries, unleſs we could have ſome hopes of calling him ours. But do you, my dear, nevertheleſs, omit nothing that comes to your knowledge, that may let us know in him what a good man is, and ſhould be.

His magnanimity in refuſing to engage in a duel, yet acquitting himſelf ſo honourably, as to leave no doubt about his courage, is an example, of itſelf, of a more than human rectitude of thinking and acting. How would your grandfather have cheriſhed ſuch a young man! We every one of us admire and revere him at the ſame time; and congratulate you, my dear, and his ſiſters, on the happy iſſue of the affair between him and that vile Sir Hargrave.

You will let me know your mind as to the affair of Lord D. and that by the next poſt. Be not raſh: be not haſty. I am afraid I puſhed your delicacy too much in my former. Your uncle ſays, that you are at times not ſo frank in directly owning your paſſion, as from your natural openneſs of heart he expected you would be, when a worthy object had attracted you: and he triumphs over us, in the imagination, that he has at laſt detected you of affectation in ſome little degree. We all ſee, and own, your ſtruggle between virgin modeſty and openneſs of heart, as apparent in many paſſages of your letters; and we lay part of your reſerve to the apprehenſions you muſt have of his raillery: but after you have declared, 'That you had rather con-'verſe but one hour in a week with Sir 'Charles Grandiſon,' (and *his ſiſter* you put in: and ſiſters are good convenient people ſometimes to a baſhful, or beginning lover, of our ſex) 'than 'be the wife of any man you have ever 'ſeen or known; and that, mean as 'the word *pity* ſounds, you would ra-'ther have his pity than the love of 'any other man.'—Upon my word, my dear, you need not be backward to ſpeak quite out. Excuſe me, my child.

I have juſt now read the incloſed. Had I known your grandmamma could have written ſo long a letter, I might have ſpared much of mine. Hers is worthy of her. We all ſubſcribe to it; but yet will be determined by your next, as to the ſteps to be taken in relation to the propoſal of Lady D. But if you love, be not aſhamed to own it to us. The man is Sir Charles Grandiſon.

With all our bleſſings and prayers for you, I bid you, my dear love, Adieu.

MARIANNA SELBY.

LETTER IX.

MRS. SHIRLEY, TO MISS BYRON.

SUNDAY, MARCH 5.

DON'T be afraid, don't be aſhamed, my deareſt life, to open your whole heart to your aunt Selby and me. You know how we all doat upon you. It is no diſgrace for a young woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural paſſion. *You* have ſhewn, I am ſure, if ever young creature did ſhew, that you are no giddy, no indiſcreet perſon. Not Greville, with all his gaiety; not Fenwick, with all his adulation; not the more reſpectable Orme, with all his obſequiouſneſs; nor yet the imploring Fowler; nor the terrifying, the ſhocking Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; have ſeen the leaſt ſhadow of vanity or weakneſs in you. How happily have you ſteered through difficulties, in which the love of being admired often involve meaner minds! And how

how have you, with mingled dignity and courteouſneſs, entitled yourſelf to the eſteem, and even veneration, of thoſe whom you refuſed! And why refuſed? Not from pride, but from principle; and becauſe you could not love any of them, as you thought you ought to love the man to whom you gave your hand.

And at laſt, when the man appeared to you, who was worthy of your love; who had ſo powerfully protected you from the lawleſs attempt of a fierce and cruel pretender; a man who proved to be the beſt of brothers, friends, landlords, maſters, and the braveſt and beſt of men; is it to be wondered at, that a heart, which never before was won, ſhould diſcover ſenſibility, and acknowledge it's fellow-heart?—What reaſon then can *you* have for ſhame? And why ſeeks my Harriet to draw a curtain between herſelf and her ſympathizing friends? You ſee, my dear, that we are above ſpeaking ſlightly, becauſe of our uncertainty, of a man that all the world praiſes. Nor are you, child, ſo weak as to be treated with ſuch poor policy.

You were not educated, my dear, in artifice. Diſguiſes never ſat ſo ill upon any woman, as they do, in moſt of your late letters, upon you. Every child in love-matters would find you out. But be it your glory, whether our wiſhes are, or are not anſwered, that your affection is laudable; that the object of it is not a man mean in underſtanding, profligate in morals, nor ſordid in degree; but ſuch an one as all we your friends are as much in love with as you can be. Only, my dear love, my Harriet, the ſupport of my life, and comfort of my evil days, endeavour, for my ſake, and for the ſake of us all, to reſtrain ſo far your laudable inclination, as that, if it be not your happy lot to give us, as well as yourſelf, ſo deſirable a bleſſing, you may not ſuffer in your health, (a health ſo precious to me) and put yourſelf on a foot with vulgar girls run away with by their headſtrong paſſions. The more deſirable the object, the nobler the conqueſt of your paſſion, if it is to be overcome. Nevertheleſs, ſpeak out, my dear, your whole heart to us, in order to intitle yourſelf to our beſt advice: and as to your uncle Selby, do not let his raillery pain you. He diverts us as well as himſelf by it; he gains nothing over us in the arguments he affects to hold with us; and, you muſt know, that his whole honeſt heart is wrapt up in his and our Harriet. Worthy man! He would not, any more than I, be able to ſupport his ſpirits, were any misfortune to befal his niece.

Your aunt Selby has juſt now ſhewn me her letter to you. She repeats in it, as a very ſtrong expreſſion in yours, 'that you had rather converſe with this 'excellent man but one hour in a week, 'than be the wife of any man you have 'ever ſeen or known.' It is a ſtrong expreſſion; but, to me, is an expreſſion greatly to your honour; ſince it ſhews, that the *mind*, and not the *perſon*, is the principal object of your love.

I knew that, if ever you did love, it would be a love of the pureſt kind. As therefore it has not ſo much *perſon* in it, as moſt loves; ſuffer it not to triumph over your reaſon; nor, becauſe you cannot have the man you could prefer, reſolve againſt having any other. Have I not taught you, that marriage is a duty, whenever it can be entered into with prudence? What a mean, what a ſelfiſh mind muſt that perſon have, whether man or woman, who can reſolve againſt entering into the ſtate, becauſe it has it's cares, it's fatigues, it's inconveniences! Try Sir Charles Grandiſon, my dear, by this rule. If he forbears to marry on ſuch narrow motives, this muſt be one of his great imperfections. Nor be afraid to try. No man is abſolutely perfect.

But Sir Charles may have engagements, from which he cannot free himſelf. My Harriet, I hope, will not give way to a paſſion, which is not likely to be returned, if ſhe find that to be the caſe. You hope, you prettily ſaid in one of your letters, 'that you 'ſhall not be undone by a *good* man.' After ſuch an eſcape as you had from Sir Hargrave, I have no fear from a *bad* one: but, my child, if you are undone by a good one, it muſt be your own fault, while neither he nor his ſiſters give you encouragement.

I know, my dear, how theſe ſuppoſitions will hurt your delicacy: but then you muſt doubly guard yourſelf; for the *reality* will be worſe wounding to that delicacy than the *ſuppoſition* ought to be. If there be but one man

in the world that can *undo* you, will you not guard againſt him?

I long to fold my deareſt Harriet to my fond heart; but yet, this that follows is the advice I give, as to the ſituation you are now in: loſe no opportunity of cultivating the friendſhip of his amiable ſiſters. [By the way, if Miſs Grandiſon gueſſes at your mind, ſhe is not ſo generous in her raillery as is conſiſtent with the reſt of her amiable character.] Never deny them your company, when they requeſt it. Miſs Grandiſon has promiſed you the hiſtory of their family. Exact the performance of that promiſe from her. You will thus come at farther lights, by which you may be guided in your future ſteps.—In particular, you will find out, whether the ſiſter eſpouſe the intereſt of any other woman; though Sir Charles's reſervedneſs, even to them, may not let them know the ſecrets of his heart in this particular. And if they do not eſpouſe any other perſon's intereſt, why may they not be made *your* friends, my dear?—As to fortune, could we have any hint what would be expected, we would do every thing in our power to make that matter eaſy; and muſt be content with moderate ſettlements in your favour.

But as I approve of your aunt's having forborne to write, as you would have had her, to Lady D. What ſhall we do in that affair? it will be aſked.

What? Why thus: Lady D. has made it a point that you are diſengaged in your affections; your aunt has ſignified to her that you are; you have given that lady a hint, which you ſay, overclouded her brow. She will be here on Saturday next. Then will ſhe, no doubt, expect the openeſt dealing.—And ſhe ought to have it. Her own frankneſs demands it; and the character we have hitherto ſupported, and I hope always ſhall ſupport, requires it. I would therefore let lady D. know the whole of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's attempt, [You, my dear, was ſo laudably frank as to *hint* it to her] and of the generous protection given you by Sir Charles Grandiſon. Truth never leaves room for ſelf-reproach. Let your aunt Selby then own, that you had written to her; declining, with the moſt reſpectful gratitude, the honour intended you: Which ſhe could no otherwiſe account for than by ſuppoſing, and indeed believing, that you would prefer Sir Charles Grandiſon, from motives of gratitude, to any other man; but that you knew nothing of his engagements; nor had reaſon to look upon any part of his behaviour to you, but as the effect of his general politeneſs; nor that his ſiſters meant more by calling you *ſiſter* than their *brother's* ſiſter as well as *theirs*.

All this ſhall be mentioned to Lady D. in *ſtrict confidence*. Then will Lady D. know the whole truth. She will be enabled, as ſhe *ought*, to judge for herſelf. You will not appear in her eye as guilty of affectation. We ſhall all act in character. If Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon did (as you ſuppoſe) acquaint Lady D. that you were not addreſſed by their brother, they will be found to have ſaid the truth; and you know, my dear, that we ſhould be as ready to do juſtice to others veracity as to our own. She will ſee, that your regard for Sir Charles (if a regard you have, that may be an obſtacle to her views) is owing to a laudable gratitude for his protection given to a young woman, whoſe heart was *before* abſolutely diſengaged.

And what will be the conſequence?—Why, either that her ladyſhip will think no more of the matter, and then you will be juſt where you were; or, that ſhe will intereſt herſelf in finding out Sir Charles's engagements: And as you have communicated to Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon the letters that have paſſed between Lady D. and your aunt, together with the contents of yours, ſo far as relates to the propoſal; and as Lady D. is acquainted with thoſe two ladies; ſhe will probably inform herſelf of *their* ſentiments in relation to the one affair and the other; and the matter on every ſide, by this means, will ſooner come to a deciſion than probably it can any other way.

I don't know whether I expreſs myſelf clearly. I am not what I was: But bleſſed be God that I am what I am! I did not think, that, in ſo little a time, I could have written ſo much as I have. But my dear Harriet is my ſubject; and her happineſs is, and has ever been, my only care, ſince I loſt the huſband of my youth, the dear man who divided with me that, and all my

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cares; who had a love for you equal to my own; and who, I think, would have given juſt *ſuch* advice. What would Mr. Shirley have thought? How would he, in the like caſe, have acted? are the queſtions I always aſk myſelf, before I give my opinion in any material caſes, eſpecially in thoſe which relate to you.

And here let me commend a ſentiment of yours, that is worthy of your dear grandfather's pupil: 'I ſhould 'deſpiſe myſelf,' ſay you, 'were I 'capable of keeping one man in ſu-'ſpenſe, while I was balancing in 'favour of another.'

Good young creature, hold faſt your principles, whatever befals you. Look upon this world as you have been taught to look upon it. I have lived to a great age: Yet, to look backward to the time of my youth, when I was not a ſtranger to the hopes and fears that now agitate you, what a ſhort ſpace does it ſeem to be! Nothing with-holds my wiſhes to be releaſed but my deſire of ſeeing the darling of my heart, my ſweet orphan-girl, happy in a worthy man's protection. O that it could be in—But ſhall we, my dear, preſcribe to Providence? How know we what *that* has deſigned for Sir Charles Grandiſon? *His* welfare is the concern of hundreds, perhaps. He, compared to us, is as the publick to the private. I hope we are good people: *Comparatively*, I am ſure, we are good. That, however, is not the way by which we ſhall be judged hereafter. But yet, to him, we are but as that private.

Don't think, however, my beſt love, that I have lived too long to be ſenſible of what moſt affects you. Of your pleaſures, your pains, I can and do partake. Your late haraſſings, ſo tender, ſo lovely a bloſſom, coſt me many a pang; and ſtill my eyes bear witneſs to my ſenſibility, as the cruel ſcenes are at times read to me again, or as I recal them to memory. But all I mean is, to arm you againſt feeling too ſenſibly, when it *is* known, the event which is now hidden in the boſom of Providence, ſhould it, as is but too likely, prove unfavourable.

You have a great deal of writing upon your hands. We cannot diſpenſe with any of that. But if you write to your aunt Selby, (as the time till next Saturday is ſhort) that will be writing to us both.

God preſerve, direct, and bleſs, my ſweet orphan-child!—This is the hourly prayer of *your ever affectionate grandmother*,

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

LETTER X.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MRS. SELBY.

COLNEBROOK, TUESDAY, MARCH 7.

I Have the favour of yours, and of my dear grandmamma's, juſt brought me. The contents are ſo affecting, that, though in full aſſembly, as I may ſay, in this delightful family, I begged to be permitted to withdraw to read them. Miſs Grandiſon ſaw my confuſion, my puzzle, what ſhall I call it? To be charged ſo home, my dear aunt!—*Such apparent ſtruggles!*—And were they, Madam, ſo *very* apparent?—A *young*, a *new paſſion!*—And ſo *viſibly increaſing!*—Pray, Madam, if it be *ſo*, it is not at it's height—And is it not, while but in it's progreſs, conquerable?—But have I been guilty of *affectation?* of *reſerves?*—If I have, my uncle has been very merciful to the *aukward* girl.

And you think it impoſſible, Madam, but *he* has ſeen women whom he could love, before he ſaw me? Very likely! But was it kind to turn the word *gratitude* upon me in ſuch a manner?

I do ſee what an amiable openneſs of heart there is in Lady D. I admire her for it, and for her other matronly qualities. What can *you* do, Madam? What can *I* do? That is the queſtion, called upon as I am, by my grandmamma as well as by you, to ſpeak ſtill plainer, plain as in your opinion I had ſpoken, and indeed in my own, now I read the free ſentence, drawn out and ſeparated from the reſt of the letter. My grandmamma forgives, and even praiſes me, for this ſentence. She encourages me to ſpeak ſtill plainer. It is no diſgrace, ſhe ſays, for a woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural paſſion, ſhe tells me; Yet cautions me againſt

ſuffering it to triumph over my reaſon; in ſhort, not to love till there ſhall be a certainty of return. And ſo I can love *as I will*, *when* I will, nay *whom* I will; for if *he* won't have me, I am deſired not to reſolve againſt marrying ſome other; Lord D. for example, if *he* will be ſo good as to have me.

Well, but upon a full examination of my heart, how do I find it, now I am called upon by my two moſt venerable friends, to *undraw the curtain*, and to *put off the diſguiſes* through which every *child in love-matters* finds me out? ſhall I ſpeak my whole heart?—To ſuch *ſympathizing* friends ſurely I ought. Well then, I own to you, my honoured grandmamma and aunt, that I cannot think of encouraging any other addreſs. Yet have I no hope. I look upon myſelf as preſumptuous; upon him as too excellent, and too conſiderable: for he has a great eſtate, and ſtill greater expectations; and as to perſonal and intellectual merit, what woman can deſerve him!—Even in the article of fortune only, you think that, in prudence, a man ſo munificent ſhould look higher.

Be pleaſed, therefore, Madam, in conformity to my grandmamma's advice, to tell Lady D. from me, That I think her laudable openneſs deſerves like openneſs.—That your Harriet *was* diſengaged in her affections, abſolutely diſengaged, when you told her that ſhe was:—Tell her what afterwards happened:—Tell her how my *gratitude* engaged me:—That, at firſt, it was no more; but that now, being called upon, on this occaſion, I have owned my gratitude exalted, [it may not, I hope, be ſaid, *debaſed*, the object ſo worthy] into—Love—Yes, ſay *Love*—ſince I act too *awkwardly* in the *diſguiſes* I have aſſumed:—That, therefore, I can no more in *juſtice*, than by *inclination*, think of any other man:—And own to to her, that her ladyſhip has, however, engaged my reſpectful love, even to reverence, by her goodneſs to me in the viſit ſhe honoured me with; and that, for *her* ſake, had I ſeen nothing objectable in Lord D. upon an interview, and farther acquaintance, I could have given ear to this propoſal, preferably to any other that had yet been made me, were my heart as free as it was when ſhe made her firſt propoſal. And yet I own to you, my venerable friends, that I always think of Mr. Orme with grateful pity, for his humble, for his modeſt perſeverance. What would I give to ſee Mr. Orme married to ſome very worthy woman, with whom he could be happy!

Finally, beſpeak for me her ladyſhip's favour and friendſhip; but *not* to be renewed till my lord is married—And may his nuptials be as happy as wiſhed to be by a mother ſo worthy! But tell her, at the ſame time, that I would not, for twelve times my lord's 12,000l. a year, give my hand to him, or to any man, while another had a place in my heart; however unlikely it is, that I may be called by the name of the man I prefer.

But tell Lady D. all this in confidence, in the ſtricteſt confidence; among more general reaſons regarding the delicacy of our ſex, for fear the family I am with, who now love, ſhould hate, and, what would be ſtill worſe, deſpiſe, your Harriet for her preſumption!—I think I could not bear that!—Don't mind this great blot—forgive it—it *would* fall—my pen found it before I ſaw it.

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As to myſelf; whatever be my lot, I will endeavour to reap conſolation from theſe and other paſſages in the two precious letters before me:

'If you love, be not aſhamed to 'own it to *us*——The man is Sir 'Charles Grandiſon.'

'My affection is laudable: the ob'ject of it is a man not mean in un'derſtanding; nor profligate in mo'rals; nor ſordid in degree. All my 'friends are in love with him as well 'as I.'

'My love is a love of the pureſt 'kind.'

'And I ought to acquieſce, be'cauſe Sir Charles, compared to *us*, is 'as the publick to the private. Private 'conſiderations, therefore, ſhould be 'as nothing to me.'

Noble inſtructions! my deareſt two mammas! to which I will endeavour to give their full weight.

And now let me take it a little unkindly, that you call me your *orphan-girl!* You two, and my honoured uncle, have ſupplied all wanting relations to me: My father then, my grandmamma, and my other mamma, continue

nue to pray for, and to bleſs, not your orphan, but your real daughter, in all love and reverence,

HARRIET BYRON-SHIRLEY-SELBY.

LETTER XI.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

COLNEBROOK, TUESDAY MARCH 7.

HERE I am, my dear Lucy, returned to this happy aſylum: but with what different emotions from the firſt time I entered it! how did my heart flutter, when one of Sir Charles's ſervants, who attended us on horſeback, pointed out to us, at the command of the ladies, the very ſpot where the two chariots met, and the conteſt began! The recollection pained me: yet do I not owe to that terrifying incident the friendſhip I am admitted into with ſo amiable a family?

Miſs Grandiſon, ever obliging, has indulged me in my choice of having a room to myſelf. I ſhall have the more leiſure for writing to you, my dear friends.

Both ſhe and Lady L. are very urgent with me to ſhew them ſome of the letters in our correſpondence; and Miſs Grandiſon ſays, if that will encourage me to oblige them, they will ſhew me ſome of their brother's—Who would not be tempted by ſuch an exchange? I am more than half-afraid:—But ſurely, in ſuch a heap of ſtuff as I have written, there is ſomething that I can *read* to them. Shall I be permitted, do you think, to have my letters returned me for this purpoſe? The remarks of theſe ladies on what I ſhall think fit to ſhew them, will be of great uſe in helping to ſettle my judgment. I know I have thrown out many things at random; and, being a young creature, and not paſſed the *age of fancy*, have, in all thoſe ſentiments which are not borrowed, been very ſuperficial. How can it be otherwiſe!

The converſation in the coach turned upon their own family; (for I put in my claim to Miſs Grandiſon's former promiſe on that head;) from which I gathered the following particulars.

Sir Thomas Grandiſon was one of the handſomeſt men of his time: He had a great notion of magnificence in living; and went deep into all the faſhionable diverſions, except gaming with cards and dice; though he ran into one as expenſive, but which he called a nobler vice; valuing himſelf upon his breed of race-horſes and hunters, and upon his kennel; in both which articles he was extravagant to profuſion.

His father, Sir Charles, was as frugal as Sir Thomas was profuſe. He was a purchaſer all his life; and left his ſon, beſides an eſtate of 6,000l. a year in England, and near 2,000l. a year in Ireland, rich in money.

His lady was of a noble family; ſiſter to Lord W. She was, as you have already been told, the moſt excellent of women. I was delighted to ſee her two daughters bear teſtimony to her goodneſs, and to their own worth, by their tears. It was impoſſible, in the character of ſo good a woman, not to think of my own mamma; and I could not help, on the remembrance, joining my tears with theirs.

Miſs Jervois alſo wept: not only from tenderneſs of nature and ſympathy; but, as ſhe owned, from regret, that ſhe had not the ſame reaſon to rejoice in a living mother, as we had to remember affectionately the departed.

What I have written, and ſhall farther write, to the diſadvantage of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, I gathered from what was dropt by one lady, and by the other, at different times; for it was beautiful to obſerve with what heſitation and reluctance they mentioned any of his failings, with what pleaſure his good qualities; heightening the one, and extenuating the other. O my Lucy, how would their hearts have overflowed in his praiſes, had they had ſuch a faultleſs father, and excellent man, as was my father! Sweet is the remembrance of good parents to good children!

Lady Grandiſon brought a great fortune to Sir Thomas. He had a fine poetical vein, which he was fond of cultivating. Though his fortune was ſo ample, it was his perſon and his verſes that won the lady from ſeveral competitors. He had not, however, *her* judgment. He was a poet; and I have heard my grandfather ſay, that to

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be a poet requires a heated imagination, which often runs away with the judgment.

This lady took the conſent of all her friends in her choice; but there ſeemed a hint to drop from Lady L. that they conſented, *becauſe* it was her choice; for Sir Thomas, from the day he entered upon his eſtate, ſet out in a way that every body concluded would diminiſh it.

He made, however, a *kind* huſband, as it is called. His good ſenſe and his politeneſs, and the pride he took to be thought one of the beſt-bred men in England, ſecured her *complaiſant* treatment. But Lady Grandiſon had qualities that deſerved one of the beſt and tendereſt of men. Her eye and her ear had certainly miſled her. I believe a woman, who chuſes a man whom every body admires, if the man be not good, muſt expect that he will have calls and inclinations that will make him think the character of a domeſtick man beneath him.

She endeavoured, at ſetting out, to engage his—*companionableneſs*—ſhall I call it? She was fond of her huſband. He had reaſon to be, and was, *proud* of his wife: but when he had ſhewed her every where, and ſhe began to find herſelf in circumſtances which ought to domeſticate a wife of a much gayer turn than Lady Grandiſon pretended to have, he gave way to his predominant bias; and after a while, leaving the whole family-care to her, for her excellence in every branch of which he was continually praiſing her, (he did her that juſtice) he was but little at home in the ſummer; and, in the winter, was generally engaged four months in the diverſions of this great town; and was the common patron of all the performers, whether at plays, operas, or concerts.

At firſt ſetting out in this way, he was ſolicitous to carry his lady with him to town. She always chearfully accepted of his invitation, when ſhe ſaw he was urgent with her to go. She would not give a pretence for ſo gay a man to throw off that regard to appearances, which pride made him willing to keep up. But afterwards his invitations growing fainter and fainter, and ſhe finding that her preſence lengthened the time of his ſtay in town, and added greatly to his expences, (for he never would abate, when they were together, of that magnificence in which he delighted to live in the country) ſhe declined going up: and having by this time her three children, ſhe found it was as agreeable to Sir Thomas as to herſelf, that ſhe ſhould turn her thoughts wholly to the domeſtick duties. Lady Grandiſon, when ſhe found that ſhe could not bring Sir Thomas to leſſen his great expences, ſuppoſed it to be wiſdom to endeavour, to the utmoſt of her power, to enable him to ſupport them without diſcredit to himſelf, or viſible hurt to his family. The children were young, and were not likely to make demands upon him for many years to come.

Here was a mother, my dear! Who will ſay, that mothers may not be the *moſt* uſeful perſons in the family, when they do their duty, and their huſbands are defective in theirs? Sir Thomas Grandiſon's delights centered in himſelf? Lady Grandiſon's in her huſband and children. What a ſuperiority! what an inferiority!

Yet had this lady, with the beſt œconomy, no narrowneſs in her heart. She was beloved for her generoſity and benevolence. Her poor neighbours adored her. Her table was plenteous. She was hoſpitable, as well from the largeneſs of her own heart, as to give credit to her huſband; and ſo far to accommodate herſelf to his taſte, as that too great a difference might not be ſeen between his abſence and preſence. As occaſions offered, ſhe would confer benefits in the name of a huſband, whom, perhaps, ſhe had not ſeen of months, and knew not whether ſhe might ſee for months to come. She was ſatisfied, though hers was the *firſt* merit with the *ſecond* merit reflected from that ſhe gave him: 'I am but Sir 'Thomas's almoner; I know I ſhall 'pleaſe Sir Thomas by doing this: 'Sir Thomas would have done thus. 'Perhaps he would have been more 'bountiful had he been preſent.'

He had been once abſent from this admirable wife ſix whole months, when he left her but for one; he deſigned only an excurſion to Paris, when he ſet out; but when in company as gay as himſelf, while he was there, he extended his tour; and, what was ſtill more inexcuſable, he let his lady hear from him by ſecond-hand only. He never

ver wrote one line to her with his own; yet, on his return, affected to ſurprize her by a ſudden appearance, when ſhe knew not that he was in England.

Was not this intolerably vain in him? The moment he appeared, ſo ſecure was he of his lady's unmerited love, that he ſuppoſed the joy ſhe would break out into, would baniſh from her thoughts all memory of his paſt unkindneſs.

He aſked her, however, after the firſt emotions, (for ſhe received him with real joy) if ſhe could eaſily forgive him?—'Forgive you, Sir?—Yes, 'if you can forgive yourſelf.'

This he called ſevere. Well he might; for it was juſt. Lady Grandiſon's goodneſs was founded in principle; not in tameneſs or ſervility.

'Be not ſerious, Sir Thomas,' ſaid my lady; and flung her arms about him. 'You know by your queſtion, 'you were unkind. Not one line from 'your own hand neither—But the ſeeing you now ſafe and well, compenſates me for all the anxieties you 'have given me in the paſt ſix tedious months—Can I ſay they were 'not anxious ones? But I pity you, 'Sir, for the pleaſure you have loſt by 'ſo long an abſence. Let me lead you 'to the nurſery; or, let the dear pratlers 'come down to receive their father's 'bleſſing. How delightful is their 'dawning reaſon! Their improvements exceed my hopes: of what 'pleaſure do you deprive yourſelf by 'theſe long abſences!'

'My dear Miſs Grandiſon, *let* me 'write on. I am upon a ſweet ſubject. Why will you tear me from it?' Who, Lucy, would not almoſt wiſh to be the wife, the half-ſlighted wife, of a gay Sir Thomas, to be a Lady Grandiſon?

'One reflection, my dear Miſs Grandiſon, let me make, before I attend 'you, leſt I ſhould loſe it?' What man who now, at one view, takes in the whole gay, fluttering life of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, though young, gay, and fluttering, himſelf, can propoſe to be more happy than Sir Thomas thought himſelf? What woman, who in like manner, can take in the whole, uſeful, prudent, ſerene, benevolent, life of Lady Grandiſon, whatever turn to pleaſure, leſs ſolid, and more airy, ſhe may have, ſees not, from this imperfect ſketch, all that they ſhould wiſh to be; and the tranſitory vanity of the one, and the ſolid happineſs that muſt attend the other, as well here as hereafter!

'Dear lady!—had you not hurried 'me ſo, how much better ſhould I 'have expreſſed myſelf!

'I come, I come.'

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Grandiſon has been making me read aloud ſome part of the letter I had juſt writ to you, Lucy. 'We know,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is about *us*; 'but we ſhall think what you have 'written, greatly to our diſadvantage, 'if we cannot hear ſome of it.' Then ſhe inſiſted (ſhe is an arbitrary dear creature) on my giving the company [It was at tea, and Lord L. preſent] ſuch hiſtories as ſhe ſhould call for of my own family. 'On this condition, 'only,' ſaid ſhe, 'will we conſent to 'be made fully known, as I find we 'ſhall, if I do not ſteal away your pen 'and ink, to *our* grandmother Shirley, '*our* aunt Selby, and even to *our* 'Lucy.'

Do not you think, Lucy, I ran on with pleaſure in deſcribing the perſons and tempers of my father and mother, and relating their fortunes, loves, difficulties; as my grandmamma and aunt had enabled me to do, from what they uſed to recount in many a long ſummer-day, and in many a winter-evening, as we girls ſat at work—Happy memorials!—Aye, but do you believe ſhe did not queſtion me about later events? She did, indeed, call upon me for two other hiſtories.

'And of whom?' methinks you aſk.

I won't tell *you*, Lucy: but if my *aunt* ſhould be ſolicitous to know, and ſhould *gueſs* that my uncle's and hers (ſo entertaining and inſtructive) was one of them; and if you, Lucy, ſhould *gueſs* that the hiſtory of a young lady, whoſe diſcretion got the better of her love, and who cannot be dearer to herſelf than ſhe is to me, is the other—Why, perhaps, neither my aunt, nor you, my dear, may be much miſtaken.

Methinks I would fain riſe now and then

then to my former *ſerene pertneſs*: [Allow you of the words ſo connected?] But my heart is heavy.

They were delighted with a certain gentleman's humorous character and courtſhip; with his lady's prudence and goodneſs, in the one ſtory: and in the other, with the young lady's victorious diſcretion. They wiſh to be perſonally acquainted with each, and with my grandmamma. *All* the worthies in the world, my dear, are not in the Grandiſon family!

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BEFORE I reſume the continuation of the ladies family-hiſtory, let me aſk; Don't you think, my dear, that God has bleſſed theſe happy children, for the ſake of their excellent mother? And who knows, but for their duty to their leſs-deſerving father? It is my notion, that one perſon's remiſſneſs in duty, where there is a reciprocal one, does not abſolve the other party from the performance of his: It is difficult, indeed, to love ſo well a faulty or remiſs parent, as a kind and good one. But our duty is indiſpenſible; and where it is paid, a bleſſing may the rather be expected, as the parent has not done his. 'If, *when you do well and ſuffer for it*,' ſays the apoſtle, '*ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.*'—Not to mention one conſideration, which, however, ought not be left out of the account; that a good child will be no leſs benefited by the *warning*, as Sir Charles no doubt is, from his father's unhappy turn, than by the *example*, as he is from that of his excellent mother.

Lady L. referred to the paper given in by the ſhort-hand writer, for the occaſion (as mentioned by Sir Charles) to which theſe three worthy children owed the loſs of ſuch a mother*. And this drew her into a melancholy relation of ſome very affecting particulars. Among other things, ſhe ſaid, her mother regretted, in her laſt hours, that ſhe had no opportunity, that ſhe could think juſt and honourable, to lay by any thing conſiderable for her daughters. Her jewels, and ſome valuable trinkets, ſhe hoped, would be theirs: but that would be at their father's pleaſure. 'I wiſh,' ſaid ſhe, 'that my 'dear girls were to have between them 'the tenth part of what I have ſaved—'But I have done but my duty.'

'I have told you, Charlotte,' ſaid the counteſs, 'what my mother ſaid to 'me, a few hours before ſhe died; 'and I will repeat it to Miſs Byron.—'After having, upon general princi-'ples, recommended filial duty, and 'brotherly and ſiſterly love, to us all; 'and after my brother and ſiſter had 'withdrawn; "My dear Caroline," 'ſaid ſhe, "let me add to the general "arguments of the duty I have been "enforcing upon you all, one reſpect-"ing your *intereſt*, and let your ſiſter "know it. I am afraid there will be "but a ſlender proviſion made for my "dear girls. Your papa has the no-"tion rivetted in him, which is com-"mon to men of ancient families, that "daughters are but incumbrances, "and that the ſon is to be every thing. "He loves his girls; he loves you "dearly; but he has often declared, "that, were he to have entire all the "fortune that deſcended to him from "his father, he would not give to his "daughters, marry whom they would, "more than 5,000l. a piece. Your "brother loves you: he loves me. It "will be in *his* power, ſhould he ſur-"vive your father, to be a friend to "you.—Love your brother."

'To my brother afterwards ſhe ſaid 'ſomething: I believe, recommend-'ing his ſiſters to him; for we com-'ing in, boy as he was in years, but 'man in behaviour and underſtanding, 'he took each of our hands.—You 'remember it, Charlotte;' [both ſiſters wept;] 'and kneeling down, and put-'ting them in my mother's held-out 'dying hands, and bowing his face 'upon all three—"All, Madam—"All, my deareſt, beſt of mamma's, "that you have enjoined—"

'He could ſay no more; and our 'arms were wet with his tears.'—"Enough, enough, my ſon; I diſ-"treſs you!"—And ſhe kiſſed her own 'arm.—"Theſe are precious tears—"You embalm me, my ſon, with your "tears—O how precious the balm!"—'And ſhe lifted up her head to kiſs his 'cheek, and to repeat her bleſſings to 'the darling of her heart.'

Who could refrain tears, my Lucy, on the repreſentation of ſuch a ſcene? Miſs Jervois and I wept, as if we had been preſent on the ſolemn occaſion.

'But, my Charlotte, give Miſs 'Byron ſome brief account of the part-'ing

* Letter IV.

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Plate XXII. Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Mar. 29. 1783.

'ing ſcene between my father and mo-
'ther.—She is affected as a ſiſter ſhould
'be.—Tears, when time has matured
'a pungent grief into a ſweet melan-
'choly, are not hurtful: they are as
'the dew of the morning to the green
'herbage.'

'I cannot,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon—
'Do *you*, Lady L.'

Lady L. proceeded—'My father
'had long kept his chamber, from the
'unhappy adventure which coſt him
'and us all ſo dear. My mother, till
'ſhe was forced to take to her bed,
'was conſtantly his attendant: and
'*then* was grieved ſhe could not attend
'him ſtill.

'At laſt, the moment, happy to her,
'long dreaded by us, the releaſing
'moment, approached. One laſt long
'farewel ſhe wiſhed to take of the man
'who had been *ever* dear to her, and
'who had coſt her *ſo* dear. He was
'told of her deſire to be lifted to his
'bed-ſide in her bed; for one of his
'wounds (too ſoon ſkinned over) was
'broken out, and he was confined to
'his bed. He ordered himſelf to be
'carried, in a great chair, to hers.
'But then followed *ſuch* a ſcene—

'All we three children were in the
'room, kneeling by the bed-ſide—
'praying—weeping—O how ineffec-
'tually!—Not even hope remaining—
"Beſt beloved of my ſoul!" in faul-
'tering accents, ſaid my mother, her
'head raiſed by pillows, ſo as that ſhe
'ſat upright—"Forgive the deſire of
"my heart once more to ſee you!—
"They would not bring me to *you!*—
"O how I diſtreſs you!" for my fa-
'ther ſobbed; every feature of his
'face ſeemed ſwelled almoſt to burſt-
'ing, and working as if in mortal
'agonies.—Charlotte, relieve me.'—
The ſweet lady's eyes were drowned
in tears.

'I cannot,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon;
her handkerchief ſpread over her face.

Miſs Emily ſobbed. She held her
hand before her eyes: her tears trick-
led through her fingers.

I was affected beyond meaſure—yet
beſought her to proceed. She went
on.

"I have endeavoured," ſaid my mo-
'ther, in broken ſentences, "it was my
"wiſh—it was my pride; indeed, my
"chiefeſt pride—to be a good wife!—"

"O my dear!—You *have* been—"
'My father could not ſay what.

"Forgive my imperfections, Sir!—"

"O my deareſt life! you had no
"imperfections: I, I, was all imper—"
'He could not ſpeak out the word for
'his tears.

"Bleſs your children in my ſight:
"God hitherto has bleſſed them! God
"will continue to bleſs them, if they
"continue to deſerve their father's
"bleſſing. Dear Sir Thomas, as you
"love them, bleſs them in my ſight.
"I doubt not your goodneſs to them—
"but the bleſſing of a dying mother,
"joined with that of a ſurviving fa-
"ther—muſt have efficacy!"

'My father looked earneſtly to us all.
'He could not ſpeak.

'My brother, following my mother's
'dying eye, which was caſt upon my
'father, aroſe from his knees, and ap-
'proaching my father's chair, caſt him-
'ſelf at his feet. My father threw his
'arms about his neck. "God bleſs—
"God bleſs my ſon," ſaid he, "and
"make him a better man than his fa-
"ther." My mother, demanding the
'cheek of her beloved ſon, ſaid, "God
"bleſs my deareſt child, and make
"you an honour to your father's fa-
"mily, and to your mother's me-
"mory."

'We girls followed my brother's ex-
'ample.

"God bleſs my daughters!—God
"bleſs you, ſweet loves!" ſaid my
'father; firſt kiſſing one, then the other,
'as we kneeled.—"God make you as
"good women as your mother! then,
"then, will you deſerve to be happy."

"God bleſs you, my dear girls! God
"bleſs you both," ſaid my mother,
'kiſſing each, "as you are dutiful to
"your father, and as you love one
"another—I hope I have given you no
"bad example."

'My father began to accuſe himſelf.
'My brother, with the piety of the pa-
'triarch's two beſt ſons, retired, that he
'might not hear his father's confeſſions.
'We followed him to the farther end of
'the room. The manly youth ſat down
'between us, and held a hand of each
'between his: his noble heart was pe-
'netrated; he two or three times lifted
'the hand of each to his lips. But he
'could only once ſpeak, his heart ſeem-
'ing ready to burſt; and that was, as I

'remember, "O my ſiſters!—comfort "yourſelves!—But who can ſay com-"fort?—Theſe tears are equally our "duty and our relief."

'My mother retained to the laſt that 'generoſity of mind which had ever diſ-'tinguiſhed her. She would not permit 'my father to proceed with his ſelf-ac-'cuſation. "Let us look forward, my "deareſt, my only love," ſaid ſhe. "I "have a bleſſed hope before me: I "pity, as well as pray for, ſurvivors. "You are a man of ſenſe, Sir, and of "enlarged ſentiments: God direct you "according to them, and comfort you! "All my fear was (and that more par-"ticularly for ſome of the laſt paſt "months) that *I* ſhould have been the "mournful ſurvivor. In a very few "moments all my ſufferings will be "over; and God give you, when you "come to this unavoidable period of "all human vanity, the ſame happy "proſpects that are now opening to "me! O Sir! believe me, all worldly "joys are now nothing; *leſs* than no-"thing: even my love of you, and of "the dear pledges of our mutual love, "with-holds not *now* my wiſhes after a "happier ſtate. There may we meet, "and never be ſeparated!—Forgive me "only, my beloved huſband, if I have "ever made you for one hour unhappy "or uneaſy—forgive the petulances of "my *love!*"

"Who can bear this goodneſs?" ſaid 'my father. "I have not deſerved—"

"Dear Sir, no more—Were you not "the huſband of my choice?—And "now your grief affects me—Leave "*me*, Sir. You bring me back again "to earth—God preſerve you, watch "over you, *heal* you, ſupport you. "Your hand, Sir Thomas Grandiſon, "the name that was ever ſo pleaſant in "my ears! your hand, Sir! your heart "was my treaſure: I have now, and "only now, a better treaſure, a di-"viner love, in view. Adieu! and in "this world for ever adieu, my huſ-"band, my friend, my Grandiſon!"

'She turned her head from him, ſunk 'upon her pillow, and fainted; and ſo 'ſaw not, had not the *grief* to ſee, the 'ſtronger heart of my father overcome; 'for he fainted away, and was carried 'out in his chair by the ſervants who 'brought him in. He was in a ſtrong 'convulſion fit, between his not half-'cured wounds and his grief; and re-'covered not till all was over with my 'bleſſed mother.

'After my father was carried out, 'ſhe came to herſelf. Her chaplain was 'once more admitted. The fatal mo-'ment approached. She was aſked, if 'ſhe would ſee her children again. "No," ſhe ſaid; but bid her laſt bleſ-'ſing be repeated to them, and her 'charge, of *loving one another*, in the 'words of our Saviour, as *ſhe had loved 'us*: and when the chaplain came to 'read a text which ſhe had imperfectly 'pointed to, but ſo as to be underſtood, 'ſhe repeated, in faultering accents, 'but with more ſtrength of voice than 'ſhe had had for an hour before, "*I* "*have fought a good fight; I have fi-*"*niſhed my courſe, I have kept the* "*faith—There is laid up for me a* "*crown of righteouſneſs:*" and then, 'her voice failing, ſhe gave ſigns of ſa-'tisfaction, in the hope of being enti-'tled to that crown; and expired in an 'ejaculation that her ebbing life could 'not ſupport.'

O my Lucy! may my latter end, and the latter end of all I love, be like hers! The two ladies were in ſpeech-leſs tears; ſo was Miſs Jervois, ſo was I, for ſome minutes. And for an hour or two, all the joys of life were as nothing to me. Even the regard I had entertained for the excellent ſon of a lady *ſo* excellent, my protector, my deliverer, had, for ſome hours, ſub-ſided, and was as nothing to me. Even now that I have concluded this moving recapitulation, it ſeems as no-thing; and the whole world, my dear, is as a bit of dirt under my feet.

LETTER XIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE ſon was inconſolable upon his mother's death. He loved his father, but next to adored his mo-ther. His father, though he had given ſo little attention to his education, was exceſſively fond of him: and, no doubt, but he the more eaſily ſatisfied himſelf on this head, as he knew his remiſſneſs was ſo well ſupplied by his lady's care, which mingled with the cares of the maſters of the ſeveral ſci-ences,

ences, who came home to him, at her desire.

A deep melancholy having seized the young gentleman on a loss so irreparable, his father, who himself was greatly grieved, and the more, as he could not but reproach himself as having at least hastened that loss, was alarmed for his son; and yielded to the entreaties of General W. brother of Lord W. to permit him to travel. The general recommended for a governor to the young gentleman, an officer under him, who had been wounded, and obliged to quit the military service. Sir Thomas allowed his son 800l. a year, from the day of his setting out on his travels, which he augmented afterwards to 1000l. Sir Charles was about seventeen when his mother died.

The two daughters were taken by Lady W. But she dying in about twelve months after Lady Grandison, they returned to their father; who, by that time, had pretty well got over his grief for the loss of his lady, and was quite recovered of the wounds which he received in the duel that cost her her life.

He placed over his daughters, as governess, (though they both took exceptions at that title, supposing themselves of age to manage for themselves) the widow of one of his gay friends, Oldham by name, whose fortune had not held out as Sir Thomas's had done. Men of strong health, I have heard my grandfather say, and of a riotous turn, should not, in mere *compassion*, keep company with men of feebler constitutions, and make them the companions of their riots. So may one say, I believe, that extravagant men, of great and small fortunes, are equally ill suited; since the expences which will but shake the one, will quite demolish the other.

Mrs. Oldham had fine qualities, and was an œconomist. She deserved a better husband, than had fallen to her lot; and the young ladies having had a foundation laid by a still more excellent manager, received no small advantage from her skill in family affairs. But it was related to me with reluctance, and as what I must know on a farther acquaintance with their family, if they did not tell it to me, that Sir Thomas was grateful to this lady in a way that cost her her reputation. She was obliged, in short, in little more than a twelvemonth, to quit the country, and to come up to town. She had an indisposition, which kept her from going abroad for a month or two.

Lady L. being then about nineteen, and Miss Grandison about sixteen, they had spirit enough to oppose the return of this lady to her charge. They undertook themselves to manage every thing at the capital seat in Hampshire.

Sir Thomas had another seat in Essex. Thither, on the reluctance of the young ladies to receive again Mrs. Oldham, he carried her; and they, as well as every body else, for some time, apprehended they were actually married. She was handsome; well descended; and though she became so unhappily sensible of the favours and presents by which Sir Thomas made way to her heart, she had an untainted character when he took her as a governess to the young ladies.

Was not Sir Thomas very, very faulty, with regard to this poor woman? She had already suffered enough from a bad husband, to whom she remarkably well performed her duty—Poor woman!—The example to his own daughters was an abominable one. She was the relict of his friend; she was under his protection: thrown into it by her unhappy circumstances.—Were not these great aggravations to his crime?—Happy for those parents who live not to see such catastrophes as attended this child! This darling, it seems; not undeservedly so: and whom they thought they had not unhappily married to Mr. Oldham—and he, poor man! thought himself not unhappy in Sir Thomas Grandison's acquaintance; though it ended in his emulating him in his expences, with a much less estate; in the ruin of his fortune, which, indeed, was his own fault; and in the ruin of his wife's virtue, which was more Sir Thomas's than hers.—May I say so?—If I may not, (since women, whose glory is their chastity, must not yield to temptation) had not the husband, however, something to answer for, who, with his eyes open, lived at such a rate, against his wife's dutiful remonstrances, and better example,

ample, as reduced her (after his death) to the neceſſity of dependence on another's favour, and *ſuch* another!

Sir Thomas was greatly diſpleaſed with his daughters, for reſiſting him in the return of their governeſs. He had thought the reaſon of her withdrawing a ſecret, becauſe he wiſhed it to be one: And yet her diſgrace was, at the time, every where talked of, but in *his* preſence.

This woman is ſtill living. She has two children by Sir Thomas, who are alſo living; and one by Mr. Oldham. I ſhall be told more of her hiſtory, when the ladies come to give me ſome account of their brother's.

Sir Thomas went on in the ſame gay fluttering way that he had done all his life. The love of *pleaſure*, as it is called, was wrought into his habit. He was a *ſlave* to it, and to what he called *freedom*. He was deemed one of the beſt companions among men, and one of the gallanteſt men among women. His advantages of perſon and mind were ſnares to him. Mrs. Oldham was not the only one of her ſex with whom he was intimate: he had another miſtreſs in town, who had a taſte for all it's gaieties, and who even aſſumed his name.

He would now and then, by way of excurſion, and to ſurprize the young ladies, viſit Grandiſon Hall; but though it was once the ſeat he moſt delighted in, neither gave, nor ſeemed to receive, much pleaſure there; hurrying away on a ſudden, as if he had eſcaped from it; though never father had more reaſon to be pleaſed with the conduct and duty of daughters: And this he often declared, boaſting of them in their abſence; but ſnubbing, chiding, and ſtudying to find fault with them, when preſent.

But what equally ſurprized and affected them, was, that his ſon had not been a year abroad, when he prohibited them to write to, or correſpond with, him; and, by their brother's diſcontinuing to write to them, from about the ſame time, they ſuppoſed that he was under the ſame prohibition: And ſo, it ſeems, he was.

They preſumed, their father's reaſon for this unkind prohibition was, his fear that his gaieties would have been one of the ſubjects of the correſpondence; and the rather, as thoſe gaieties were ſo likely to affect all three in their fortunes.

The young ladies, however, for ſome time, continued writing to their brother. Miſs Grandiſon, in mentioning this, ſaid, in her uſual ſprightly manner, that ſhe never had any notion of obeying unreaſonable commands; commands ſo evidently unreaſonable as to be unnatural. And ſhe called upon me to juſtify her in her notion. The counteſs alſo deſired me to ſpeak my mind on this ſubject.

'I am apprehenſive,' ſaid I, 'of 'children's *partiality* in this reſpect: 'If they make themſelves their own 'judges in the performance or non-'performance of a duty, *inclination*, I 'am afraid, will too often be their 'guide, rather than right reaſon. 'They will be too apt, perhaps, to 'call thoſe commands unnatural, 'which are not *ſo* unnatural as this 'ſeems to be.'

'But, Harriet,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'would not you have written 'on, in the like circumſtances?'

'I believe not,' replied I; 'and 'partly for this reaſon: becauſe I 'ſhould have had no doubt but my 'brother would have the ſame pro-'hibition; and I ſhould only have 'ſhewn my brother, as well as my 'father, (were my father to know it) 'an inſtance of my refractorineſs, 'without obtaining the deſired end; 'or, if my brother had written, I 'ſhould have made him a partaker in 'my fault.'

'Your anſwer regards the policy of 'the thing, Harriet,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon: 'But ought an unnatural com-'mand—'

There ſhe ſtopt: yet by her looks expected me to ſpeak.

'I ſhould have thought it hard; but 'that it was more meritorious to ſub-'mit, than the contrary. I believe I 'ſhould have ſuppoſed, that my father 'might have reaſons which might 'not appear to me.—But pray, ladies, 'how did your brother—'

'O, he was implicit—'

'Will you forgive me, ladies?—I 'ſhould have been concerned, I think, 'that my brother, in a point of duty, 'though

'though it were one that might be 'disputable, should be more nice, 'more delicate, than his ſiſter.'

Miſs Emily looked as if ſhe were pleaſed with me.

'Well, you are a good girl, a 'very good girl,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon; 'that, whether your doctrine 'be juſt or not, is out of diſpute.'

This prohibition gave the ſiſters the more ſenſible concern, as they were afraid it would lay a foundation for diſtance and indifference in their brother to them; on whom, as their mother had preſaged, they were likely, if he ſurvived their father, to have a too great dependence; but more particularly at that time, as their brother had promiſed, at his taking leave of them, to write a regular account of all that befel him, and of all that was curious, and worthy of notice, in the courts and places he viſited; and had actually begun to do ſo; and as he had aſked their advice in relation to his governor, who proved not ſo proper a perſon for that employment, as was expected: and to which they had anſwered, without knowing, for ſome time, what was the reſolution he took.

They aſked their father, from time to time, after the welfare of their brother. He would anſwer them with pleaſure, and ſometimes with tears in his eyes, 'He is all that is *dutiful*, *brave*, '*pious*, *worthy*!' And would ſometimes add, '*God reward him*! I *cannot*.' But when he mentioned the word *dutiful*, he would look at them, as if he had in his thoughts their reſiſting him in his intention of reinſtating their governeſs; the only time, they could recollect, that they had given him the ſhadow of diſpleaſure.

The ladies went on, and ſaid, That Sir Thomas, in all companies, gloried in his ſon. And once Lord W. who himſelf, on his lady's death, openly indulged himſelf in liberties which before he was only ſuſpected to take, [O my Lucy! how rare a character, in this age, is that of a virtuous man!] told ſome gentlemen, who wondered that Sir Thomas Grandiſon could permit a ſon ſo beloved to be abſent from him ſo many years, that the reaſon Sir Thomas gave, was, that his ſon's morals and his own were ſo different, that he ſhould not be able to bear his own conſciouſneſs, if he conſented to his return to England. The unhappy man was ſo habituated to vice, that he could talk familiarly of his gaieties to his intimates, ſeeming to think them too well known for him to endeavour to conceal them; but, however, would add ſometimes, 'I intend 'to ſet about altering my courſe of life; 'and then will I ſend for my ſon.' But, alas! Sir Thomas went on from year to year, only *intending*: He lived not to begin the promiſed *alteration*, nor to ſee his ſon!

Yet one awakener he had, that made him talk of beginning the alteration of his way of living out of hand, and of ſending for his ſon; which laſt act was to be the fore-runner of his reformation.

It happened, that Mrs. Farnborough, the woman he lived with when in town, was ſtruck with the ſmall-pox, in the height of her gaiety and pleaſure; for ſhe was taken ill at the opera, on ſeeing a lady of her acquaintance there, whoſe face bore too ſtrongly the marks of the diſtemper, and who, it ſeems, had made her firſt viſit to that place, rather than to a better. The malady, aided by her terror, proved mortal; and Sir Thomas was ſo much affected with the warning, that he left town; and, in purſuance of his temporary good reſolutions, went down to his daughters; talked of ſending for his ſon; and, for ſome few months, lived like the man of ſenſe and underſtanding he was known to be.

LETTER XIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

LORD L. returned from his travels about the time that Mrs. Farnborough was taken ill. He had brought ſome preſents to Sir Thomas from his ſon, who took all opportunities to ſend him over curioſities, ſome of conſiderable value; which ſerved at the ſame time to ſhew his œconomy, and his duty. He forgot not, in his way, his ſiſters, though his accompanying letters were ſhort, and merely polite, and ſuch as required no other anſwer than thanks: only they could diſcover by them, that he had warm wiſhes to be allowed to

to return to England; but ſuch a ſubmiſſion to his father's pleaſure, as entirely to give up his own.

Sir Thomas ſeemed fond of Lord L. And ſetting out, on Mrs. Farnborough's death, for Grandiſon Hall, gave him an invitation to viſit him there; for he would liſten with pleaſure an hour together, to him, or to any one, who would talk, and give him ſome account of his ſon. How predominant muſt thoſe paſſions, thoſe habits be in his heart, which could take place of a love ſo laudably paternal!

In purſuance of this invitation, Lord L. attended him at the Hall; and there fell in love with the eldeſt of the young ladies. He revealed his paſſion to her. She referred herſelf wholly to her father. Sir Thomas could not be blind to their mutual affection. Every body ſaw it. Lord L.'s paſſion was of the ardent kind; and he was too honeſt to wiſh to conceal it. But yet Sir Thomas would not ſee it. He behaved, however, with great freedom and civility to my lord; ſo that the heart of the young lady was inſenſibly engaged; but Sir Thomas avoided ſeveral opportunities, which the lover had lain in wait for, to open his mind, and make propoſals.

At laſt, my lord deſired an audience of Sir Thomas, as upon a ſubject of the laſt importance. The baronet, after ſome little delays, and not without ſome inauſpicious reluctance, granted it: and then my lord revealed his paſſion to him.

Sir Thomas aſked him, if he had made it known to his daughter? And yet muſt have ſeen, on an hundred occaſions, at breakfaſt, at dinner, at tea, at ſupper, how matters ſtood with both the lovers; if Miſs Grandiſon's pleaſant account of the matter may be depended upon.

Lord L. owned he had; and that he had aſked her leave to make propoſals to her father, to whom ſhe wholly referred herſelf.

Sir Thomas ſeemed uneaſy; and oddly anſwered, he was ſorry for it: he wiſhed his lordſhip had not put ſuch notions in the girl's head. Both his daughters would now be ſet a romancing, he ſuppoſed. They were, till now, modeſt young creatures, he ſaid. Young women ſhould not too ſoon be ſet to look out of themſelves for happineſs. He had known many quiet and orderly girls ſet a madding by the notice of men. He did not know what buſineſs young fellows had to find out qualifications in other men's daughters, that the parents of thoſe daughters had not given themſelves leiſure to diſcover. A daughter of *his*, he hoped, had not encouraged ſuch diſcoveries. It was to him but as *yeſterday*, when they were crowing in the arms of their nurſes; and now, he ſuppoſed, they would be ſet a crowing after wedlock.

What an *odd* father was Sir Thomas, my Lucy! His own life, it is evident, had paſſed away very pleaſantly.

Indeed he could hardly bear to think, he added, of either of his daughters as marriageable yet. 'They have not 'been nurſed in the town hot-beds, 'my lord. They are ſober country 'girls, and good houſewives. I love 'not that girls ſhould marry before 'they have done growing. A young 'wife makes a vapouriſh mother. I 'forget their age—But twenty-ſix, or 'twenty-eight, is time enough for a 'woman, either for the ſake of mo'deſty or diſcretion, to marry.'

We may like *gay* men for *huſbands*, Lucy; ſome of us do: but, at this rate, thoſe daughters muſt be very good girls, who can make their beſt curtſies to their mothers, and thank them for their *fancies*; or the fathers muſt be more attentive to their growth than Sir Thomas was to that of *his* daughters.—What have I ſaid?—I am here afraid of my uncle.

My lord was ſurprized; and well he might. Sir Thomas had forgot, as Lady L. obſerved, that he himſelf thought Miſs *W.* was not too young at ſeventeen to be *Lady Grandiſon*.

My lord was a modeſt man: he was begging (as it may be called) the young woman, whom of all the women in the world he loved beſt, of her father, who was a man that knew the world, and had long made a conſiderable figure in it; and who, for reaſons which would have held with him had he lived to ſee her *forty*, had no mind to part with her. Yet my lord pleaded his paſſion, her great and good qualities, as acknowledged by himſelf;

ſelf; and modeſtly hinted at the unexceptionableneſs of his own character, and the favour he ſtood in with his ſon; not ſaying the leaſt word of his birth and alliances, which ſome lovers of his rank would not have forgot: and, it ſeems, he was right in forbearing to make theſe accidents a plea; for Sir Thomas valued himſelf upon his anceſtry; and uſed to ſay, that his progenitor, in James the Firſt's time, diſgraced it by accepting of the title of Baronet.

Sir Thomas allowed ſomething to the plea of his ſtanding well with his ſon: 'Let me tell you, my lord,' ſaid he, 'that I ſhall take no ſtep in a family affair of this conſequence, without conſulting with my ſon; and the rather, as he is far from expecting ſo much of my conſideration for him. He is the pride of my life.'

My lord deſired, that his ſuit might be put upon the iſſue of his ſon's approbation.

'But pray, my lord, what fortune do you expect with my girl? Well as you love her, I ſuppoſe the return of her love for yours, which you ſeem not to doubt, will not be enough. Can the poor girl be a counteſs without a confounded parcel of droſs faſtened to her petticoat, to make her weight in the other ſcale?'

'My circumſtances,' ſaid my honeſt Lord L. 'permit me not, in diſcretion, 'to make that compliment to my love, 'which my heart would with tranſport 'make, were they better: but I will 'lay them faithfully before you, and 'be determined by your generoſity.'

'I could not but expect from a 'young man of your lordſhip's good 'ſenſe ſuch an anſwer as this: and 'yet I muſt tell you, that we fathers, 'who know the world, expect to make 'ſome advantage of a knowledge that 'has coſt us ſo much. I ſhould not 'diſlike a little more romancing in 'love, from a man that aſks for my 'daughter, though I care not how 'little of it is ſhewn by my ſon to 'another man's. Every father *thinks* 'thus, my lord; but is not ſo honeſt 'as to *own* it.'

'I am ſure, Sir Thomas, that you 'would not think a man worthy of 'your daughter, who had no regard 'to any thing but the gratification of 'his own wiſhes; who could think, 'for the ſake of that, of involving a 'young lady in difficulties, which ſhe 'never knew in her father's houſe.'

'Why, this, my lord, is well ſaid. 'You and I may afford to make handſome compliments to one another, 'while compliments are only expected. 'I have a good ſhare of health: I have 'not quitted the world ſo entirely, nor 'think I ought, as to look upon myſelf as the neceſſary tool of my children, to promote their happineſs at 'the expence of my own. My lord, 'I have ſtill a ſtrong reliſh for the 'pleaſures of this world. My daughters *may* be women grown: your 'lordſhip ſeems to have *found out*, that 'they *are*; and has perſuaded one of 'them, that ſhe *is*; and the other will 'be ready to think ſhe is not three 'years behind her. This is an inconvenience which you have brought 'upon me. And as I would be glad 'to live a little longer for myſelf, I 'wiſh you to withdraw your ſuit; and 'leave me to do as well as I *can* with 'my daughters. I propoſe to carry 'them to town next winter. They 'ſhall there look about them, and ſee 'whom they could like, and who could 'like them, that they may not be 'liable to after-repentance, for having taken the firſt man that offered.'

My lord told Sir Thomas, that he hoped there could not be reaſon to imagine, that any thing could poſſibly ariſe from his addreſs that ſhould be incompatible with the happineſs of a father—And was going on in the ſame reaſonable ſtrain; but Sir Thomas interrupted him—

'You muſt not, my lord, ſuppoſe 'I can be a ſtranger to whatever may 'be urged by a young man on this 'ſubject. You ſay you are in love: 'Caroline is a girl that any body may 'love; but I have not a mind ſhe 'ſhould marry ſo ſoon. I know the 'inconvenience of early marriages. 'A man's children treading upon his 'heels, and *ſhouldering him* with their 'ſhoulders: in ſhort, my lord, I have 'an averſion to be called a grandfather, 'before I am a *grey* father.' [Sir Thomas was not put to it to try to overcome this averſion.] 'Girls will ſtart 'up, and look up, and parents cannot 'help it: but what father, in the vigour of his days, would not *wiſh* to 'help it? I am not fond of their part-

'nerſhip

'nerſhip in my ſubſtance. Why ſhould 'I divide my fortune with novices, 'when, making the handſome allow-'ances to them that I do make, it is 'not too much for myſelf? My ſon 'ſhould be their example. He is with-'in a year as old as my eldeſt girl. 'On his future alliances I build, and 'hope to add by them to the conſe-'quence of all my family.' [Ah, Lucy!] 'Girls are ſaid to be ſooner 'women than boys are men. Let us 'ſee that they are ſo by their diſcre-'tion, as well as by ſtature.—Let 'them ſtay—'.

And here Sir Thomas abruptly broke off the converſation for that time; to the great diſtreſs of Lord L. who had reaſon to regret, that he had a man of wit, rather than a man of reaſon, to contend with.

Sir Thomas went directly into his cloſet, and ſent for his two daughters; and, though not ill-naturedly, raillied them both ſo much on their own *diſcoveries*, as he wickedly phraſed it, and on admitting Lord L. into the ſecret, that neither of them could hold up her head, for two or three days, *in* his preſence: but, *out* of it, Miſs Caroline Grandiſon found that ſhe was in love; and the more for Lord L.'s generous attachment, and Sir Thomas's not ſo generous diſcouragement.

My lord wrote over to young Mr. Grandiſon, to favour his addreſs. Lady L. permitted me to copy the following anſwer to his application.

'MY LORD,

'I Have the honour of your lordſhip's 'letter of the 17th. Never brother 'loved his ſiſters better than I do mine. 'As the natural effects of that love, 'I receive with pleaſure the notifica-'tion of your great regard for my 'elder ſiſter. As to myſelf, I cannot 'have one objection: but what am I 'in this caſe? She is wholly my fa-'ther's. I alſo am his. The con-'ſideration he gives me in this in-'ſtance, confounds me: it binds me 'to him in double duty. It would 'look like taking advantage of it, 'were I ſo much as to offer my humble 'opinion, unleſs he were pleaſed to 'command it from me. If he does, 'aſſure yourſelf, my lord, that (my 'ſiſter's inclination in your lordſhip's 'favour pre-ſuppoſed) my voice ſhall 'be warmly given, as you wiſh. I 'am, my lord, with equal affection 'and eſteem, *your lordſhip's faithful 'and obedient ſervant.*'

Both ſiſters rejoiced at the peruſal of this affectionate letter; for they were afraid that the unnatural prohibition of correſpondence between them and their brother had eſtranged his affections from them.

The particulars of one more converſation I will give you, between my lord and Sir Thomas, on this important ſubject; for you muſt believe, that Lord L. could not permit a matter of ſuch conſequence to his own happineſs to go eaſily off! eſpecially as neither of the two daughters was able to ſtand her father's continual raillery, which had baniſhed from the cautious eyes and apprehenſive countenances of both ladies, all indications of love; though it reigned with the more abſolute power in the heart of Miſs Caroline, for that concealment.

In this converſation, my lord began with a little more ſpirit than he finiſhed the former. The counteſs lent me my lord's minutes of it; which he took for her to ſee, and to judge of all that paſſed at the time.

On my lord's lively, but reſpectful addreſs to Sir Thomas on the occaſion, the baronet went directly into the circumſtances of my lord, and his expectations.

Lord L. told him frankly, that he paid intereſt for 15,000l. for ſiſters fortunes; three of whom were living, and ſingle: that he believed two of them would ſoon be advantageouſly married; and he ſhould wiſh to pay them their portions on the day; and was contriving to do ſo, by increaſing the incumbrance that his father had left upon the fineſt part of his eſtate, to the amount of 50001. which, and his ſiſters fortunes, were all that lay upon a clear eſtate of 5000l. a year. After he had thus opened himſelf, he referred the whole to Sir Thomas's conſideration.

'My advice, my lord, is this,' ſaid the baronet: 'That you ſhould by no 'means think of marriage till you are 'clear of the world. You will have '10,000l. to pay directly: you wil 'have the intereſt of 10,000l. more to 'pay; and you men of title, on your

'marriages,

'marriages, whether you like oſtentation or not, muſt be oſtentatious. Your equipages, your houſes, your furniture—A certain increaſe of expence—By no means, my Lord L. think of marriage, till you are quite clear of the world, unleſs you could meet with ſome rich widow or heireſs, who could do the buſineſs at once.'

Lord L. could only, at firſt, urge his paſſion. [He durſt not his daughter's affection, and the happineſs of both which were at ſtake.] Sir Thomas oppoſed diſcretion to that plea. Poor *paſſion*, Lucy, would be aſhamed to ſee the ſun, if *diſcretion* were always to be attended to in treaties of this kind.

Afterwards he told Sir Thomas, that he would accept the lady upon his own terms. He beſought his conſent to their nuptials. He would wait his own time and pleaſure. He would be content if he gave not Miſs Caroline a ſingle ſhilling.

Sir Thomas was fretful—'And ſo, lover-like, you would involve the girl you profeſs to love, in difficulties. I will aſk her if ſhe wants for any thing with me, that a modeſt girl can wiſh for? But, to be ſerious, it is a *plague* thing for a man to be obliged, by the officious *love*, as it is called, of a pretender to his daughters, to open his affairs, and expoſe his circumſtances to ſtrangers. I wiſh, my lord, that you had let my girls alone. I wiſh you had not found them out in their country retirement. I ſhould have carried them to town, as I told you, in a few months. Women ſo brought up, ſo qualified, and handſome girls, are ſuch rarities in this age, and men worth having are ſo affrighted at the luxury and expenſiveneſs of the modern women, that I doubted not but the characters of my girls would have made their fortunes with very little of my help. They have *family*, my lord, to value themſelves upon, though but ſpinſters. And let me tell you, ſince I ſhall be thought a more unnatural man than I am, if I do not obey the preſent demand upon me to open my circumſtances, I owe my ſon a great deal more than 30,000 l.'

'I don't underſtand you, Sir Thomas.'

'Why, thus, my lord, I explain myſelf: My father left me what is called rich. I leſſened the ready-money, which he had got together for a purchaſe he lived not to compleat, a great deal. That I looked upon as a deodand, ſo was not anſwerable for it; and as I was not married, my ſon had no right in it. When I was married, and he was given me—'

'Forgive me, Sir Thomas: your ſon a *right*—And had not your other children—'

'No, my lord: they were girls—And as to them, had I increaſed my fortune by penuriouſneſs, inſtead of living *like a man*, I was determined as to their fortunes—

'But, as I was ſaying, when Lady Grandiſon died, I think (though every father does not; nor ſhould I, were he not the beſt of ſons, and did he *expect* it) the produce of her jointure, which is very conſiderable, ſhould have been my ſon's. As to what I annually allowed him, *that* it was my duty to allow him, as my ſon, and for my own credit, had his mother not brought me a ſhilling.—Then, my lord, I have been obliged to take up money upon my Iriſh eſtate; which being a family-eſtate, my ſon ought to have had come clear to him. You ſee, my lord, how I expoſe myſelf.'

'You have a generous way of thinking, Sir Thomas, as to your ſon: but a man of your ſpirit would deſpiſe me, if I did not *ſay*, that—'

'I have not ſo generous a way of thinking for my daughters—I will ſave your lordſhip the trouble of ſpeaking out, becauſe it is more agreeable from myſelf than it would be for any other man to do it. But to this anſwer, that the late Earl of L. your lordſhip's father, had one ſon and three daughters—I have one ſon and two. He was an earl—I am but a ſimple baronet—If 5000 l. apiece is enough for an earl's daughters, half the ſum ought to do for a baronet's.'

'Your fortune, Sir Thomas—And in England, where eſtates—'

'And where living, my lord, will

'be five times more expenſive to you than it need to be, if you can content yourſelf to live where your eſtate lies.—As for me, I have lived nobly.—But had I been as rich as my father left me, 5000l. ſhould have done with a daughter, I aſſure you. You, my lord, have *your* notions; I have *mine*. Money and a girl you expect from me: I aſk nothing of you. As matters ſtand, if my girls will *keep*, (and I hope they will) I intend to make as good a bargain for them, and with them, as I can. Not near 5000l. apiece muſt they expect from me. I will not rob my ſon more than I *have* done.—See, here is a letter from him. It is an anſwer to one I had written, on the refuſal of a wretch to lend me, upon my Iriſh eſtate, a ſum that I wanted to anſwer a debt of honour, which I had contracted at Newmarket, unleſs my ſon (though it is an eſtate *in fee*) would join in the ſecurity. Does not ſuch a ſon as this, deſerve every thing?'

I obtained a ſight of this letter; and here is a copy.

'HONOURED SIR,

'I Could almoſt ſay I am ſorry that 'ſo ſuperior a ſpirit as yours 'ſhould vouchſafe to comply with Mr. 'O.'s diſagreeable and *unneceſſary* demand. But, at leaſt let me aſk, why, Sir, did you condeſcend to write to me on the occaſion, as if for my conſent? Why did you not ſend me the deeds, ready to ſign? Let me beg of you, ever-dear and ever-honoured Sir, that you will not ſuffer any difficulties, that I can join to remove, to oppreſs your heart with doubts for one moment. Are you not my *father*?—And did you not give me a mother, whoſe memory is my glory? That *I am*, under God, is owing to you. That I am *what I am*, to your indulgence. Leave me not any thing! You have given me an education, and I derive from you a ſpirit, that, by God's bleſſing on my duty to you, will enable me to make my own fortune: and, in that caſe, the foundation of it will be yours; and you will be intitled, for that foundation, to my warmeſt gratitude. Permit me, Sir, to add, that, be my income ever ſo ſmall, I am reſolved to live within it. And let me beſeech you to remit me but one half of your preſent bounty. My reputation is eſtabliſhed; and I will engage not to diſcredit my father. All I have ever aimed at, is, to be in condition rather to lay, than to receive, an obligation. *That* your goodneſs has always enabled me to do; and I am rich, through your munificence; richer, in your favour.

'Have you any thoughts, Sir, of commanding me to attend you at Paris, or at the Hague; according to the hopes you gave me in your laſt?—I will not, if you do me this honour, *preſs* for a return with you to my native country: but I long to throw myſelf at your feet; and, whereever the opportunity of that happineſs ſhall be given me, to aſſure you perſonally of the inviolable duty of *your*

'CHARLES GRANDISON.'

Muſt not ſuch a letter as this, Lucy, have ſtung to the heart a man of Sir Thomas Grandiſon's pride? If not, what *was* his pride?—Sir Thomas had as good an education as his ſon: yet could not live within the compaſs of an income of upwards of 7000l. a year. His ſon called himſelf rich with 800l. or 1000l. a year; and though abroad, in foreign countries, deſired but half that allowance, that he might contribute, by the other half, to leſſen the difficulties in which his father had involved himſelf by his extravagance.

His father, Lady L. ſays, *was* affected with it. He wept: he bleſſed his ſon; and reſolved, for his ſake, to be more cautious in his wagerings than he had hitherto been. Policy, therefore, would have juſtified the young gentleman's chearful compliance, had he *not* been guided by ſuperior motives. Sir Charles would not, I think one may be ſure, have ſacrificed to the unreaſonable deſires even of a father, the fortune to which he had an unqueſtionable right: an exceſs of generoſity, amiable indeed, but pitiable, as contrary to the juſtice that every man owes to himſelf, and to thoſe who may hereafter depend upon him; and what I have often heard my grandmamma lament in the inſtance of the worthy Mr. M. whoſe family has ſuf-

fered

fered from an acquieſcence with a father's extravagance, for which *that* father was only the more wretched.

Sir Charles's is the true, the reaſonable virtue, that keeps clear of every extreme.—O my dear! the Chriſtian religion is a bleſſed religion! How does honeſt policy, as well as true greatneſs of mind, recommend that noble doctrine of returning good for evil!

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MY lord *repeated* his requeſt, that he might have Sir Thomas's conſent to his nuptials, upon his own terms; and promiſed never to expect a ſingle ſhilling in dowry, but to leave the whole of that to time, and to his own convenience and pleaſure.

'We know,' ſaid Sir Thomas, 'what all this means. You talk, my 'lord, like a young man. You 'ought not to think (you once ſaid it 'yourſelf) of involving a young woman you love, as well as yourſelf, in 'difficulties. I know the world, and 'what is beſt to be done, if you will 'think no more of my daughter. I 'hope ſhe has diſcretion. *Firſt love* is 'generally *firſt folly*. It is ſeldom *fit* 'to be encouraged. Your quality, my 'lord, to ſay nothing of your merit, 'will procure you a rich wife from 'the city. And the city now is as 'genteel, as polite, as the court was 'formerly. The wives and daughters of citizens, poor fellows! are 'apes of us gentry; and ſucceed 'pretty well, as to outward appear'ance, in the mimickry. You will, 'by this means, ſhake off all your fa'ther's ſins. I ſpeak in the language 'of young fellows, who expect a fa'ther to live ſolely for them, and not 'for himſelf. Some ſober young men 'of quality and fortune, affrighted at 'the gaiety and extravagance of the 'modern women, will find out my 'girls; who, I hope, will have pa'tience. If they have not, let them 'purſue their inclinations: let them 'take their *fill of love*, as Solomon 'ſays; and if they run their heads 'into a hedge, let them ſtick there by 'the horns, with all my heart!'

See, my dear, what a man a rakiſh father is!—'O, my good Lady Gran'diſon, how might your choice have 'puniſhed your children!'

'I pray to God, Sir Thomas,' ſaid my lord, bowing, but angry, 'I pray 'to God, to continue me in a different 'way of thinking from yours, if this '*be* yours. Give me leave to ſay, you 'are too young a gentleman to be a 'father of grown-up children. But 'I muſt love Miſs Grandiſon; and 'ſtill, if poſſible, poor young lady! 'more than ever, for what has paſſed 'in this converſation.' And ſaying this, he withdrew.

Sir Thomas was very angry at this ſpirited ſpeech. He ſent for his daughter, and forbade her to receive my lord's addreſſes. He ordered her never to think of him: and directing Miſs Charlotte to be called in, repeated his commands before her; and threatened to turn them both out of his houſe, if they preſumed to encourage any addreſs, but with his knowledge. 'And don't think,' ſaid he, 'of going on to *engage your affec'tions*, as a ſenſual forwardneſs is 'called, and then hope to take advan'tage of *my* weakneſs, to countenance '*your own*. I know the world: I 'know your ſex.—Your ſiſter, I ſee, 'Charlotte, is a whining fool: ſee 'how ſhe whimpers!—Be gone from 'my preſence, Caroline!—and remem'ber, Charlotte, (for I ſuppoſe this 'impertinent lord's addreſs to your 'ſiſter will go near to ſet you agog) 'that I expect, whether abſent or pre'ſent, to know of any application that 'may be made to you, before your 'liking has taken root in *love*, as it is 'called, and while my advice may 'have the weight that the permiſſion or 'diſſent of a father ought to have.'

They both wept, curtſied, and withdrew.

At dinner, Miſs Caroline begged to be excuſed attending her gay and arbitrary father; being exceſſively grieved, and unfit, as ſhe deſired her ſiſter to ſay, to be ſeen. But he commanded her attendance.

Miſs Charlotte Grandiſon told me what this wicked man [Shall I call Sir Charles Grandiſon's father ſo?] ſaid on the occaſion. 'Women's 'tears are but, as the poet ſays, the

'sweat of eyes. Caroline's eyes will 'not misbecome them. The more she 'is ashamed of herself, the less reason 'will she give me to be ashamed of 'her. Let me see how the fool looks, 'now she is conscious of her folly. 'Her bashful behaviour will be a half 'confession; and this is the first step 'to amendment. Tell her, that a wo-'man's grief for not having been able 'to carry her point, has always been 'a pleasure to me. I will not be rob-'bed of my pleasure. She owes it 'me for the pain she has given me.'

Lord L. and she had parted. He had, on his knees, implored her hand. He would not, he said, either ask or expect a shilling of her father: his estate would and should work itself clear, without injury to his sisters, or postponing their marriage. Her prudence and generosity he built upon; they would enable him to be just to every one, and to preserve his own credit. He would not, he generously said, for the beloved daughter's sake, utter one reflecting word upon her father, after he had laid naked facts before her. Those, however, would too well justify him, if he did. And he again urged for her hand, and for a private marriage. 'Can I bear to 'think with patience, my dearest Miss 'Grandison, added he, 'that you 'and your sister, according to Sir 'Thomas's scheme, shall be carried to 'town, with minds nobler than the 'minds of any women in it, as ad-'venturers, as *female* fortune-hunt-'ers, to take the chance of attracting 'the eyes and hearts of men, whether 'worthy or unworthy, purely to save 'your father's pocket? No, Madam: 'believe me, I love you not for my 'own sake merely, though Heaven 'knows you are dearer to me than my 'life, but for yours as well; and my 'whole future conduct shall convince 'you that I do. My love, Madam, 'has *friendship* for it's base; and your 'worthy brother, once in an argu-'ment, convinced me, that *love* might 'be selfish; that *friendship* could not; 'and that in a pure flame they could 'not be disunited, and when they 'were, that love was a cover only to a 'baseness of heart, which taught the 'pretender to it to seek to gratify his 'own passion, at the expence of the 'happiness or duty of the object pre-'tended to be beloved.'

See, my Lucy!—Did we girls ever think of this nice but just distinction before? And is not *friendship* a nobler band than *love*?—But is not Lord L. a good man? Don't you love him, Lucy?—Why have I not met with these notions before in the men I have known?

But Miss Caroline was not less generous than my Lord L. 'No scheme 'of my father's shall make me forget,' said she, 'the merits of Lord L. Your 'lordship's affairs will be made easier 'by time. I will not embarrass you. 'Think not yourself under any obli-'gation to me. Whenever any op-'portunity offers to make you easy all 'at once, (for a mind so generous 'ought not to be laid under difficul-'ties) embrace it; only let me look 'upon you as my *friend*, till envy to 'a happier woman, or other unwor-'thiness in Caroline Grandison, make 'me forfeit your good opinion.'

'Generous creature!' said my lord. 'Never will I think of any other wife 'while you are single. Yet will I not 'fetter *her*, who would leave *me* free. '—May I, Madam, hope, if you 'will not bless me with your hand 'now, that my letters will be re-'ceived?—Your father, in forbidding 'my address to you, has forbidden me 'his house. He is, and ought to be, 'master in it.—May I hope, Madam, 'a correspondence—'

'I am unhappy,' said she, 'that, 'having such a brother as sister never 'had, I cannot consult him. The 'dear Charlotte is too partial to me, 'and too apt to think of what may be 'her own case. But, my lord, I de-'pend upon your honour, which you 'have never given me reason to doubt, 'that you will not put me upon doing 'a wrong thing, either with regard to 'my duty to my father, or to my own 'character. Try me not with a view 'to see the power you have over me. 'That would be ungenerous. I own 'you have some: indeed, a great 'deal.'

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

YOU may guess what were my lord's assurances on this generous confidence in him. They agreed upon a private correspondence by letters.—'Ah, Lady L. was this *quite* 'right, though it came out happily in 'the event? Does not concealment always imply somewhat wrong? Ought 'you not to have done *your* duty, whether your father did *his* or not? 'Were you not *called upon*, as I may 'say, to a *trial of yours?* and is not 'virtue to be proved by trial? Remember you not who says, "For "what glory is it, if, when ye be "buffeted for your faults, ye shall "take it patiently? But if, when ye "do well, and suffer for it, ye take it "patiently, this is acceptable with "God."—But you, Lady L. lost 'your excellent mother very early.'

The worthy young lady would not, however, be prevailed upon to consent to a private marriage; and my lord took leave of her. Their parting was extremely tender; and the amiable Caroline, in the softness of heart, overcome by my lord's protestations of everlasting love to her in preference to all the women on earth, voluntarily assured him, that she never would receive any other proposal, while he was living and single.

Sir Thomas shewed himself so much displeased with Lord L. for the freedom of his last speech, that my lord chose not to desire another audience of him; and yet, being unwilling to widen the difference, he took polite leave of the angry baronet in a letter, which was put into his hands just before he had commanded Miss Caroline to attend him at dinner, which she had begged to be excused doing.

Don't you pity the young lady, Lucy, in this situation? Lord L. having but a little before taken leave of her, and set out for London?

Miss Charlotte told her sister, that, were it she, she should hardly have suffered Lord L. to go away by *himself*—were it but to avoid an interview with a father who seemed to have been too much used to women's tears to be moved by them; and who had such a satirical vein, and such odd notions of love.

I was very earnest to know what passed at this dinner-time.

Miss Grandison said, 'It is best for '*me* to answer Miss Byron's curiosity, 'I believe; as I was a stander-by, and 'only my father and sister were the 'players.'

'*Players!*' repeated Lady L.—'It 'was a cruel scene.—And I believe, 'Miss Byron, it will make you not 'wonder, that I liked Lord L. much 'the better for being rather a man of 'understanding than a man of wit.'

Miss Grandison began as follows.

'I went up with my father's *peremptory*, as I may call it, to my sister.

"O, my dear mamma!" said Caro-'line, when she found she must go 'down, "on what a new occasion do "I want your sweet mediation!—But, "Charlotte, I can neither *walk* nor "*stand*—"

"You must then lean upon me, my "dear, and *creep*: love will creep, "they say, where it cannot go."

"Wicked girl!" interrupted Lady 'L. I remember that was what she 'said.

'I said it to make you smile, if I 'could, and take courage: but you 'know I was in tears for you notwithstanding.'

'You thought of what might be-'fal yourself, Charlotte.'

'So I did. We never, I believe, '*properly* feel for others, what does 'not touch ourselves.'

'A compassionate heart,' said I, 'is 'a blessing, though a painful one: 'and yet there would be no supporting 'life, if we felt quite as poignantly 'for others as we do for ourselves. 'How happy was it for my Charlotte, 'that she could smile, when the fa-'ther's apprehended lecture was in-'tended for the use of both!'

'I thank you for this, Harriet. 'You will not be long my creditor.—'But I will proceed.

'Caroline took my advice. She 'leaned upon me; and creep, creep, 'creep, down she *crept*. A fresh 'stream of tears fell from her eyes, 'when she came to the dining-room

'door:

'door: her tremblings were in-'creaſed; and down ſhe dropped up-'on a window-ſeat in the paſſage.

"I can go no farther," ſaid ſhe.

'Inſtantly a voice, that we knew 'muſt be obſerved, alarmed our ears. "Where are you, Caroline?—Char-"lotte!—Girls!—where are you?" 'The houſekeeper was in hearing, 'and ran to us. "Ladies! ladies! "your papa calls!" And we, in 'ſpite of the weakneſs of the one, 'and the unwillingneſs of the other, 'recovered our feet; and after half a 'dozen creeping motions more, found 'ourſelves within the door, and in 'our father's ſight, my ſiſter leaning 'upon my arm.

"What devil's in the wind now! "What tragedy-movements are here! "—What meaſured ſteps!—In ſome "caſes all women are natural actreſſes. "—But come, Caroline, the play is "over, and you miſtake your cue."

"Good Sir!"—Her hands held up—I wept for her—and for my own remoter caſe, if you will, Miſs Byron.

"The prologue is yours, Caroline, "Charlotte, I doubt not, is ready "with her epilogue. But come, "come, it is time to cloſe this farce—"Take your places, girls! and don't "be fools.—" "A pretty caution," 'thought I, ſaid Miſs Charlotte, "when you make us both ſuch!"

'However, the ſervants entering 'with the dinner, we hemmed, hand-'kerchiefed, twinkled, took up our 'knives and forks, laid them down, 'and took them up again, when our 'father's eye was upon us; piddled, 'ſipped; but were more buſy with 'our elbows than with our teeth. 'As for poor ſiſter Caroline, love 'ſtuck in her throat. She tried to 'ſwallow, as one in a quinſey; a wry 'face, and a ſtrained neck, denoting 'her difficulty to get down but a lark's 'morſel—And what made her more 'aukward (I am ſure it did me) was 'a pair of the ſharpeſt eyes that ever 'were ſeen in a man's head, and the 'man a father, (the poor things having 'no mother, no aunt, to ſupport 'their ſpirits) caſt firſt on the one, 'then on the other; and now and then 'an overclouded brow, adding to our 'aukwardneſs: yet ſtill more appre-'henſive of dinner-time being over, 'and the withdrawing of the ſervants.

'The ſervants loved their young 'ladies. They attended with very 'ſerious faces; and ſeemed glad when 'they were diſmiſſed.

'Then it was that Caroline aroſe 'from her ſeat, made her curtſey 'aukwardly enough; with the air of 'a boarding-ſchool miſs, her hands 'before her.

'My father let her make her 'honours, and go to the door, I 'riſing to attend her: but then called 'her back; I dare ſay, on purpoſe, 'to enjoy her aukwardneſs, and to 'puniſh her.

"Who bid you go? Whither are "you going, Caroline?—Come back, "Charlotte.—But it will be always "thus: A father's company is de-"ſpiſed, when a girl gets a lover into "her head. Fine encouragement for "a father, to countenance a paſſion "that ſhall give himſelf but a ſecond "or third place, who once had a firſt "in his children's affections! But I "ſhall have reaſon to think myſelf "fortunate, perhaps, if my children "do not look upon me as their enemy. "—Come back when I bid you."

'We crept back more aukwardly 'than we went from table.

"Sit down—" We croſſed our 'hands, and ſtood like a couple of 'fools.

"Sit down, when I bid you. You "are confoundedly humble. I want "to talk with you."

'Down ſat the two ſimpletons, on 'the edge of their chairs; their faces 'and necks averted.'

Miſs Grandiſon then gave the following dialogue. She humouroufly, by her voice, (an humble one for her ſiſter, a leſs meek one for herſelf, an imperious one for Sir Thomas) marked the ſpeakers. I will prefix their names.

SIR THOMAS. What ſort of leave has Lord L. taken of you, Caroline? He has ſent *me* a letter. Has he ſent *you* one? I hope he did not think a perſonal leave due to the daughter, and not to the father.

CHARLOTTE. He thought you were angry with him, Sir, (ſaid I).

[Poor Caroline's anſwer was not ready.]

SIR THO. And ſuppoſed that your ſiſter was *not*.—Very well! What leave

leave did he take of you, girl? woman? What do you call yourſelf?

CHARLOTTE. Sir, my Lord L. I dare ſay, intended no diſreſpect to—

'I might as well have been ſilent, 'Harriet.'

SIR THO. I like not your preface, girl, interrupted he—Tell me not what *you* dare ſay. I ſpoke to your ſiſter.—Come, ſit upright. None of your averted faces, and wry necks. A little more innocence in your hearts, and you'll have leſs ſhame in your countenances. I ſee what a league there is between you. A promiſing proſpect before me, with you *both!*—But tell me, Caroline, do you love Lord L.? Have you given him hope that you will be his, when you can get the croſs father to change his mind; or, what is ſtill better, out of your way for ever? All fathers are plaguy ill-natured, when they do not think of their girls fellows, as their fooliſh girls think of them!—Anſwer me, Caroline?

CAROLINE (weeping, at his ſevere ſpeech.) What can I ſay, Sir, and not diſpleaſe you?

SIR THO. What!—Why, that you are all obedience to your father. Cannot you ſay *that?* Sure you can ſay *that*.

CAR. I hope, Sir—

SIR THO. And I *hope* too. But it becomes you to be *certain*. Can't you anſwer for your own heart?

CAR. I believe you think, Sir, that Lord L. is not an unworthy man.

SIR THO. A man is not more worthy, for making my daughter forget herſelf, and behave like a fool to her father.

CAR. I may behave like a fool, Sir, but not undutifully. You frighten me, Sir. I am unable to hold up my head before you, when you are angry with me.

SIR THO. Tell me that you have broken with Lord L. as I have commanded you. Tell me, that you will never ſee him more, if you can avoid it. Tell me, that you will not write to him—

CAR. Pardon me, Sir, for ſaying, that Lord L.'s behaviour to me has been ever uniformly reſpectful; he reveres my papa too; how can I treat him with diſreſpect?—

SIR THO. So! I ſhall have it all out preſently—Go on, girl—And do you, Charlotte, attend to the leſſon ſet you by your elder ſiſter.

CHAR. Indeed, Sir, I can anſwer for the goodneſs of my ſiſter's heart, and for her duty to you.

SIR THO. Well ſaid!—Now, Caroline, do you ſpeak up for Charlotte's heart: one good turn deſerves another. But ſay what you will for each other, I will be my own judge of both your hearts: and facts ſhall be the teſts. Do you know, Caroline, whether Charlotte has any lover that is to keep you in countenance with yours?

CAR. I dare ſay, Sir, that my ſiſter Charlotte will not diſoblige you.

SIR THO. I hope, Caroline, you can ſay as much for Charlotte's ſiſter.

CAR. I hope I can, Sir.

SIR THO. Then you know my will.

CAR. I preſume, Sir, it is your pleaſure, that I ſhould always remain ſingle.

SIR THO. Hey-day!—But why, pray, does your ladyſhip ſuppoſe ſo?—Speak out.

CAR. Becauſe I think, forgive me to ſay it, that my Lord L.'s character and his quality are ſuch, that a more creditable propoſal cannot be expected.—Pray, Sir, forgive me.—And ſhe held up her hands, pray-pray-faſhion, thus—

'Well ſaid, Caroline!' thought I—'Pull up courage my dear!—What a 'deuce—'

SIR THO. His quality!—Gewgaw!—What is a Scottiſh peerage!—And does your ſilly heart beat after a coronet? You want to be a counteſs, do you?—But let me tell you, that if you have a *true* value for Lord L. you will not, incumbered as he is with ſiſters fortunes, wiſh him to marry you.

CAR. As to title, Sir, that is of very little account with me, without the good character.—As to prudence, my Lord L. cannot ſee any thing in me to forfeit his prudence for.

'Well anſwered, Caroline!' thought, 'I,' again ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'In 'ſuch a laudable choice, all ſhould 'not be left upon the poor *lov-yer!*'

SIR THO. So the difficulty lies not with *you*, I find. *You* have no objection

jection to Lord L. if he has none to you. You are an humbled and mortified girl, then. The woman muſt be indeed in love, who, once thinking well of herſelf, can give a preference againſt herſelf to her lover.

What buſineſs had Sir Thomas to ſay this, my Lucy?

SIR THO. Let me know, Caroline, what hopes you have given to Lord L.—Or rather, perhaps, what hopes he has given *you*?—Why are you ſilent? Anſwer me, girl.

CAR. I hope, Sir, I ſhall not diſgrace my father, in thinking well of Lord L.

SIR THO. Nor will he diſgrace himſelf, proud as are the Scottiſh beggars of their anceſtry, in thinking well of a daughter of mine.

CAR. Lord L. though not a beggar, Sir, would think it an honour, Sir—

SIR THO. Well ſaid! Go on: go on. Why ſtops the girl?—And ſo he *ought*. But if Lord L. is not a beggar for my daughter, let not my daughter be a beggar for Lord L. But Lord L. would think it an honour, you ſay—To be what? Your huſband, I ſuppoſe. Anſwer my queſtion; How ſtand matters between you and Lord L.?

CAR. I cannot, ſuch is my unhappineſs! ſay any thing that will pleaſe my father.

SIR THO. How the girl evades my queſtion!—Don't let me repeat it.

CAR. It is not diſgraceful, I hope, to own, that I had rather be—

'There ſhe ſtopt, and half-hid her 'face in her boſom. And I thought,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'that ſhe never 'looked prettier in her life.'

SIR THO. Rather be Lord L.'s wife than my daughter.—Well, Charlotte, tell me, when are *you* to begin to eſtrange me from your affections? When are *you* to begin to think your father ſtands in the way of your happineſs? When do *you* caſt your purveying eyes upon a mere ſtranger, and prefer him to your father?—I have done my part, I ſuppoſe; I have nothing to do but to allot you the fortunes that your lovers, as they are called, will tell you are neceſſary to their affairs, and then to lie me down and die. Your fellows, then, with you, will dance over my grave; and I ſhall be no more remembered, than if I had never been—except by your brother.

'I could not help ſpeaking here,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.—"O Sir! how "you wound me!—Do all fathers—"Forgive me, Sir—"

'I ſaw his brow begin to lour.'

SIR THO. I bear not impertinence. I bear not—(there he ſtopt in wrath.)—But why, Caroline, do you evade my queſtion? You know it. Anſwer it.

CAR. I ſhould be unworthy of the affection of ſuch a man as Lord L. is, if I diſowned my eſteem for him. Indeed, Sir, I have an eſteem for Lord L. above any man I ever ſaw. You, Sir, did not *always* diſeſteem him—My brother—

SIR THO. So! Now all is out!—You have the forwardneſs—What ſhall I call it?—But I did, and I do, eſteem Lord L.—But as what?—Not as a ſon-in-law. He came to me as my ſon's friend. I invited him down in that character: he, at that time, knew nothing of you. But no ſooner came a ſingle man into a ſingle woman's company, but you both wanted to make a match of it. You were dutiful; and he was prudent: prudent for himſelf. I think you talked of his prudence a while ago. He made his application to you, or you to him, I know not which—['Then how poor Caroline wept! And I,' ſaid Miſs Charlotte, 'could hardly forbear ſaying "*Barbarous!*"] And when he found himſelf ſure of you, then was the fool of the father to be conſulted; and for what? Only to know what he would do for two people, who had left him no option in the caſe. And this is the trick of you all: and the poor father is to be paſſive, or elſe to be accounted a tyrant.

CAR. Sir, I admitted not Lord L.'s addreſs, but conditionally, as you ſhould approve of it. Lord L. deſired not my approbation upon other terms.

SIR THO. What nonſenſe is this?—Have you left me any way to help myſelf?—Come, Caroline, let me try you. I intend to carry you up to town: a young man of quality has made overtures to me. I believe I ſhall approve of his propoſals. I am ſure you will, if you are not prepoſſeſſed. Tell me, Are you, have you left yourſelf at liberty to give way to my recommendation?—Why don't you anſwer me?—

You

You know, that you received Lord L.'s addreſſes *but conditionally, as I ſhould approve of them.* And your ſpark deſired not your approbation upon other terms. Come, what ſay you to this?—What! are you confounded?—Well you may, if you cannot anſwer me as I wiſh! If you can, why don't you?—You ſee, I put you but to your own teſt.

CAR. Sir, it is not for me to argue with my father. Surely, I have not *intended* to be undutiful. Surely, I have not diſgraced my family by admitting Lord L.'s conditional—

SIR THO. *Conditional!*—Fool!—How conditional!—Is it not abſolute, as to the excluſion of me, or of my option? But I have ever found, that the man who condeſcends to argue with a woman, eſpecially on certain points, in which *nature*, and not *reaſon*, is concerned, muſt follow her through a thouſand windings, and find himſelf fartheſt off when he imagines himſelf neareſt; and at laſt muſt content himſelf, panting for breath, to ſit down where he ſet out; while ſhe gambols about, and is ready to lead him a new courſe.

CAR. I hope—

SIR THO. None of your hopes—I will have certainty. May I—Come, I'll bring you to a point, if I can, woman as you are.—May I receive propoſals for you from any other man? Anſwer me, Yes or No. Don't deal with me as girls do with *common* fathers.—Don't be diſobedient, and then depend upon my weakneſs to forgive you. I am no *common* father. I know the world. I know your ſex. I have *found* more fools in it than I have *made*.—Indeed, no man makes, or needs to make, you fools. You have folly deep rooted within you. That weed is a native of the ſoil. A very little watering will make it ſprout, and choak the noble flowers that education has planted. I never knew a woman in my life that was wiſe by the experience of other people. But anſwer me: Say—Can you receive a new propoſal? or can you not?

'Caroline anſwered only by her tears.'

SIR THO. Damnably *conſtant*, I ſuppoſe!—So you give up real virtue, give up duty to a *father*, for fidelity, for conſtancy, for a fictitious virtue, to a *lover!* Come hither to me, girl—Why don't you come to me when I bid you?—

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

'MISS Caroline aroſe: four creeping ſteps, her handkerchief at her eyes, brought her within her father's reach. He ſnatched her hand, quickened her pace, and brought her cloſe to his knees. "Poor ſifter Caroline," thought I: "O the *ty*—" and I had like, at the time, to have added the ſyllable "*rant*" to myſelf.—He pulled the other hand from her eye. The handkerchief dropt: he might ſee that it was wet and heavy with her tears. Fain would ſhe have turned her blubbered eyes from him. He held both her hands, and burſt out into a laugh—

"And what cries the girl for?—Why, Caroline, you *ſhall* have a huſband, I tell you. I will haſten with you to the London market. Will you be offered at Ranelagh market firſt? the concert or breakfaſting?—Or ſhall I ſhew you at the opera, or at the play? Ha, ha, hah! —Hold up your head, my amorous girl! You ſhall ſtick ſome of your mother's jewels in your hair, and in your boſom, to draw the eyes of fellows. You muſt ſtrike at once, while your face is new; or you will be mingled with the herd of women who proſtitute their faces at every polite place. Sweet impatient ſoul! —Look at me, Caroline." Then he laughed again.

CAR. Indeed, Sir, if you were not my father—

"Well ſaid, Caroline," thought I; and trod on her toe.

SIR THO. Hey-day! But what then?

CAR. I would ſay you are very cruel.

SIR THO. And is that all you would ſay, poor ſoft thing! in ſuch circumſtances, to any *other* man?—Well, but, all this time, you don't tell me (ſtill holding her hands) whether any other man will not do as well as your Scotchman?

CAR. I am not kindly uſed. Indeed, Sir, you don't uſe me kindly. I hope I am *not* an *amorous* creature, as you call me. I am *not* in haſte to be married. I am willing to wait your

time, your pleaſure: but, as I preſume, that there can be no objection to Lord L. I wiſh not to be carried to any *London market*.

SIR THO. (Gravely.) If I am diſpoſed to railly you, Caroline; if I am willing to paſs off, in a pleaſant manner, a forwardneſs that I did not expect in my daughter; and for which, in my heart, I have deſpiſed the daughters of other men, though I have not told the wenches ſo; I will not be anſwered pertly. I will not have you forget yourſelf.

CAR. (Curtſeying.) Good Sir, permit me to withdraw. I will recollect myſelf, and be ſorry—

SIR THO. And is it neceſſary for you to withdraw, to recollect your *duty?*—But you ſhall anſwer my queſtion—How ſtand you and Lord L.? Are you reſolved to have him, and none other?—Will you wait for him, will he wait for you, till death has numbered me with my anceſtors?

CAR. O Sir! [And ſhe looked down after her dropt handkerchief. She wanted it, and would have withdrawn one of her hands to reach it; and when ſhe could not, the big tears running down her cheeks, (yet ſhe looked pretty) down ſhe dropt on her knees:]—Forgive me, Sir—I dread your diſpleaſure—But muſt ſay, that I am not an *amorous* girl: and, to convince you that I am not, I never will marry any man living, if it be not Lord L.

'I all this time was in agitations for 'my poor ſiſter. I tired three chairs; 'and now looked at her; now from 'her; then at my fingers ends, wiſh-'ing them claws, and the man a *huſ-'band*, inſtead of a father.—Indeed, 'Miſs Byron, I could not but make 'Caroline's treatment my own—and, 'in fancy, not ſo very remote as you 'imagined, Lady L. Once I ſaid to 'myſelf, "If ſome Lord L. tenders him-"ſelf to me, and I like him, I will not "ſtand all this. The firſt moon-light "night, if he urge me heartily, and if "I am ſure the parſon is ready, I will "be under another protection, deſpi-"cably as I have always thought of "runaway daughters!"—Should I 'have done right, Miſs Byron?'

'The *example*, Miſs Grandiſon,' replied I—'Such a mother as you were 'bleſſed with! The world that would 'have ſat in judgment upon the flight 'of the daughter, would not have 'known the cruel treatment of the 'father. I believe, my dear, you are 'glad you had not the trial: and you 'ſee how Lady L. is rewarded for her 'patient duty.'

'That's my good Harriet!' ſaid Lady L. 'I love you for your anſwer. '—But, ſiſter, you leave me in too 'much diſtreſs. You muſt releaſe me 'from my knees, and ſend me up to 'my chamber, as faſt as you can.'

'A little patience, Lady L.—But 'what ſay my minutes?—Miſs Byron 'ſeems all attention. This is a new 'ſubject to her. She never had any 'body to controul her.'

'I think I could have borne any 'thing from a father or mother,' ſaid I, 'had it pleaſed God to continue to 'me ſo dear a bleſſing.'

'Fine talking, Harriet!' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. 'But let me ſay, that a 'witty father is not a deſirable cha-'racter.—By the way, ours was as 'cruel [Shall I ſay it, Lady L.? You 'are upon your knees, you know] to 'two very worthy ſiſters of his own; 'one of them ran away from him to a 'relation in Yorkſhire, where ſhe lives 'ſtill, and as worthy an old maid ſhe 'is as any in the county; the other 'died before ſhe could get her fortune 'paid, or ſhe would have been mar-'ried to a man ſhe loved, and who 'loved her; but ſhe left every ſhilling 'of her fortune to her maiden ſiſter, 'and nothing to my father.'

'It is well my brother is not in 'hearing,' ſaid Lady L. 'He would 'not have borne the hundredth part of 'what we have ſaid. But ſufferers 'will complain.—Remember, how-'ever, Charlotte, that I am ſtill upon 'my knees.'

See, my Lucy! Rakiſh men make not either good huſbands, or good fathers; nor yet good brothers.—But, no wonder! The narrow-hearted creatures center all their delight in themſelves.—Finely do women chuſe, who, taken in by their ſpecious airs, vows, proteſtations, become the abject properties of ſuch wretches! Yet, a reformed rake, they ſay, makes the beſt huſband.—Againſt general experience this is ſaid—But by whom? By the vulgar and the inconſiderate only, ſurely!

Miſs

Miſs Grandiſon proceeded.

Sir Tho. You will never marry any other man living!—And this is declared, in order to convince me that you are not amorous!—Quibbling nonſenſe!—Had you *not* been amorous, you had not put yourſelf into a ſituation that ſhould give you courage to ſay this to me. Bold fool! Be gone!

'She aroſe.

"Yet you ſhall not go," holding 'both her hands. "And *dare* you thus "declare yourſelf?—What option, I "again aſk you, is left me?—And "yet Lord L. and you, as you pre-"tended juſt now, were determined "only on a *conditional* courtſhip, as I "ſhould, or ſhould not, *approve* of it. "Confound your ſex! This ever was, "and ever will be, the caſe. The blind "god ſets you out, where you mean "the *beſt*, on a pacing beaſt; you am-"ble, prance, parade, till your giddy "heads turn round; and then you "gallop over hedge and ditch; leap "fences; and duty, decency, and diſ-"cretion, are trodden under foot."

'Poor Miſs Caroline!' ſaid I, Lucy, to them both—'I expected this cruel 'retort.'

'I foreſaw it,' replied Lady L. 'And this kept me off ſo long from 'declaring my preference of Lord L. 'to all the men in the world; as, in 'juſtice to his merit, my heart ſeveral 'times bid me do without ſcruple.

"Be gone from my preſence," ſaid 'Sir Thomas,' proceeded Miſs Grandiſon—'Yet he ſtill held her hands.'—"That little witch!—I have been "watching *her* eyes, and every work-"ing muſcle of her ſaucy face,"

['Meaning poor me,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.] "She takes part with you in "all your diſtreſſes.—You are ſorely "diſtreſſed, are you not? Am I not "a tyrant with you both?—You want "to be gone, both of you: then ſhall "I be the ſubject of your free diſ-"courſes. All the reſentment, that "now you endeavour to confine, will "then burſt out: I ſhall be intitled to "no more of your duty than is con-"ſiſtent with your narrow intereſt; "Lord L. will be conſulted in pre-"ference to me, and have the whole "confidence of my daughters againſt "me. I am now, from this hour, "to be looked upon as your enemy, "and not your father. But I will "renounce you both; and permit "your brother, the joy of my life, "and the hope of my better days, to "come over: and he ſhall renounce "you, as I do, or I will renounce "him; and, in that caſe, I ſhall be "a father without a child, yet three "living by the beſt of women. How "would ſhe—"

'I broke out here,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'with an emotion that I 'could not ſuppreſs. "O my dear "mamma! How much do we miſs "*you!* Were you to have become "angel when we were *infants*, ſhould "we have miſſed you as we do *now?* "—O my dear mamma! This, this, "is the time that girls moſt want a "mother!"

'I was about to fly for it. I trem-'bled at the ſternneſs of my father's 'looks, on this apoſtrophe to my 'mother. He aroſe. "Caroline, "don't ſtir," ſaid he: "I have ſome-"thing more to ſay to you.—Come "hither, Charlotte!" and held out 'both his hands, "You have burſt out "at laſt. I ſaw your aſſurance ſwell-"ing to your throat—"

'I threw myſelf at his feet, and 'beſought him to forgive me!

'But taking both my hands in one 'of his, as I held them up folded—"Curſe me if I do!" ſaid he. "I "was willing you ſhould be preſent, "in hopes to make you take warning "by your ſiſter's folly and incon-"ſiſtency. Lord L. has been a thief "in my houſe. He has ſtolen my "elder daughter's affections from me; "yet has drawn her in, as pretending "that he deſired not her favour, but "as I approved of his addreſſes. I "do *not* approve of them. I hope I "may be allowed to be my own judge "in this caſe. She however declares, "ſhe will have nobody elſe. And "have I brought up my children till "the years that they ſhould be of uſe "and comfort to me; and continued "a widower myſelf for their ſakes,"

'[So my father was pleaſed to ſay,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon;] "and all for "a man I approve not?—And do you, "Charlotte, call your bleſſed mother "from her peaceful tomb, to relieve "you and your ſiſter againſt a tyrant "father?—What comfort have I in "proſpect before me, from ſuch "daughters?—But leave me: leave

" my houſe. Seek your fortunes " where you will. Take your cloaths; " take all that belongs to you: But " nothing that was your mother's. " I will give you each a draft on " my banker for 500l. When that is " gone, according to what I ſhall " hear of your behaviour, you ſhall, " or ſhall not, have more."

" Dear Sir," ſaid Caroline, flinging herſelf on her knees by me, " forgive my ſiſter!—Dear, good " Sir! whatever become of *me*, for- " give your Charlotte!"

" You are fearleſs of *your* deſtiny, " Caroline. You will throw your- " ſelf into the arms of Lord L. I " doubt not.—I will ſend for your " brother. But you ſhall both leave " this houſe. I will ſhut it up the " moment you are gone. It ſhall " never again be opened while I live. " When my aſhes are mingled with " thoſe of your mother, then may " you keep open houſe in it, and " trample under foot the aſhes of " both."

' I ſobbed out, " Dear Sir, forgive " me! I meant not to reflect upon " my father, when I wiſhed for my " mother. I wiſhed for her, for *your* " ſake, Sir, as well as for *ours*. She " would have mediated—She would " have ſoftened—"

SIR THO. My hard heart—I know what you mean, Charlotte!

' And flung from us a few paces, ' walking about in wrath, leaving us ' kneeling at his vacant chair.

' He then, ringing the bell, the door ' in his hand, ordered in the houſe- ' keeper. She entered. A very good ' woman ſhe was. She trembled for ' her kneeling ladies.

SIR THO. Beckford, do you aſſiſt theſe girls in getting up every thing that belongs to them. Give me an inventory of what they take. Their father's authority is grievous to them. They want to ſhake it off. They find themſelves women grown. They want huſbands—

" Indeed, indeed, Beckford, we " don't," ſaid Caroline; interrupted by my father—

" Do you give me the lye, bold " face?—"

" Pray your honour—Good your " honour!" intreated honeſt Beck- ' ford: " Never were modeſter young " ladies. They are noted all over " the county for their modeſty and " goodneſs—"

" Woman, woman, argue not with " me. Modeſty never forgets duty. " Caroline loves not her father. Lord " L. has ſtolen away her affections " from me. Charlotte is of her party: " And ſo are *you*, I find. But take " my commands in ſilence—A week " longer they ſtay not in this houſe—"

' Beckford throwing herſelf on her ' knees, repeated — " Good your " honour—"

' We both aroſe and threw ourſelves ' at his feet—

" Forgive us! I beſeech you, for- " give us!—For my mamma's ſake, " forgive us!—" ſaid Caroline—

" For my mamma's ſake, for my " brother's ſake, dear Sir, forgive " your daughters!" cried I, in as ' rueful an accent.

' And we each of us took hold of ' his opened coat, both in tears; and ' Beckford keeping us company.

' Unmoved he went on—" I intend " you a *pleaſure*, girls. I know you " want to be freed from my authority. " You are women grown. The man " who has daughters knows not diſ- " comfort with them, till buſy fel- " lows bid them look out of their " father's houſe for that happineſs, " which they hardly ever find but in " it."

" We are yours, my papa," ſaid I, " —We are nobody's elſe—Do not, " do not expoſe your children to the " cenſures of the world. Hitherto " our reputations are unſullied—"

" Dear Sir," cried Caroline, " throw " us not upon the world, the wide " world! Dear Sir, continue us in " your protection. We want not to " be in any other."

" You ſhall try the experiment, " girls—I am not *fit* to be your coun- " ſellor. Lord L. has diſtanced me " with the one: the other calls upon " her departed mother to appear, to " ſhield her from the cruelty of an " unnatural father. And Lord L. " has the inſolence to tell me to my " face, that I am too young a father " to take upon me the management " of women-grown daughters. And " ſo I find it.—Blubber not, Beck- " ford; aſſiſt your young ladies for " their departure. A week is the

" longeſt

" longeſt time they have to ſtay in this " houſe. I want to ſhut it up: never " more to enter it's gates."

' We continued our pleadings.

" O Sir," ſaid Caroline, " turn " not your children out of doors. " We are *daughters*. We never more " wanted a father's protection than " now."

" What have we done, Sir," cried ' I, " to deſerve being turned out of " your doors?—For every offenſive " word we beg your pardon. You " ſhall always have dutiful children " of us. Permit me to write to my " brother—"

" So, ſo! You mend the matter. " You want to intereſt your brother " in your favour—You want to ap- " peal to him, do you? and to make " a ſon ſit in judgment upon his " father!—Prate not, girls! En- " treat not!—Get ready to be gone. " I will ſhut up this houſe—"

" Wherever *you* are, Sir," entreat- ' ed I, " there let *us* be—Renounce not " your children, your penitent chil- " dren."

' He proceeded.—" I ſuppoſe Lord L. " will as ſoon find out your perſon, " Caroline, as he has your inclina- " tion; ſo contrary to my liking.— " As to you, Charlotte, you may go " down to your old aunt *Prue* in " Yorkſhire;" [He calls their aunt Eleanor ſo from the word *Prude*— Yet we have ſeen, Lucy, it was owing to *him* that this lady did not marry:] " She will be able to inſtruct you, " that patience is a virtue; and that " you ought not to be in haſte to take " a firſt offer, for fear you ſhould not " have a ſecond."

' Poor ſiſter Caroline! He looked ' diſdainfully at her.

" You are my father, Sir," ſaid ſhe. " All is welcome from you: " but you ſhall have no cauſe to re- " proach me. I will not be in haſte. " And here on my knees I promiſe, " that I will never be Lord L.'s, " without your conſent. I only beg " of you, Sir, not to propoſe to me " any other man."

' My father partly relented, [partly ' Harriet:] " I take you at your " word, girl," ſaid he: " And I " inſiſt that you ſhall not correſpond " with him, nor ſee him—You an- " ſwer not to that. But you know " my will. And once more, anſwer " or not, I require your obedience.— " Beckford, you may go.—Riſe, " Caroline."

" And am *I* forgiven, Sir?" ſaid ' I—" Dear Sir, forgive your Char- " lotte—" [Yet, Miſs Byron, what ' was my crime?'

" Make the beſt uſe of the example " before you, Charlotte: not to " imitate Caroline, in engaging your " affections unknown to me.—Re- " member *that*. She has *her* plagues " in giving *me* plague. It is fit ſhe " ſhould. Where you cannot in duty " follow the example, take the warn- " ing."

' Beckford was withdrawn. He ' graciouſly ſaluted each girl: and ' thus triumphantly made them expreſs ' ſorrow for—Do you know for what, ' Harriet?'

' I wiſh,' thought I to myſelf, Lucy, ' that theſe boiſterous ſpirits, ' either fathers or huſbands, were not ' generally moſt obſerved.

' But was Miſs Grandiſon's ſpirits ' ſo eaſily ſubdued?' thought I.

' You ſmile, Harriet. What do ' you ſmile at?'

' Will you forgive me, if I tell ' you?'

' I don't know.'

' I depend on your good nature—I ' ſmiled to think, Lady L. how finely ' Miſs Grandiſon has got up ſince ' that time.'

MISS GR. O the ſly girl!—Re- member you not, that I was *before* your debtor?

' A good hit, I proteſt!' ſaid Lady L. ' Yet Charlotte was always a pert ' girl out of her father's preſence. ' But I will add a word or two to my ' ſiſter's narrative.

' My father kept us with him till he ' read Lord L.'s letter, which he ' opened not till then, and plainly, ' as I ſaw, to find ſome new fault with ' him and me on the occaſion: But I ' came off better than I apprehended ' I ſhould at the time; for I had not ' ſeen it. Here is a copy of it.'

Lady L. allowed me, Lucy, to take it up with me, when we parted for the night.

" PERMIT me, Sir, by pen and " ink, rather than in perſon, " as I think it will be moſt acceptable

" to

" to you, to thank you, as I moſt " cordially do, for the kind and " generous treatment I have received " at your hands, during a whole " month's reſidence at Grandiſon " Hall, whither I came with intent to " ſtay but three days.

" I am afraid I ſuffered myſelf to " be ſurprized into an undue warmth " of expreſſion, when I laſt went " from your preſence. I aſk your " pardon, if ſo. You have a right " in your own child. God forbid " that I ſhould ever attempt to invade " it! But what a happy man ſhould " I be, if my love for Miſs Grandi- " ſon, and that right, could be made " to coincide! I may have appeared " to have acted wrong in your appre- " henſion, in applying myſelf firſt to " Miſs Grandiſon: I beg, Sir, your " pardon for that alſo.

" But perhaps I have a ſtill greater " fault to atone for. I need not in- " deed acquaint you with it; but I " had rather intitle myſelf by my in- " genuouſneſs to your forgiveneſs, " than to wiſh to conceal any thing " from you in an article of this high " importance, whether you grant it " me or not. I own then, that when " I laſt departed from your angry " preſence, I directly went to Miſs " Grandiſon, and on my knees im- " plored her hand. I preſumed that " an alliance with me was not a diſ- " graceful one to her; and aſſured " her, that my eſtate ſhould work " itſelf clear without any expectation " from you; as it will, I hope, in a " few years, by good management, " to which I was ſure ſhe would con- " tribute. But ſhe refuſed me, and " reſolved to await the good pleaſure " of her father; yet giving me, I " muſt honeſtly add, condeſcending " hopes of her favour, could your " conſent be obtained.

" Thus is the important affair cir- " cumſtanced.

" I will never marry any other " woman, while there is the leaſt " ſhadow of hope that ſhe can be " mine. The converſation of the beſt " of young men, your ſon, for two " months, in Italy, and one before " *that* in ſome of the German courts, " has made me ambitious of following " ſuch an example in every duty of " life: and if I might obtain, by " your favour, ſo dear a wife, and ſo " worthy a brother, the happieſt man " in the world would then be, *Sir*, " *your obliged and faithful ſervant*,

L."

'Yet my father,' ſaid Lady L. 'called it an artful letter; and ob- 'ſerved, that Lord L. was very ſure 'of me, or he had not offered to make 'a propoſal to me that deſerved not to 'be excuſed. " You were aiming " at prudence, girl, in your refuſal, " I ſee that," ſaid my father. " You " had no reaſon to doubt but Lord " L. would hereafter like you the bet- " ter for declining marriage in that " clandeſtine manner, becauſe the re- " fuſal would give him an oppor- " tunity to make things more con- " venient to himſelf. One half of a " woman's virtue is pride," continued 'he [I hope not truly,' ſaid Lady L;] " the other half, policy. If they were " ſure the man would not think the " worſe of them for it, they would " not wait for a ſecond queſtion. " Had you an independent fortune, " Caroline, what would you have " done?——But go; you are a weak, " and yet a cunning girl. Cunning " is the wiſdom of women. Women's " weakneſs is man's ſtrength. I am " ſorry that *my* daughters are not " compounded of leſs brittle materials. " I wonder that any man who knows " the ſex, marries."

Thus ſpoke the *rakiſh*, the *keeping* father, Lucy, endeavouring to juſtify his private vices by general reflections on the ſex. And thus are wickedneſs and libertiniſm, called a knowledge of the world, a knowledge of human nature. Swift, for often painting a dunghill, and for his abominable Yahoo ſtory, was complimented with this knowledge: but I hope, that the character of human nature, the character of creatures made in the image of the Deity, is not to be taken from the overflowings of ſuch dirty imaginations.

What company, my dear, muſt theſe men be ſuppoſed to have generally kept? How are we authorized to wiſh (only that good is often produced out of evil, as is inſtanced in two ſuch daughters, and ſuch a ſon) that a man of this caſt had never had the honour to call a Lady Grandiſon by his name!

And

And yet Sir Thomas's vices called forth, if they did not eſtabliſh, her virtues. What ſhall we ſay?—

'Whatever is, is in it's cauſes juſt:
'——— But purblind man
'Sees but a part o' th' chain, the neareſt link;
'His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,
'That poiſes all above.'

DRYDEN.

I thought, my Lucy, that the converſation I have attempted to give, would not, though long, appear tedious to you; being upon a *new* ſubject, the behaviour of a free-liver of a father to his grown-up daughters, when they came to have expectations upon him, which he was not diſpoſed to anſwer; and the rather, as it might ſerve to ſtrengthen us, who have had in our family none but good men (though we have neighbours of a different character, who have wanted to be acquainted with us) in our reſolution to reject the ſuits of libertine men by a ſtronger motive even than *for our own ſakes*: and I therefore was glad of the opportunity of procuring it for you, and for our Nancy, now her recovered health will allow her to look abroad more than ſhe had of late been uſed to do. I am ſure, my grandmamma, and my aunt Selby, will be pleaſed with it; becauſe it will be a good ſupplement to the leſſons they have conſtantly inculcated upon us, againſt that narrow-hearted race of men, who live only for the gratification of their own lawleſs appetites, and conſider all the reſt of the world as made for themſelves, the worſt and moſt noxious reptiles in it.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THUS far had the ladies proceeded in their intereſting ſtory, when the letters of my grandmamma and aunt were brought me by a man and horſe from London. By my anſwer you will ſee how much I was affected by it's contents. The ladies ſaw my uneaſineſs, and were curious to know the cauſe. I told them from whence the letters came, and what the ſubject was; and that my aunt was to give for me, next Saturday, an anſwer to Lady D. in perſon.

I then retired to write. When I had diſpatched the meſſenger, the ladies wiſhed to know the reſolution I had come to. I told them I had confirmed my negative.

Miſs Grandiſon, with archneſs, held up her hands and eyes. I was vexed ſhe did—'Then, Charlotte,' ſaid I, ſpitefully, '*you* would not have declined accepting his propoſal.'

She looked earneſtly at me, and ſhook her head. 'Ah, Harriet!' ſaid ſhe, 'you are an unaccountable girl! 'You will tell the truth; but not the 'whole truth.'

I bluſhed, as I felt; and believe looked ſilly.

'Ah, Harriet!' repeated ſhe; looking as if ſhe would look me through.

'Dear Miſs Grandiſon!' ſaid I.

'There is ſome Northamptonſhire 'gentleman, of whom we have not 'yet heard.'

I was a little eaſier then. But *can* this lady mean any thing particular? She cannot be ſo ungenerous, ſurely, as to play upon a poor girl, if ſhe thought her *entangled*. All I am afraid of, is, that my temper will be utterly ruined. I am not ſo happy in myſelf, as I uſed to be. Don't you think, Lucy, that taking one thing with another, I am in a ſituation that is very teazing?—But let me find a better ſubject.

* * * *

THE ladies, at my requeſt, purſued their FAMILY-HISTORY.

Lord L. and Miſs Caroline went on, hoping for a change in Sir Thomas's mind. He would no doubt, they ſaid, have been overcome by the young lady's duty, and my Lord L.'s generoſity, had he not made it inconvenient to himſelf, to part with money.

He went to town, and carried his daughters with him; and it is thought would not have been ſorry, had the lovers married without his conſent; for he prohibited anew, on their coming to town, my lord's viſits; ſo that they were obliged to their ſiſter, as ſhe pleaſantly had told Lady L. for contriving to forward their interviews.

Mean time, my lord's affairs growing urgent by reaſon of his two ſiſters marrying, he gave way to the offers

of

of a common friend of his and Lord W.'s, to engage that nobleman, who approved of the match, to talk to Sir Thomas on the ſubject.

Lord W. and the baronet met. My lord was earneſt in the cauſe of the lovers. Sir Thomas was not pleaſed with his interfering in his family affairs. And indeed a more improper man could hardly have been applied to on the occaſion: for Lord W. who is immenſely rich, was always deſpiſed by Sir Thomas for his avarice; and he as much diſliked Sir Thomas for what he called his profuſion.

High words paſſed between them. They parted in paſſion; and Sir Thomas reſenting Lord L.'s appeal to Lord W. the ſiſters were in a worſe ſituation than before; for now, beſides having incurred the indignation of their father, their uncle, who was always afraid that Sir Thomas's extravagance would reduce the children to the neceſſity of hoping for his aſſiſtance, made a pretence of their father's ill-treatment to diſclaim all acts of kindneſs and relation to them.

What concerned the ſiſters ſtill more, was, my lord's declared antipathy to their brother; and that for no other reaſon, but becauſe his father (who, he was ſure, he ſaid, could neither love nor hate in a right place) doated on him.

In this ſad ſituation were theſe lovers, when overtures were made to Sir Thomas for his younger daughter: but though Miſs Charlotte gave him no pretence to accuſe *her* of beginning a love-affair unknown to him; yet thoſe overtures never came to her knowledge from him, though they did from others.

'And would you have wondered, Harriet,' ſaid ſhe, 'with ſuch treatment 'before my eyes as Caroline met with, 'if I had been provoked to take ſome 'raſh ſtep?'

'No provocation,' replied I, 'from 'a father, can juſtify a raſh ſtep in a 'child. I am glad, and ſo I dare ſay, 'are you, that your prudence was 'your ſafeguard, when you were de'prived of that which ſo good a child 'might have expected from a father's 'indulgence, eſpecially when a mo'ther was not in being.'

Miſs Grandiſon coloured, and bit her lip. Why did ſhe colour?

At laſt Sir Thomas took a reſolution to look into and regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he intended to give to his beloved ſon to come over. From *his* duty, diſcretion, and good management, he was ſure, he ſaid, he ſhould be the happieſt of men. But he was at a loſs what to do with Mrs. Oldham and her two children. He doubted not but his ſon had heard of his guilty commerce with her: yet he cared not, that the young gentleman ſhould find her living in a kind of wife-like ſtate in one of the family-ſeats. And yet ſhe had made too great a ſacrifice to him, to be unhandſomely uſed; and he thought he ought to provide for his children by her.

While he was meditating this change of meaſures, that he might ſtand well with a ſon, whoſe character for virtue and prudence made his father half afraid of him, a propoſal of marriage was made to him for his ſon by one of the firſt men in the kingdom, whoſe daughter, accompanying her brother and his wife, in a tour to France and Italy, ſaw and fell in love with the young gentleman at Florence: and her brother gave way to his ſiſter's regard for him, for the ſake of the character he bore among the people of prime conſideration in Italy.

Sir Thomas had ſeveral meetings on this ſubject, both with the brother and the earl his father; and was ſo fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reſerving to himſelf an annuity, and making over the whole of his eſtate to his ſon, in favour of this match; and once he ſaid, he ſhould by this means do as Victor Amadeus of Savoy did, rid himſelf of many incumbrances; and being not a *king*, was ſure *of* his ſon's duty to him.

The ladies found a letter of their brother's among Sir Thomas's looſe papers, which ſhewed that this offer had been actually made to him. This is a copy of it—

'DEAR AND EVER-HONOURED SIR,

'I Am aſtoniſhed at the contents of 'your laſt favour. If the pro'poſal made in it aroſe from the na'tural greatneſs of your mind, and 'an indulgence which I have ſo often 'experienced, what ſhall I ſay to it? '—I cannot bear it. If it proceed 'from propoſals made to you, God 'forbid that I ſhould give your name

'to

to a woman, how illuſtrious ſoever in her deſcent, and how high ſoever the circumſtances of her family, whoſe friends could propoſe ſuch conditions to my father.

'I receive with inexpreſſible joy ſo near a hope of the long-wiſhed-for leave to throw myſelf at your feet in my native country. When I have this happineſs granted me, I will unboſom my whole heart to my father. The credit of your name, and the knowledge every one has of your goodneſs to me, will be my recommendation whenever you ſhall wiſh me to enlarge the family connexions.

'Till I have this honour, I beſeech you, Sir, to diſcontinue the treaty already began.

'You are pleaſed to aſk my opinion of the lady, and whether I have any objection to her perſon. I remember, I thought her a very agreeable woman.

'You mention, Sir, the high ſenſe the lady, as well as Lord and Lady N. have of the civilities they received from me. My long reſidence abroad gives me the power of doing little offices for thoſe of my country, who viſit France and Italy. The little ſervices I did to my lord and the ladies with him, are too gratefully remembered by them.

'I am extremely concerned that you have reaſon to be diſpleaſed with any part of the conduct of my ſiſters. Can the daughters of ſuch a mother as you had the happineſs to give them, forget themſelves? Their want of conſideration ſhall receive no countenance from me. I ſhall let them know, that my love, my eſteem, if it be of conſequence with them, is not founded on relation, but merit: and that, where duty to a parent is wanting, all other good qualities are to be ſuſpected.

'You aſk my opinion of Lord L. and whether he has ſought to engage me to favour his addreſs to your Caroline. He wrote to me on that ſubject: I incloſe his letter, and a copy of my anſwer. As to my opinion of him, I muſt ſay, that I have not met with any Britiſh man abroad, of whoſe diſcretion, ſobriety, and good nature, I think more highly than I do of Lord L.'s. Juſtice requires of me this teſtimony. But as to the affair between him and my ſiſter, I ſhall be extremely ſorry, if Lord L.'s *firſt* impropriety of behaviour were to you; and if my ſiſter has ſuffered her heart to be engaged againſt her duty.

'You have the goodneſs to ſay, that my return will be a ſtrengthening of your hands. May my own be weakened; may I ever want the power to do good to myſelf, or to thoſe I love; when I forget, or depart from, the duty owing to the moſt indulgent of fathers, by *his*

'CHARLES GRANDISON.'

What an excellent young man is this!—But obſerve, Lucy; he ſays he will on his return to England unboſom his whole heart to his father; and till then, he deſires him to diſcontinue the began treaty with Lord N.—Ah, my dear!—What has any *new* acquaintance to expect, were ſhe to be entangled in a *hopeleſs paſſion?* But let us conſider—Had Sir Charles been actually married, would his being ſo, have enabled a woman's *reaſon* to triumph over her paſſion?—If ſo, paſſion is ſurely conquerable: and did I know any body that would allow it to be ſo in the *one* caſe, and not in the *other*, I would bid her take ſhame to herſelf, and, with deep humiliation, mourn her ungovernable folly.

The above letter came not to the hands of the young ladies till after their father's death, which happened within a month of his receiving it, and before he had actually given permiſſion for the young gentleman's return. You may ſuppoſe they were exceſſively affected with the bad impreſſions their father had ſought to make in their brother's heart, of their conduct; and, when he died, were the more apprehenſive of their force.

He had ſuſpended the treaty of marriage for his ſon till the young gentleman ſhould arrive. He had perplexed himſelf about his private affairs, which, by long neglect, became very intricate, and of conſequence muſt be very irkſome for ſuch a man to look into. He was reſolved, therefore, to leave it to each ſteward, (having perſuaded himſelf, againſt appearances, to have a good opinion of both) to examine the accounts of the other; not

only as this would give the leaſt trouble to himſelf, but as they had ſeveral items to charge, which he had no mind ſhould be explained to his ſon. Nor were thoſe gentlemen leſs ſolicitous to obtain diſcharges from him; for, being apprized of his reaſon for looking into his affairs, they were afraid of the inſpection of ſo good a manager as their young maſter was known to be.

Mr. Filmer, the ſteward for the Iriſh eſtate, came over, on this occaſion, with his accounts: the two ſtewards acted in concert; and on the report of each, Sir Thomas examined totals only, and ordered releaſes to be drawn for his ſigning.

What a degrader even of *high* ſpirits, is vice! What meanneſs was there in Sir Thomas's pride! to be afraid of the eye of a ſon, of whoſe duty he was always boaſting!

But who ſhall anſwer for the reformation of an habitual libertine, when a temptation offers? Obſerve what followed.

Mr. Filmer, knowing Sir Thomas's frailty, had brought over with him, and with a view to enſnare the unhappy man, a fine young creature, not more than ſixteen, on pretence of viſiting her aunt, who lived in Pall Mall, and who was a relation of his wife. She was innocent of actual crime: but her parents had no virtue, and had not made it a part of the young woman's education; but on the contrary, had brought her up with a notion that her beauty would make her fortune; and ſhe knew it was all the fortune they had to give her.

Mr. Filmer, in his attendance on Sir Thomas, was always praiſing the beauty of Miſs Obrien; her genteel deſcent, as well as figure! her innocence; [innocence! the attractive equally to the attempts of rakes and devils!] but the baronet, intent upon purſuing his better ſchemes, for ſome time, only gave the artful man the hearing. At laſt, however, (for curioſity-ſake) he was prevailed upon to make the aunt a viſit. The niece was not abſent. She more than anſwered all that Filmer had ſaid in her praiſe, as to the beauty of her perſon. Sir Thomas repeated his viſits. The girl was well tutored; behaved with prudence, with *reſerve* rather; and, in ſhort, made ſuch an impreſſion on his heart, that he declared to Filmer that he could not live without her.

Advantage was endeavoured to be taken of his infatuation. He offered high terms: but for ſome time the aunt inſiſted upon his marrying her niece.

Sir Thomas had been too long a *leader* in the free world, to be ſo *taken in*, as it is called. But at laſt, a propoſal was made him, from no part of which the aunt declared ſhe would recede, though the poor girl (who, it was pretended, loved him above all the men ſhe had ever ſeen) were to break her heart for him. A fine piece of flattery, Lucy, to a man who numbered near three times her years; and who was ſtill fond of making conqueſts!

The terms were: that he ſhould ſettle upon the young woman 500l. a year for her life; and on her father and mother, if they could be brought to conſent to the (infamous) bargain, 200l. a year for their joint and ſeparate lives: that Miſs Obrien ſhould live at one of Sir Thomas's ſeats in England; be allowed genteel equipages, his livery; and even (for her credit-ſake in the eye of her own relations, who were of figure) to be connived at in taking his name. The aunt left it to his generoſity to reward *her* for the part ſhe had taken, and was to take, to bring all this about with the parents and girl.

Sir Thomas thought theſe demands much too high: he ſtood out for ſome time; but artifice being uſed on all ſides to draw him on, *love*, as it is called, (proſtituted word!) obliged him to comply.

His whole concern was now, how to provide for this new expence, without *robbing*, as he called it, his ſon, [daughters were but daughters, and no part of the queſtion with him;] and to find excuſes for continuing the young gentleman abroad.

Mrs. Oldham had for ſome time been uneaſy herſelf, and made him ſo, by her compunction on their guilty commerce; and, on Sir Thomas's communicating his intention to recal his ſon, hinted her wiſhes to be allowed to quit the houſe in Eſſex, and to retire both from that and him; for fear of making the young gentleman as much her enemy, as the two ſiſters avowedly were.

Sir Thomas, now that he was acquainted with Miſs Obrien, better reliſhed

liſted Mrs. Oldham's propoſal than otherwiſe he would have done: and before he actually ſigned and ſealed with Miſs Obrien's aunt, for her niece, he thought it beſt to ſound that unhappy woman, whether ſhe in earneſt deſired to retire; and if ſo, what were her expectations from him: reſolving, in order to provide for both expences, to cut down timber, that, he ſaid, groaned for the axe; but which hitherto he had let ſtand as a reſource for his ſon, and to enable him to clear incumbrances that he had laid upon a part of his eſtate.

Accordingly, he ſet out for his ſeat in Eſſex.

THERE, while he was planning future ſchemes of living, and reckoning upon his ſavings in ſeveral articles, in order the better to ſupport an expence ſo guiltily to be incurred; and had actually began to treat with Mrs. Oldham; who agreed, at the firſt word, to retire; not knowing but his motive, (poor man!) as well as hers, was reformation—There was he attacked by a violent fever; which in three days deprived him of the uſe of the reaſon he had ſo much abuſed.

Mr. Bever, his Engliſh ſteward, poſted down, on the firſt news he had of his being taken ill, hoping to get him to ſign the ready-drawn up releaſes. But the eagerneſs he ſhewed to have this done, giving cauſe of ſuſpicion to Mrs. Oldham, ſhe would not let him ſee his maſter, though he arrived on the ſecond day of Sir Thomas's illneſs, which was before the fever had ſeized his brain.

Mr. Filmer had been to meet, and conduct to London, Mrs. Obrien, the mother of the girl, who came over to ſee the ſale of the poor victim's honour compleated; [Could you have thought, Lucy, there was ſuch a mother in the world?] and it was not till the fifth day of the unhappy man's illneſs that he got to him, with his releaſes alſo already drawn up, as well as the articles between him and the Obriens, in hopes to find him well enough to ſign both. He was in a viſible conſternation when he found his maſter ſo ill. He would have ſtaid in the houſe to watch the event; but Mrs. Oldham not permitting him to do ſo, he put up at the next village, in hopes of a favourable turn of the diſtemper.

On the ſixth day, the phyſicians giving no hopes of Sir Thomas's recovery, Mrs. Oldham ſent to acquaint the two young ladies with his danger; and they inſtantly ſet out to attend their father.

They could not be ſuppoſed to love Mrs. Oldham; and, taking Mr. Grandiſon's advice, who accompanied them, they let the unhappy woman know, that there was no farther occaſion for her attendance on their father. She had prudently, before, that ſhe might give the leſs offence to the two ladies, removed her ſon by her former huſband, and her two children by Sir Thomas; but inſiſted on continuing about him, and in the houſe, as well from motives of tenderneſs, as for her own ſecurity, leſt ſhe ſhould be charged with embezzlements; for ſhe expected not mercy from the family, if Sir Thomas died.

Poor woman! what a tenure was that by which ſhe held!

Miſs Caroline conſented, and brought her ſiſter to conſent that ſhe ſhould ſtay; abſolutely againſt Mr. Grandiſon's advice; who, libertine as he was himſelf, was very zealous to puniſh a poor Magdalen, who, *though* faulty, was not ſo faulty as himſelf. Wicked people, I believe, my dear, are the ſevereſt puniſhers of thoſe wicked people, who adminiſter not to their own particular gratifications. Can mercy be expected from ſuch? Mercy is a *virtue*.

It was ſhocking to the laſt degree to the worthy daughters to hear their raving father call upon nobody ſo often, as upon Miſs Obrien; though they then knew nothing of the girl, nor of the treaty on foot for her; nor could Mrs. Oldham inform them, who or what ſhe was. Sometimes, when the unhappy man was quieteſt, he would call upon his ſon, in words generally of kindneſs and love; once in particular, crying out—'O ſave me! ſave 'me! my Grandiſon, by thy pre'ſence!—I ſhall be conſumed by the 'fire that is already lighted up in my 'boiling blood!'

On the ninth day, no hope being left, and the phyſicians declaring him to be a dying man, they diſpatched a letter by a meſſenger to haſten over their brother, who (having left his ward, Miſs Emily Jervois, at Florence, in the protection of the worthy Dr. Bartlett) was come to Paris, as

he had written, in expectation of receiving there his father's permiſſion to return to England.

On the eleventh day of his illneſs, Sir Thomas came a little to himſelf. He knew his daughters. He wept over them. He wiſhed he had been kinder to them. He was ſenſible of his danger. Several times he lifted up his feeble hands, and dying eyes, repeating, 'God is juſt. I am, I have been, 'very wicked!—Repentance! repent-'ance! how hard a taſk!' ſaid he once to the miniſter who attended him, and whoſe prayers he deſired. And Mrs. Oldham once coming in his ſight—'O Mrs. Oldham!' ſaid he, 'what is 'this world now? What would I 'give—But repent, repent—Put your 'good reſolutions in practice, leſt I 'have more ſouls than my own to an-'ſwer for.'

Soon after this his delirium returned; and he expired about eleven at night, in dreadful agonies. Unhappy man!—Join a tear with mine, my Lucy, on the awful exit of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, though we knew him not.

Poor man! in the purſuit—Poor man!—He lived not to ſee his beloved ſon!—

The two daughters, and Mr. Grandiſon, and Mrs. Oldham, (for her own ſecurity) put their reſpective ſeals on every place, at that houſe, where papers, or any thing of value, were ſuppoſed to be repoſited: and Mr. Grandiſon, aſſuming that part of the management, diſmiſſed Mrs. Oldham from the houſe; and would not permit her to take with her more than one ſuit of cloaths, beſides thoſe ſhe had on. She wept bitterly, and complained of harſh treatment: but was not pitied; and was referred by Mr. Grandiſon to his abſent couſin for ſtill more rigorous juſtice.

She appealed to the ladies; but they reproached her with having lived a life of ſhame, againſt better knowledge; and ſaid, that now ſhe muſt take the conſequence. Her puniſhment was but beginning: their brother would do her ſtrict juſtice, they doubted not; but a man of his virtue, they were ſure, would abhor her. She had miſled their father, they ſaid. It was not in *his* temper to be cruel to his children. She had lived upon their fortunes; and now they had nothing but their brother's favour to depend upon.

Daughters ſo dutiful, my Lucy, did right to excuſe their father all they could: but Mrs. Oldham ſuffered for all.

* * *

I AM ſo much intereſted in this important hiſtory, that I have not the heart to break into it, to tell you how very agreeably I paſs my time with theſe ladies, and Lord L. in thoſe parts of the day when we are all aſſembled. Miſs Emily has a fine mind; gentle, delicate, innocently childiſh beyond her ſtature and womanly appearance, but not her years. The two ladies are very good to her. Lord L. is an excellent man.

This is Friday morning: and no Sir Charles! *Canterbury* is ſurely a charming place. Was you ever at *Canterbury*, Lucy?

To-morrow, Lady D. is to viſit my aunt. My letter to my aunt will be in time, I hope. I long to know.—Yet why ſhould I?—But Lady D. is ſo *good* a woman! I hope ſhe will take kindly my denial; and look upon it as an abſolute one.

I have a great deal more of the family-hiſtory to give you. I wiſh I could write as faſt as we can talk. But, Lucy, concerning the lady, with whoſe father Sir Thomas was in treaty for his ſon? Don't you want to know ſomething more about her?—But, ah! my dear, be this as it may, there *is* a lady in whoſe favour both ſiſters intereſt themſelves. I have found that out. Nor will it be long, I ſuppoſe, before I ſhall be informed who ſhe is; and whether or not Sir Charles encourages the propoſal.

Adieu, my Lucy! You will ſoon have another letter from *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

YOU ſee, my dear, how many important matters depended on the conduct and determination of the young baronet.

Lord L. was at this time in Scotland, where he had ſeen married two of his three

three ſiſters; and was buſying himſelf in putting his affairs in ſuch a way, as ſhould enable him to depend the leſs either on the juſtice or generoſity of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, whoſe beloved daughter he was impatient to call his.

Miſs Charlotte was abſolutely dependent upon her brother's generoſity; and both ſiſters had reaſon to be the more uneaſy, as it was now, in the worldly-wiſe way of thinking, become his *intereſt* to keep up the diſtance which their unhappy father had been ſolicitous to create between them, from a policy low, and entirely unworthy of him.

The unhappy Mrs. Oldham had already received a ſevere inſtance of the change of her fortune; and had no reaſon to doubt, but that the ſiſters, who had always from the time ſhe was ſet over them as their governeſs, looked upon her with an evil eye; and afterwards had but too juſt a pretence for their averſion; would inceníe againſt her a brother, whoſe fortune had been leſſened by his father's profuſion: the few relations ſhe had living, were people of honour, who had renounced all correſpondence with her, from the time ſhe had thrown herſelf ſo abſolutely into the power of Sir Thomas Grandiſon; and ſhe had three ſons to take care of.

Bever and Filmer, the Engliſh and Iriſh ſtewards, were attending Sir Charles's arrival with great impatience, in hopes he would ſign thoſe accounts of theirs, to which they had no reaſon to queſtion but his father would have ſet his hand, had he not been taken ſo ſuddenly ill, and remained delirious almoſt to the end of his life.

Miſs Obrien, her mother, and aunt, I ſhall mention in another place.

Lord W. had a great diſlike to his nephew, for no other reaſon, as I have ſaid, than becauſe he was his father's favourite. Yet were not his nieces likely to find their uncle more their friend for that. He was indeed almoſt entirely under the management of a woman, who had not either the birth, the education, the ſenſe, or moderation, of Mrs. Oldham, to put in the contrary ſcale againſt her loſt virtue; but abounded, it ſeems, in a low ſelfiſh cunning, by which ſhe never failed to carry every point ſhe ſet her heart upon: for, as is uſual, they ſay, with theſe keeping men, Lord W. would yield up, to avoid her teazing, what he would not have done to a wife of fortune and family, who might have been a credit to his own: but the *real ſlave* imagined himſelf maſter of his *liberty*; and ſat down ſatisfied with the ſound of the word.

The ſuſpended treaty of marriage with Lord N.'s ſiſter was alſo to be taken into conſideration, either to be proceeded with, or broken off, as ſhould be concluded by both parties.

This was the ſituation of affairs in the family, when Sir Charles arrived.

He returned not an anſwer to his ſiſter's notification of his father's danger; but immediately ſet out for Calais, embarked, and the ſame day arrived at the houſe of his late father in St. James's Square. His ſiſters concluded, that he would be in town nearly as ſoon as a letter could come; they therefore every hour, for two days together, expected him.

Judge, my dear, from the foregoing circumſtances, (ſiſterly love out of the queſtion, which yet it could not be) how awful muſt be to them, after eight or nine years abſence, the firſt appearance of a brother, on whom the whole of their fortunes depended; and to whom they had been accuſed by a father, now ſo lately departed, of want of duty; their brother's duty unqueſtionable!

In the *ſame* moment he alighted from his poſt-chaiſe, the door was opened; he entered; and his two ſiſters met him in the hall.

The graceful youth of ſeventeen, with fine curling auburn locks waving upon his ſhoulders; delicate in complexion; intelligence ſparkling in his fine free eyes; and good-humour ſweetening his lively features; they remembered: and, forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripened in the ſame ſpace of time, they ſeemed not to expect that manly ſtature and air, and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, which every one who ſees this brother, admires in his noble aſpect; an aſpect then appearing more ſolemn than uſual; an unburied and beloved father in his thoughts.

'O my brother,' ſaid Caroline, with open arms; but, ſhrinking from his embrace;

embrace; 'May I say, my brother?' —and was just fainting. He clasped her in his arms, to support her—

Charlotte, surprized at her sister's emotion, and affected with his presence, ran back into the room they had both quitted, and threw herself upon a settee.

Her brother followed her into the room, his arm round Miss Caroline's waist, soothing her; and with eyes of expectation, 'My Charlotte!' said he, his inviting hand held out, and hastening towards the settee. She then found her feet; and throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both sisters to his bosom: 'Receive, my dearest sisters, receive your brother, your friend; assure yourselves of my unabated love.'

That assurance, they said, was balm to their hearts; and when each was seated, he, sitting over-against them, looked first on one, then on the other; and, taking each by the hand, 'Charming women!' said he; 'how I admire my sisters! You *must* have minds answerable to your persons. What pleasure, what pride, shall I take in my sisters!'

'My dear Charlotte!' said Miss Caroline, taking her sister's other hand, 'has not our brother, now we see him near, all the brother in his aspect? His goodness only looks stronger, and more perfect: what was I afraid of?'

'*My* heart also sunk,' said Charlotte; 'I know not why. But we feared—Indeed, Sir, we both feared —O my brother!'—Tears trickling down the cheeks of each—'We meant not to be *undutiful*—'

'Love your brother, my sisters, as he will endeavour to deserve your love. My mother's daughters could not be undutiful! Mistake only!—Unhappy misapprehension! We have all something—Shades as well as lights there must be!—A kind, a dutiful veil—'

He pressed the hand of each with his lips, arose, went to the window, and drew out his handkerchief.

What must he have had in his thoughts? No doubt, but his father's unhappy turn, and recent departure! No wonder, that such a son could not, without pious emotion, bear the reflections that must crowd into his mind at that instant!

Then turning towards them, 'Permit me, my dear sisters,' said he, 'to retire for a few moments.' He turned his face from them. 'My father,' said he, 'demands this tribute. I will not ask *your* excuse, my sisters.'

They joined in the payment of it; and waited on him to his apartment, with silent respect. 'No ceremony, I hope, my Caroline—my Charlotte. We were true sisters and brother a few years ago. See your Charles as you saw him then. Let not absence, which has increased my love, lessen yours.'

Each sister took a hand, and would have kissed it. He clasped his arms about them both, and saluted them.

He cast his eye on his father's and mother's pictures with some emotion; then on them, and again saluted each.

They withdrew. He waited on them to the stairs head. 'Sweet obligingness! Amiable sisters! In a quarter of an hour I seek your presence.'

Tears of joy trickled down their cheeks. In half an hour he joined them in another dress, and re-saluted his sisters with an air of tenderness, that banished fear, and left room for nothing but sisterly love.

Mr. Grandison came in soon after. That gentleman, who (as I believe I once before mentioned) had affected, in support of his own free way of life, to talk how he would laugh at his cousin Charles, when he came to England, on his *pious* turn, as he called it; and even to boast, that he would enter him into the town diversions, and make a *man* of him; was struck with the dignity of his person, and yet charmed with the freedom of his behaviour. 'Good God!' said he to the ladies afterwards, 'what a fine young man is your brother!—What a self-denier was your father!'—

The ladies retiring, Mr. Grandison entered upon the circumstances of Sir Thomas's illness and death; which, he told his sisters, he touched *tenderly*: as tenderly, I suppose, as a man of his unfeeling heart *could* touch such a subject. He inveighed against Mrs. Oldham; and with some exultation over her, told his cousin what they had done as

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Plate VII. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Dec. 14 1782.

to her: and exclaimed against her for the ſtate ſhe had lived in; and the difficulty ſhe made to reſign Sir Thomas to his daughters care in his illneſs; and particularly for preſuming to inſiſt upon putting her ſeal with theirs to the cabinets and cloſets, where they ſuppoſed were any valuables.

Sir Charles heard all this without ſaying one word, either of approbation or otherwiſe.

'Are you not pleaſed with what we 'have done, as to this vile woman, 'Sir Charles?'

'I have no doubt, couſin,' replied Sir Charles, 'that every thing was de-'ſigned for the beſt.'

And then Mr. Grandiſon, as he told the ſiſters, ridiculed the unhappy woman on her grief, and mortified behaviour, when ſhe was obliged to quit the houſe, where, he ſaid, ſhe had reigned ſo long Lady Paramount?

Sir Charles aſked, if they had ſearched for or found a will?

Mr. Grandiſon ſaid, they had looked in every probable place; but found none.

'What I think to do, couſin,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'is, to inter the venerable 'remains (I muſt always ſpeak in this 'dialect, Sir) with thoſe of my mo-'ther. This, I know, was his de-'ſire. I will have an elegant, but 'not ſumptuous, monument erected 'to the memory of both, with a mo-'deſt inſcription, that ſhall rather be 'matter of inſtruction to the living, 'than a panegyrick on the departed. 'The funeral ſhall be decent, but not 'oſtentatious. The difference in the 'expence ſhall be privately applied to 'relieve or aſſiſt diſtreſſed houſekeepers, 'or ſome of my father's poor tenants, 'who have large families, and have not 'been wanting in their honeſt endea-'vours to maintain them. My ſiſters, 'I hope, will not think themſelves 'neglected, if I ſpare them the pain of 'conferring with them on a ſubject that 'muſt afflict them.'

Theſe ſentiments were new to Mr. Grandiſon. He told the ſiſters what Sir Charles had ſaid. 'I did not con-'tradict him,' ſaid he; 'but as Sir 'Thomas had ſo magnificent a mind, 'and always lived up to it, I ſhould 'have thought he ought to have been 'honoured with a magnificent funeral. 'But I cannot but own, however, that 'what your brother ſaid, had ſome-'thing great and noble in it.'

The two ladies, on their brother's hinting his intentions to them, acquieſced with all he propoſed; and all was performed according to his directions which he himſelf wrote down. He allowed of his ſiſters compliance with the faſhion: but he in perſon ſaw performed, with equal piety and decorum, the laſt offices.

Sir Charles is noted for his great dexterity in buſineſs. Were I to expreſs myſelf in the language of Miſs Grandiſon, I ſhould ſay, that 'a ſun-beam is not more penetrating.' He goes to the bottom of an affair at once, and wants but to hear both ſides of a queſtion to determine; and when he determines, his execution can only be ſtaid by perverſe accidents, that lie out of the reach of human foreſight: and when he finds *that* to be the caſe, yet the thing right to be done, he changes his methods of proceeding; as a man would do, who finding himſelf unable to purſue his journey by one road, becauſe of a ſudden inundation, takes another, which, though a little about, carries him home in ſafety.

As ſoon as the ſolemnity was over, Sir Charles, leaving every thing at Grandiſon Hall as he found it, and the ſeals unbroken, came to town, and, in the preſence of his ſiſters, broke the ſeals that had been affixed to the cabinets and eſcritores in the houſe there.

The ladies told him, that their bills were ready for his inſpection; and that they had a balance in their hands. His anſwer was, 'I hope, my ſiſters 'we ſhall have but one intereſt. It 'is for you to make demands upon 'me, and for me to anſwer them as I 'ſhall be able.'

He made memorandums of the contents of many papers, with ſurprizing expedition; and then locked them up. He found a bank-note of 350 l. in the private drawer of one of the bureaus in the apartment that was his father's. 'Be pleaſed, my ſiſter,' ſaid he, preſenting it to Miſs Caroline, 'to add 'that to the money in your hands, to 'anſwer family calls.'

He then went with his ſiſters to the houſe in Eſſex. When there, he told them, it was neceſſary for Mrs. Oldham (who had lodgings at a neighbouring

touring farm-house) to be present at the breaking of the seals, as she had been invited; and accordingly sent for her.

They desired to be excused seeing her.

'It will be a concern to me,' said he, 'to see her: but what *ought* to be done, must be done.'

The poor woman came with fear and trembling.

You will not, Lucy, be displeased with an account of what passed on the occasion. I was very attentive to it, as given by Miss Grandison, whose memory was aided by the recollection of her sister. And, as I am used to aim at giving affecting scenes in the very words of the persons, as near as I can, to make them appear lively and natural, you will expect that I should attempt to do so in this case.

Sir Charles, not expecting Mrs. Oldham would be there so soon, was in his stud with his groom and coachman, looking upon his horses: for there were most of the hunters and racers, some of the finest beasts in the kingdom.

By the mistake of Miss Caroline's maid, the poor woman was shewn into the room where the two ladies were. She was in great confusion; curtsied; wept; and stood, as well as she could stand; but leaned against the tapestry-hung wall.

'How came this?' said Miss Caroline to her maid. '*She* was not to be shewn into us.'

'I beg pardon,' curtseying, and was for withdrawing; but stopt on Charlotte's speech to her.—'*My brother* sent for you, Madam—Not *we*, I assure you.—He says it is necessary, as you thought fit to put your seal with ours to the locked-up places, that you should be present at the breaking them. Yet he will see you with as much pain as you give us. Prepare yourself to see him. You seem mighty unfit—No wonder!'

You have heard, Lucy, that Charlotte attributes a great deal of alteration for the better in her temper, and even in her heart, to the example of her brother.

'Indeed, I *am* unfit, *very* unfit,' said the poor woman. 'Let me, ladies, bespeak your generosity: a little of your pity; a little of your countenance. I am, indeed, an unhappy woman!'

'And so you deserve to be.'

'I am sure *we* are the sufferers,' said Caroline.

Lord L. as she owned, was then in her head, as well as heart.

'If I may withdraw without seeing Sir Charles, I should take it for a favour. I find I cannot bear to see him. I insist not upon being present at the breaking the seals. I throw myself upon your mercy, ladies, and upon his.'

Cruel girls! shall I call them, Lucy? I think I will—*Cruel* girls! They asked her not to sit down, though they saw the terror she was in: and that she had the modesty to forbear sitting in their presence.

What an humbling thing is the consciousness of having lived faulty, when calamity seizes upon the heart!—But shall not virtue be appeased, when the hand of God is acknowledged in the words, countenance, and behaviour, of the offender! Yet, perhaps, it is hard for sufferers—Let me consider—Have I from my heart, forgiven Sir Hargrave Pollexfen?—I will examine into that another time.

'And so you have put yourself into mourning, Madam?'

Shall I say, that Caroline said this, and what follows? Yet I am glad it was not Charlotte, methinks; for Caroline thought herself a sufferer by her, in an especial manner—However, I am sorry it was either.

'Pretty *deep* too! Your weeds, I suppose, are at your lodgings—'

You have been told, Lucy, that Mrs. Oldham by many was called Lady Grandison; and that her birth, her education, good sense, though all was not sufficient to support her virtue against necessity and temptation, (poor woman!) might have given her a claim to the title.

'Indeed, ladies, I am a *real* mourner: but I never myself assumed a character, to which it was never in my thought to solicit a right.'

'Then *Madam*, the world does you injustice, *Madam*,' said Charlotte.

'Here, ladies, are the keys of the stores; of the confectionary; of the wine vaults: you demanded them not, when you dismissed me from this house. I thought to send them: but

'but by the time I could provide myself with a lodging, you were gone; and left only two common ſervants, beſides the groom and helpers: and I thought it was beſt to keep the keys, till I could deliver them to your order, or Sir Charles's. I have not been a bad manager, ladies, conſidered as a houſekeeper. All I have in the world is under the ſeals. I am at yours and your brother's mercy.'

The ſiſters ordered their woman to take the keys, and bring them to the foot of their thrones.—Dear ladies, forgive me, if you ſhould, by ſurprize, ſee this. I know that you think and act in a different manner now!

'Here comes my brother!' ſaid Caroline.

'You'll ſoon know, Madam, what you have to truſt to from *him*,' ſaid Charlotte.

The poor woman trembled, and turned pale. O how her heart muſt throb!

LETTER XX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SIR Charles entered. She was near the door. His ſiſters were at the other end of the room.

He bowed to her—'Mrs. Oldham, 'I preſume,' ſaid he—'Pray, Madam, 'be ſeated. I ſent to you, that you 'might ſee the ſeals—Pray, Madam, 'ſit down.'

He took her hand, and led her to a chair not far diſtant from them; and ſat down in one between them and her.

His ſiſters owned, they were ſtartled at his complaiſance to her. Dear ladies; they forgot, at that moment, that *mercy* and *juſtice* are ſiſter-graces, and cannot be ſeparated in a virtuous boſom.

'Pray, Madam, compoſe yourſelf;' looking upon her with eyes of anguiſh and pity mingled, as the ladies ſaid, they afterwards recollected with more approbation than at the time. What, my Lucy, muſt be the reflections of this humane man, reſpecting his father, and her, at that moment!

He turned to his ſiſters, as if to give Mrs. Oldham time to recover herſelf. A flood of tears relieved her. She tried to ſuppreſs her audible ſobs, and, moſt conſiderately, he would not hear them. Her emotions attracting the eyes of the ladies, he took them off, by aſking them ſomething about a picture that hung on the other ſide of the room.

He then drew his chair nearer to her, and again taking her trembling hand—'I am not a ſtranger to your me'lancholy ſtory, Mrs. Oldham—Be 'not diſcompoſed—'

He ſtopt to give her a few moments time to recover herſelf—Reſuming; 'See in me a friend, ready to thank 'you for all your paſt good offices, 'and to forget all miſtaken ones.'

She could not bear this. She threw herſelf at his feet. He raiſed her to her chair.

'Poor Mr. Oldham,' ſaid he, 'was 'unhappily careleſs! Yet I have been 'told he loved you, and that you merit'ed his love—Your misfortunes threw 'you into the knowledge of our fami'ly. You have been a faithful ma'nager of the affairs of this houſe—'By written evidences I can juſtify 'you; evidences that no one here will, 'I am ſure, diſpute.'

It was plain that his father had written in her praiſe, as an œconomiſt; the only light in which this pious ſon was then willing to conſider her.

'Indeed, I have—And I would 'ſtill have been—'

'No more of that, Madam. Mr. 'Grandiſon, who is a good-natured 'man, but a little haſty, has told me 'that he treated you with unkindneſs. 'He owns you were patient under it. 'Patience never yet was a ſolitary vir'tue. He thought you wrong for 'inſiſting to put your ſeal; but he 'was miſtaken: you did right, as 'to the thing; and I dare ſay, a 'woman of your prudence did not 'wrong in the manner. No one can 'judge properly of another, that can'not be that very other in imagina'tion, when he takes the judgment-'ſeat.'

'O my brother! O my brother!'—ſaid both ladies at one time—half in admiration, though half-concerned, at a goodneſs ſo eclipſing.

'Bear with me, my ſiſters. We 'have *all* ſomething to be forgiven 'for.'

They knew not how far they were concerned, in his opinion, in the admonition, from what their father had written of *them*. They owned, that they were mortified: yet knew not how to be angry with a brother, who, though more than an equal ſufferer with them, could preſerve *his* charity.

He then made a motion, dinner-time, as he ſaid, not being near, for chocolate: and referred to Mrs. Oldham to direct it, as knowing beſt where every thing was. She referred to the delivered-up keys. Caroline called in her ſervant, and gave them to her. Sir Charles deſired Mrs. Oldham to be ſo good as to direct the maid.

The ladies eaſily ſaw, that he intended by this, to relieve the poor woman by ſome little employment; and to take the opportunity of her abſence, to endeavour to reconcile them to his intentions, as well as manner of behaving to her.

The moment ſhe was gone out of the room, he thus addreſſed himſelf to the ladies:

'My dear ſiſters, let me beg of you 'to think favourably of me on this 'occaſion. I would not diſoblige 'you for the world. I conſider not 'the caſe of this poor woman, on the 'foot of her own merits, with regard 'to us. Our father's memory, is 'concerned. Was *he* accountable to 'us, was *ſhe*, for what each did?—'Neither of them was. She is in'titled to juſtice, for it's own ſake; 'to generoſity, for ours; to kind'neſs, for my father's. Mr. Gran'diſon accuſed her of living in too 'much ſtate, as he called it. Can 'that be ſaid to be *her* fault? With 'regard to *us*, was it *any-body's?* 'My father's magnificent ſpirit is 'well known. He was often at this 'houſe. Wherever he was, he lived 'in the ſame taſte. He praiſes to me 'Mrs. Oldham's œconomy in ſeveral 'of his letters. He had a right to do 'what he would with his own for'tune. It was not *ours* till now. 'Whatever he *has* left us, he might 'have ſtill leſſened it. That œcono'my is all that concerns us in inte'reſt; and that is in her favour. If 'any act of kindneſs to my ſiſters was 'wanting from the parent, they will 'rejoice, that they *deſerved* what they 'hoped to meet with from him: and 'where the parent had an option, they 'will be glad, that they acquieſced 'under it. He could have given Mrs. 'Oldham a title to a name that would 'have commanded our reſpect, if not 'our reverence. My ſiſters have en'larged minds: they are daughters 'of the moſt charitable, the moſt for'giving of women. Mr. Grandiſon '(it could not be *you*) has carried too 'ſevere a hand towards her. Yet he 'meant ſervice to us all. I was will'ing, before I commended this poor 'woman to your *mercy*, (ſince it was 'neceſſary to ſee her) to judge of her 'behaviour. Is ſhe not humbled 'enough? From my ſoul I pity her. 'She loved my father; and I have no 'doubt but mourns for him in ſecret; 'yet dares not own, dares not plead, 'her love. I am willing to conſider 'her only as one who has executed a 'principal office in this houſe: it be'comes us ſo to behave to her, as 'that the world ſhould think we con'ſider her in that light only. As to 'the *living proofs*, (unhappy inno'cents!) I am concerned, that what 'are the delight of other parents, are 'the diſgrace of this. But let *us* not, 'by reſentments, publiſh faults that 'could not be *hers only*.—Need I ſay 'more?—It would pain me to be 'obliged to it. With pain have I ſaid 'thus much—The circumſtances of 'the caſe are ſuch, that I cannot give 'it it's full force. I aſk it of you as 'a favour, not as a right, (I ſhould 'hate myſelf, were I capable of 'exerting to the utmoſt any power that 'may be devolved upon me) that you 'will be ſo good as to leave the con'duct of this affair to me. You will 'greatly oblige me, if you can give 'me your chearful acquieſcence.'

They anſwered by tears. They could not ſpeak.

By this time Mrs. Oldham returned; and, in an humble manner, offered chocolate to each young lady. They bent their necks, not their bodies, with cold civility, as they owned; each extending her ſtately hand, as if ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould put it out or not.

Methinks I ſee them. How could ſuch gracious girls be ſo ungracious, after what Sir Charles had ſaid!

Their brother, they ſaw, ſeemed diſpleaſed.

diſpleaſed. He took the ſalver from Mrs. Oldham. 'Pray, Madam, ſit 'down,' ſaid he, offering her a diſh, which ſhe declined; and held the toaſted bread to his ſiſters, who then were ready enough to take each ſome—And when they had drank their chocolate; 'Now, Mrs. Oldham,' ſaid he, 'I will attend you—Siſters, you 'will give me your company.'

They aroſe to follow him. The poor woman curtſied, I warrant, and ſtood by while they paſſed: and methinks I ſee the dear girls bridle, and walk as ſtately, and as upright, as Ducheſſes may be ſuppoſed to do in a coronation-proceſſion.

Miſs Grandiſon acknowledged, that ſhe grudged her brother's extraordinary complaiſance to Mrs. Oldham; and ſaid to her ſiſter, as arm in arm they went out, 'Politeneſs is a charming 'thing, Caroline!'

'I don't quite underſtand it,' replied the other.

They did not intend their brother ſhould hear what they ſaid: but he did; and turned back to them, (Mrs. Oldham being at diſtance, and, on his ſpeaking low, dropping ſtill farther behind them:) 'Don't you, my 'ſiſters, do too little, and I will not 'do too much. She is a gentlewoman. 'She is unhappy from *within*. Thank 'God, *you* are not. And ſhe is not 'now, nor ever was, your ſervant.'

They reddened, and looked upon each other in ſome confuſion.

He preſſed each of their hands, as in love. 'Don't let me give you 'concern,' ſaid he; 'only permit me 'to remind you, while it is yet in 'time, that you have an opportunity 'given you to ſhew yourſelves Grandiſons.'

When they came to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, and which was his uſual apartment, Mrs. Oldham turned pale, and begged to be excuſed attending them in it. She wept. 'You will find every thing 'there, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'to be as it 'ought. I am ready to anſwer all 'queſtions. Permit me to wait in the 'adjoining drawing-room.'

Sir Charles allowed her requeſt.

'Poor woman!' ſaid he: 'How 'unhappily circumſtanced is ſhe, that 'ſhe dares not, in *this* company, ſhew 'the tenderneſs, which is the glory, 'not only of the female, but of the 'human nature!'

In one of the cabinets in that chamber they found a beautiful little caſket, and a paper wafered upon the back of it; with theſe words written in Sir Thomas's hand, '*My wife's jewels*,' &c.

The key was tied to one of the ſilver handles.

'Had you not my mother's jewels 'divided between you?' aſked he.

'My father once ſhewed us this 'caſket at Grandiſon Hall,' anſwered Caroline. 'We thought it was ſtill 'there.'

'My dear ſiſters, let me aſk you: 'Did my father forbear preſenting theſe 'to you, from any declared *miſapprehenſion* of your want of duty to 'him?'

'No,' replied Miſs Caroline. 'But 'he told us, they ſhould be ours when 'we married. You have heard, I 'dare ſay, that he was not fond of 'ſeeing us dreſſed.'

'It muſt have been *miſapprehenſion* 'only, had it been ſo. You could 'not be undutiful to a *father*.'

He would not permit it to be opened before him: but, preſenting it to them, 'Receive your right, my ſiſters. It is 'heavy. I hope there is more than 'jewels in it. I know that my mother 'uſed to depoſit in it her little hoard. 'I am ſure there can be no diſpute 'between ſuch affectionate ſiſters, on 'the partition of the contents of this 'caſket.'

While their brother was taking minutes of papers, the ladies retired to open this caſket.

They found three purſes in it; in one of which was an India bond of 500l. incloſed in a paper, thus inſcribed by Lady Grandiſon—'*From 'my maiden money.*' 120 Carolus's were alſo in this purſe in two papers; the one inſcribed, '*From my aunt 'Molly*,' the other, '*From my aunt 'Kitty*.'

In the ſecond purſe were 115 Jacobus's, in a paper, thus inſcribed by the ſame lady, '*Preſents made at dif-'ferent times by my honoured Mamma, 'Lady W.*' three Bank-notes, and an India-bond, to the amount of 300l.

The third purſe was thus labelled, as Lady L. ſhewed me by a copy ſhe had of it in her memorandum book.

" *For my beloved ſon*: in acknow-
" ledgment of his duty to his
" father and me from infancy to
" this hour Jan. 1, 17 . . .—
" Of his love to his ſiſters—Of
" the generoſity of his temper;
" never once having taken ad-
" vantage of the indulgence ſhewn
" him by parents ſo fond of him,
" that, as the only ſon of an
" ancient family, he might have
" done what he pleaſed with them
" —Of his love of truth: and of
" his modeſty, courage, benevo-
" lence, ſteadineſs of mind, do-
" cility, and other great and
" amiable qualities, by which he
" gives a moral aſſurance of
" making A GOOD MAN—
" GOD grant it. Amen!"

The ladies immediately carried this purſe, thus labelled, to their brother. He took it; read the label, turning his face from his ſiſters, as he read;—'Excellent woman!' ſaid he, when he had read it, '*Being dead, ſhe ſpeaks*—May her pious prayer be anſwered!' looking up. Then opening the purſe, he found five coronation medals of different princes in it, and ſeveral others of value; a gold ſnuff-box, in which, wrapt in cotton, were three diamond rings; one ſignified to be his grandfather's; the two others, an uncle's and brother's of Lady Grandiſon: but what was more valuable to him than all the reſt, the ladies ſaid, was a miniature picture of his mother, ſet in gold; an admirable likeneſs, they told me; and they would get their brother to let me ſee it.

Neglecting all the reſt, he eagerly took it out of the ſhagreen caſe; gazed at it in ſilence; kiſſed it; a tear falling from his eye. He then put it to his heart: withdrew for a few moments; and returned with a chearful aſpect.

The ladies told him what was in the other two purſes. They ſaid they made no ſcruple of accepting the jewels; but the bonds, the notes, and the money, they offered to him.

He aſked, If there were no particular direction upon either? They anſwered, 'No.'

He took them; and emptying them upon the table, mingled the contents of both together. 'There may be a 'difference in the value of each: thus 'mingled, you, my ſiſters, will equally 'divide them between you. This pic-'ture (putting his hand on his boſom, 'where it yet was) is of infinite more 'value than all the three purſes con-'tained beſides.'

You will excuſe theſe particularities, my dear friends: but if you do not, I can't help it. We are all apt, I believe, to purſue the ſubjects that moſt delight us. Don't grudge me my pleaſure? Perhaps I ſhall pay for it. I admire this man more than I can expreſs.

Saturday night—And *no* Sir Charles Grandiſon. With all my heart!

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WHEN Sir Charles and his ſiſters had looked over every other place in his father's apartment, they followed Mrs. Oldham to hers.

'A very handſome apartment, upon 'my word!'

How *could* Miſs Grandiſon—She knew the ſituation the unhappy woman had been in: miſtreſs of that houſe.

Her brother looked at her.

Mrs. Oldham ſhewed them which of the furniture and pictures (ſome of the latter valuable ones) ſhe had brought into the houſe, ſaved, as ſhe ſaid, from the wreck of her huſband's fortune.—'But,' ſaid ſhe, 'with the conſent of 'creditors. I, for *my* part, did not 'wrong any body.

'In that cloſet, Sir,' continued ſhe, pointing to it, 'is all that I account 'myſelf worth in the world. Mr. 'Grandiſon was pleaſed to put his ſeal 'upon the door. I beſought him to 'let me take 50l. out of it; having 'but very little money about me; but 'he would not: his refuſal, beſides 'the diſgrace, has put me to ſome 'ſhifts. But, weeping, I throw my-'ſelf upon your mercy, Sir.'

The ſiſters frankly owned, that they hardened each other by fault-finding. They whiſpered, that ſhe expected no mercy from *them*, it was plain. O what a glory belongs to goodneſs, as well in it's influences, as in itſelf! Not even theſe two amiable ſiſters, as Miſs Charlotte once acknowledged, were

were ſo noble in themſelves before their brother's arrival, as they are now.

'Aſſure yourſelf of juſtice, Madam,' ſaid Sir Charles. 'Mr. Grandiſon is 'haſty: but he would have done you 'juſtice, I dare ſay. He thought he 'was acting for a truſt.—You may 'have letters, you may have things, 'here in this cloſet, that we have no 'buſineſs with.' Then, breaking the ſeal; 'I leave it to you, to ſhew us 'any thing proper for us to take ac-'count of. The reſt I wiſh not to ſee.'

'My ladies, Sir—They will be 'pleaſed to—'

'YES, Mrs. Oldham,' ſaid Caroline: and was putting herſelf before her brother, and ſo was her ſiſter, while Sir Charles was withdrawing from the cloſet: but he took each by her hand, interrupting Caroline—

'NO, *Mrs. Oldham.*—Do you lay 'out things as you pleaſe: we will ſtep 'into the next apartment.'

He accordingly led them both out.

'You are very generous, Sir,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon,

'I *would* be ſo, Charlotte. Ought 'not the private drawers of women to 'be ſacred?'

'But ſuch a *creature*, Sir—' ſaid Miſs Caroline—

'Every creature is intitled to juſtice. '—Can ladies forget decorum? You 'ſee ſhe was ſurprized by Mr. Gran-'diſon. She has ſuffered diſgrace: 'has been put to difficulties.'

'Well, Sir, if ſhe will do *juſtice*—'

'Remember,' (with looks of meaning) 'whoſe *houſekeeper* ſhe was.'

They owned they were daunted, ['And ſo, dear ladies, you ought to 'have been!'] but not convinced at that inſtant. 'It is generous to own 'this, ladies; becauſe the behaviour 'makes not for your honour.'

Mrs. Oldham, with tears in her eyes, came curtſeying to the ladies and their brother, offering to conduct them into her cloſet. They found, that ſhe had ſpread on her table in it, and in the two windows, and in the chairs, letters, papers, laces, fine linen, *&c.*

'Theſe papers, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'be-'long to you. I was *bid* to keep them 'ſafe.' [Poor woman! ſhe knew not how to ſay, *by whom* bid.] 'You will 'ſee, Sir, the ſeals are whole.'

'Perhaps a *will*,' ſaid he.

'No, Sir, I believe not. I was told 'they belonged to the Iriſh eſtate.

'Alas!' and ſhe wiped her eyes, 'I 'have reaſon to think, there was not 'time for a will.'—

'I ſuppoſe, Mrs. Oldham, you '*urged* for a will—' ſaid Miſs Charlotte.

'Indeed, ladies, I often did; I 'own it.'

'I don't doubt it,' ſaid Miſs Caroline.

'And very *prudently*,' ſaid Sir Charles. 'I myſelf have always had a will by 'me. *I* ſhould think it a kind of *pre-'ſumption* to be a week without one.'

'In this drawer, Sir, are the money, 'and notes, and ſecurities, that I have 'been getting together; I do aſſure 'you, Sir, very honeſtly:'—pulling out a drawer in the cabinet.

'To what amount, Mrs. Oldham, 'if I may be *ſo bold?*' aſked Caroline.

'No matter, ſiſter Caroline, to what 'amount,' ſaid Sir Charles. 'You 'hear Mrs. Oldham ſay, they are ho-'neſtly got together. I dare ſay, that 'my father's bounty enabled even his 'meaneſt *ſervants* to ſave money. I 'would not keep one that I thought 'did not.—I make no compariſons, 'Mrs. Oldham: you are a gentlewo-'man.'

The two ladies only whiſpered to each other, as they owned, '*So we 'think!*'—Were there ever ſuch perverſe girls? I am afraid my uncle will think himſelf juſtified by them on this occaſion, when he aſſerts, that it is one of the moſt difficult things in the world to put a woman right, when ſhe ſets out wrong. If it be generally ſo with us, I am ſure we ought to be very careful of prepoſſeſſion.—And has he not ſaid, Lucy, that the beſt women, when wrong, are moſt tenacious? It may be ſo: but then, I hope, he will allow, that at the time they *think* themſelves right.

'I believe there is near 1200l.' ſaid Mrs. Oldham; and looked, the ladies obſerved, as if ſhe was afraid of their cenſures.

'Near 1200l. Mrs. Oldham!' ſaid Miſs Charlotte.—'Lord, ſiſter, how 'glad would we have been ſometimes 'of as many ſhillings between us!'

'And what, Caroline—what, Char-'lotte, young ladies as you were, only

'growing

'growing up into women, and in your 'father's houſe, would you have done 'with more than current money? Now 'you have a claim to independency, I 'hope that 1200l. will not be the ſum 'of either of your ſtores!'

They curtſied, they ſaid; but yet thought 1200l. a great ſaving.—Dear ladies! how could you forget, and what a pain would it have been for your brother to have reminded you, that Mrs. Oldham had *two* children; to ſay nothing of a third!

Trembling, as they owned, 'Here,' ſaid ſhe, 'in this private drawer, are 'ſome preſents.—I diſclaim them. If 'you believe me, ladies, I never wiſhed 'for them. I never was ſeen in them 'but once. I never ſhall wear them.'—Offering to pull out the drawer.

'Forbear, Mrs. Oldham. Preſents 'are yours. The money in that drawer 'is yours. Never will I either diſpa-'rage or diminiſh my father's bounty. 'He had a right to do as he pleaſed. 'Have not we, to do as we pleaſe? 'Had he made a will, would they not 'have been yours?—If you, Mrs. 'Oldham—if you, my ſiſters, can tell 'me of any thing he but intended or 'inclined to do by any one of his peo-'ple, that intention will I execute with 'as much exactneſs, as if he had made 'a will, and it was part of it. Shall 'we do nothing but *legal* juſtice?—'The law was not made for a man of 'conſcience.'

Lord bleſs me, my Lucy! what ſhall I do about this man?

* *

HERE (would you believe it?) I laid down my pen; pondered, and wept for *joy*; I think, it *was* for joy, that there is ſuch a young man in the world; for what elſe could it be?—And now, with a watry eye, twinkle, twinkle, do I reſume it.

His ſiſters owned, they were confounded; but that ſtill the time was to come when they were to approve, from their hearts, of what he ſaid and did.

Mrs. Oldham wept at his goodneſs. She wept, I make no doubt alſo, as a penitent.—'If my ladies,' ſaid ſhe, 'will be pleaſed to—' And ſeemed to be about making an offer to them—of the jewels, as I ſuppoſe.

'My ſiſters, Mrs. Oldham,' ſaid Sir Charles, interrupting her, 'are 'Grandiſons. Pray, Madam—' holding in her hand, which was extended to the drawer—

She took out of another drawer 40l. and ſome ſilver. 'This, Sir, is money 'that belongs to you. I received it in 'Sir Thomas's illneſs. I have ſome 'other monies; and my accounts want-'ed but a few hours of being perfected, 'when I was diſmiſſed. They ſhall be 'compleated, and laid before you.'

'Let this money, Mrs. Oldham, be 'a part of thoſe accounts.' Declining, then, to take it.

'There are letters, Sir,' ſaid ſhe. 'I would with-hold nothing from you. 'I know not, if, among ſome things, 'that I wiſh not *any-body* to ſee, there 'are not concerns, that you ought to 'be made acquainted with, relating to 'perſons and things, particularly to 'Mr. Bever and Mr. Filmer, and their 'accounts. I *hope* they are good men. '—You muſt ſee theſe letters, I be-'lieve.'

'Let me deſire you, Mrs Oldham, 'to make ſuch extracts from thoſe let-'ters, or any others, as you think 'will concern me; and as ſoon as you 'can: for thoſe gentlemen have written 'to me to ſign their accounts; which, 'they hint, had my father's approba-'tion.'

She then told Sir Charles (as I have already related) how earneſt Mr. Bever was to get to the ſpeech of Sir Thomas; and how mortified Mr. Filmer was to find him incapable of writing his name; which both ſaid was all that was wanted.

'An honeſt man,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'fears not inſpection. They ſhall want 'no favour from me. I hope nothing 'but juſtice from them.'

She then ſhewed him ſome other papers; and, while he was turning them over, the ladies and ſhe withdrew to another apartment, in which, in two mahogany cheſts, was her wardrobe. They owned they were curious to inſpect it, as ſhe had always made a great figure. She was intending to oblige them; and had actually opened one of the cheſts, and, though reluctantly, taken out a gown, when Sir Charles entered.

He ſeemed diſpleaſed; and taking his

his ſiſters aſide, 'Tell me,' ſaid he, 'can what this poor woman ſeems to 'be about, proceed from her own mo- 'tion? I beg of you to ſay, you put 'her upon it. I would not have rea- 'ſon to imagine, that any woman, in 'ſuch circumſtances, could make a 'diſplay of her apparel.'

'Why, the motion is partly mine, 'I muſt needs ſay,' anſwered Charlotte.

'*Wholly*, I hope; and the compli- 'ance owing to the poor woman's 'mortified ſituation.—You are young 'women. You may not have con- 'ſidered this matter. Do you ima- 'gine, that your curioſity will yield 'you pleaſure? Don't you know what 'to expect from the magnificent and 'bountiful ſpirit of him, to whoſe 'memory you owe duty?'

They recollected themſelves, bluſh- ed, and deſired Mrs. Oldham to lock up the cheſt. She did; and ſeemed pleaſed to be excuſed from the mortify- ing taſk.

Ah, my Lucy, one thing I am afraid of; and that is, that Sir Charles Grandiſon, politely as he behaves to us all, thinks us women in general very con- temptible creatures. I wiſh I knew that he did; and that for two reaſons: that I might have ſomething to think him blameable for: and to have the pride of aſſuring myſelf, that he would be convinced of that fault, were he to be acquainted with my grandmamma, and aunt.

But, do you wonder, that the ſiſters, whoſe minds were thus opened and en- larged by the example of ſuch a bro- ther, blazing upon them all at once, as I may ſay, in manly goodneſs, on his return from abroad, whither he ſet out a ſtripling, ſhould, on all occa- ſions, break out into raptures, when- ever they mention THEIR brother?— Well may Miſs Grandiſon deſpiſe her lovers, when ſhe thinks of him and of them at the ſame time.

Sunday. Sir Charles is in town we hear: came thither but laſt night.— Nay, for that matter, his ſiſters are more vexed at him than I am.—But what pretence have I to be diſturbed? But I ſay of him, as I do of Lady D. he is ſo good, that one would be will- ing to ſtand well with him.—Then is he my *brother*, you know.

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

AFTER Sir Charles had inſpected into every thing in this houſe, and taken minutes of papers, letters, writings, &c. and locked up the plate, and other valuables, in one room, he ordered his ſervants to carry into Mrs. Oldham's apartment all that belonged to her; and gave her the key of that; and directed the houſekeeper to be aſſiſting to her in the removal of them, at her own time and pleaſure, and to ſuffer her to come and go, at all times, with freedom and civility, as if ſhe had never '*left the houſe*,' were his words.

How the poor woman curtſied and wept! The dear girls, I am afraid, then envied her—and perhaps expreſſed a grudging ſpirit; for they ſaid, this was their brother's addreſs to them at the time:

'You may look upon the juſtice I 'aim at doing to perſons who can 'claim *only* juſtice from me, as an 'earneſt, that I will do *more* than juſ- 'tice to my beloved ſiſters: and you 'ſhould have been the firſt to have 'found the fruits of the love I bear 'you, had I not been afraid, that 'prudence would have narrowed my 'intentions. The moment I know 'what I can do, I will do it; and 'I requeſt you to hope largely: if I 'have ability, I will exceed your 'hopes.

'My dear ſiſters,' continued he, and took one hand of each, 'I am 'ſorry, for your *ſpirits* ſake, that you 'are left in my power. The beſt of 'women was always afraid it would 'be ſo. But the moment I can, I 'will give you an abſolute independ- 'ence on your brother, that your ac- 'tions and conduct may be all your 'own.'

'Surely, Sir,' ſaid Caroline, (and they both wept) 'we muſt think it the 'higheſt felicity, that we *are* in the 'power of ſuch a brother. As to our '*ſpirits*, Sir—'

She would have ſaid more, but could not; and Charlotte took it up where her ſiſter left off: 'Beſt of brothers,' ſaid ſhe, 'our *ſpirits* ſhall, as much 'as poſſible, (I can anſwer for both) 'be

'be guided hereafter by yours. For-
'give what you have ſeen amiſs in us.
'—But we *deſire* to depend upon our
'good behaviour. We cannot, we
'will not, be independent of you.'

'We will talk of theſe matters,' replied he, 'when we can do *more* than 'talk. I will aſk you, Caroline, 'after your inclinations—and you, 'Charlotte, after *yours*—in the ſame 'hour that I know what I can do for 'you both, in the way of promoting 'them. Enter, mean time, upon your 'meaſures; reckon upon my beſt 'aſſiſtance; baniſh ſuſpenſe. One of 'my firſt pleaſures will be, to ſee you 'both happily married.'

They did not *ſay*, when they related this to me, that they threw themſelves at his feet, as to their better father, as well as brother: but I fancy they *did*.

He afterwards, at parting with Mrs. Oldham, ſaid, 'I would be glad to 'know, Madam, how you diſpoſe of 'yourſelf: every unhappy perſon has 'a right to the good offices of thoſe 'who are leſs embarraſſed. When you 'are ſettled, pray let me know the 'manner: and if you acquaint me 'with the ſtate of your affairs, and 'what you propoſe to do for and with 'thoſe who are intitled to your firſt 'care, your confidence in me will not 'be miſplaced.'

'And pray, and pray,' aſked I of the ladies, 'what ſaid Mrs. Oldham? 'How did ſhe behave upon this?'

'Our Harriet is ſtrangely taken with 'Mrs. Oldham's ſtory,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.—'Why, ſhe wept plenti-'fully, you may be ſure. She claſped 'her hands, and kneeled to pray to 'God to bleſs him, and all that.—'She could not do otherwiſe.'

See Lucy!—But am I, my grandmamma—am I, my aunt, to blame? Is it inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt virtue to be charmed with ſuch a ſtory?—May not virtue itſelf pity the lapſed?—O yes, it may! I am ſure, you, and Sir Charles Grandiſon, will ſay it may. A while ago, I thought myſelf a poor creature, compared to theſe two ladies: but now I *believe* I am as good as they in ſome things.—But *they* had not ſuch a grandmamma and aunt as I am bleſſed with: *they* loſt their excellent mother while they were young; and their brother is but lately come over; and his ſuperior excellence, like ſun-ſhine, breaking out on a ſudden, finds out, and brings to ſight, thoſe ſpots and freckles, that were hardly before diſcoverable.

Sir Charles deſired Mrs. Oldham would give in writing what ſhe propoſed to do for herſelf, and for thoſe *who were under her care*. She did, at her firſt opportunity. It was, That ſhe purpoſed going to London, for the ſake of the young people's education; of turning into money what jewels, cloaths, and plate, ſhe ſhould think above her then ſituation in life; of living retired in a little genteel houſe; and ſhe gave in an eſtimate of her worth; to what amount the ladies knew not; but this they know, that their brother allows her an annuity, for the ſake of her ſons by his father; and they doubt not but he will be ſtill kinder to them, when they are old enough to be put into the world.

This the ladies think an encouragement to a guilty life. I will not dare to pronounce upon it, becauſe I may be thought partial to the generous man: but ſhould be glad of my uncle's opinion. This, however, may be ſaid, that Sir Charles Grandiſon has no vices of his own to cover by the extenſiveneſs of his charity and beneficence; and if it be not goodneſs in him to do thus, it is greatneſs; and this, if it be not praiſe-worthy, is the firſt inſtance that I have known goodneſs and greatneſs of ſoul ſeparable.

The brother and ſiſters went down, after this, to Grandiſon Hall; and Sir Charles had reaſon to be pleaſed with the good order in which he found every thing there.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE next thing the ladies mentioned was, Sir Charles's management with the two ſtewards.

I will not aim at being very particular in this part of the family-hiſtory.

When Sir Charles found that his father had left the inſpection of each ſteward's account to the other, he entered into the examination of the whole himſelf; and though he allowed them

ſeveral

ſeveral diſputable and unproved charges, he brought them to acknowledge a much greater balance in his favour, than they had made themſelves debtors for. This was the uſe he made of detecting them, to his ſiſters.—'You 'ſee, ſiſters, that my father was not 'ſo profuſe as ſome people thought 'him. He had partners in his eſtate; 'and I have reaſon to think that he 'often paid intereſt for his own mo-'ney.'

On his ſettling with Filmer, the treaty with Miſs Obrien came out. Mr. Filmer had, by ſurprize, brought that beautiful girl into Sir Charles's preſence; and he owned to his ſiſters, that ſhe was a very lovely creature.

But when the mother and aunt found, that he only admired her as a man would a fine picture, they inſiſted that Sir Thomas had promiſed to marry Miſs Obrien privately; and produced two of his letters to her, that ſeemed to give ground for ſuch an expectation. Sir Charles was grieved, for the ſake of his father's memory, at this tranſaction; and much more on finding that the unhappy man went down to his ſeat in Eſſex, his head and heart full of this ſcheme, when he was ſtruck with his laſt illneſs.

A meeting was propoſed by Filmer, between Sir Charles, the mother, the aunt, and himſelf, at the aunt's houſe in Pall Mall. Sir Charles was very deſirous to conceal his father's frailty from the world. He met them: but before he entered into diſcourſe, made it his requeſt to be allowed half an hour's converſation with Miſs Obrien by herſelf; at the ſame time, praiſing, as it deſerved, her beauty.

They were in hopes, that ſhe would be able to make an impreſſion on the heart of ſo young and ſo lively a man, and complied. Under pretence of preparing her for ſo unexpected a viſit, her aunt gave her her cue: but, inſtead of her captivating him, he brought her to ſuch confeſſions, as ſufficiently let him into the baſeneſs of their views.

He returned to company, the young woman in his hand. He repreſented to the mother the wickedneſs of the part ſhe had come over to act, in ſuch ſtrong terms that ſhe fell into a fit. The aunt was terrified. The young creature wept; and vowed that ſhe would be honeſt.

Sir Charles told them, that if they would give him up his father's two letters, and make a ſolemn promiſe never to open their lips on the affair; and would procure for her an honeſt huſband, he would give her 1000l. on the day of marriage; and, if ſhe made a good wife, would be farther kind to her.

Filmer was very deſirous to clear himſelf of having any hand in the blacker part of this plot. Sir Charles did not ſeem ſolicitous to detect and expoſe him: but left the whole upon his conſcience. And having made before ſeveral objections to his account, which could not be ſo well obviated in England, he went over to Ireland with Filmer; and there very ſpeedily ſettled every thing to his own ſatisfaction; and, diſmiſſing him more genteelly than he deſerved, took upon himſelf the management of that eſtate, directing ſeveral obvious improvements to be made; which are likely to turn to great account.

On his return, he heard that Miſs Obrien was ill of the ſmall-pox. He was not, for her own ſake, ſorry for it. She ſuffered in her face, but ſtill was pretty and genteel: and ſhe is now the honeſt and happy wife of a tradeſman near Golden Square; who is very fond of her. Sir Charles gave with her the promiſed ſum, and 100l. more for wedding-cloaths.

One part of her happineſs and her huſband's is, that her aunt, ſuppoſing ſhe had diſgraced herſelf by this match, never comes near her: and her mother is returned to Ireland to her huſband, greatly diſſatisfied with her daughter on the ſame account.

While theſe matters were agitating, Sir Charles forgot not to enquire what ſteps had been taken with regard to the alliance propoſed between himſelf and Lady Frances N.

He paid his firſt viſit to the father and brother of that lady.

All that the ſiſters know of the matter, is, that the treaty was, on this firſt viſit, entirely broken off. Their brother, however, ſpeaks of the lady, and of the whole family, with great reſpect. The lady is known to eſteem him highly. Her father, her brother, ſpeak of him every where with great regard: Lord N. calls him the fineſt young gentleman in England. And

ſo, Lucy, I believe he is. 'Sir Charles Grandiſon, Lord N. once ſaid, 'knows better by non-compliance, how to create friendſhips, than moſt men do by compliance.'

Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, who, as I have before intimated, favour another lady, once ſaid to him, that the earl and his ſon Lord N. were ſo conſtantly ſpeaking in his praiſe, that they could not but think that it would at laſt be a match between him and Lady Frances. His anſwer was, 'The lady is infinitely deſerving: *but it cannot be.*'

I am ready to wiſh, he would ſay, what *can* be, that we need not—Ah, Lucy! I know not what I would ſay: but ſo it will always be with ſilly girls, that diſtinguiſh not between the *would* and the *ſhould*; one of which, is *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Will proceed with the family-hiſtory.

Sir Charles forgot not, on his arrival in England, to pay an early viſit to Lord W. his mother's brother, who was then at his houſe near Windſor.

I have told you, that my lord had conceived a diſlike to him; and that for no other reaſon than becauſe his father loved him. Lord W. was laid up with the gout when he came: but he was inſtantly admitted into his ſtately preſence. The firſt ſalutations, on one ſide, were reſpectful; on the other, coldly civil. My lord often ſurveyed his kinſman from head to foot, as he ſat; as if he were loth to like him, I ſuppoſe; yet knew not how to help it. He found fault with Sir Thomas. Sir Charles told him, that it was a very ingrateful thing to him to hear his father ſpoken ſlightly of. He deſired his lordſhip to forbear reflections of that ſort. 'My father,' ſaid he, 'is no more. I deſire not to be made a party in any diſputes that may have happened between him and your lordſhip. I come to attend you as a duty which I owe to my mother's memory; and I hope this may be done, without wounding that of my father.'

'You ſay well,' ſaid my lord; 'but I am afraid, kinſman, by your air and manner, and *ſpeech* too, that you want not your father's proud ſpirit.'

'I revere my father for his ſpirit, my lord. It might not always be exerted as your lordſhip, and his other relations, might wiſh: but he had a manly one. As to myſelf, I will help your lordſhip to my character at once. I am, indeed, a very proud man. I cannot ſtoop to flatter, and leaſt of all men, the great and the rich: finding it difficult to reſtrain this fault, it is my whole ſtudy to direct it to laudable ends; and I hope, that I am too proud to do any thing unworthy of my father's name, or of my mother's virtue.'

'Why, Sir,' (and looked at him again from head to foot) 'your father never in his whole life ſaid ſo good a thing.'

'Your lordſhip knew not my father as he deſerved to be known. Where there are miſunderſtandings between two perſons, though relations, the character of either is not to be taken from the other. But, my lord, this is, as I ſaid before, a viſit of duty: I have nothing to aſk of your lordſhip but your good opinion; and no longer than I deſerve it.'

My lord was diſpleaſed. 'You have nothing to aſk of me!'—repeated he. 'Let me tell you, *independent* Sir, that I like not your ſpeech. You may leave me, if you pleaſe: and when I want to ſee you again, I will ſend for you.'

'Your ſervant, my lord. And let me ſay, that I will not again attend you, till you do. But *when* you do, the ſummons of my *mother's brother* ſhall be chearfully obeyed, notwithſtanding this unkind treatment of *Lord W.*'

The very next day, my lord, hearing he was ſtill at Windſor, viewing the curioſities of the place, ſent to him: he directly went. My lord expreſſed himſelf highly pleaſed with his readineſs to come, and apologized to him for his behaviour of the day before. He called him nephew, and ſwore, that he was juſt ſuch a young man as he had wiſhed to ſee. 'Your mother 'uſed to ſay,' proceeded he, 'that 'you

'you could do what you would with 'her, ſhould you even be unreaſon- 'able; and I beg of you to aſk me no 'favour but what is fit for me to 'grant, for I fear I ſhould grudge it 'after I had granted it; and call in 'queſtion, what no man is willing to 'do, my own diſcretion.'

He then aſked him about the methods he intended to take with regard to his way of life. Sir Charles anſwered, that he was reſolved to diſpoſe of his racers, hunters, and dogs, as ſoon as he could; that he would take a ſurvey of the timber upon his eſtate, and ſell that which would be the worſe for ſtanding; and doubted not but that a part of it in Hampſhire would turn to good account; but that he would plant an oakling for every oak he cut down, for the ſake of poſterity. He was determined, he ſaid, to lett the houſe in Eſſex; and even to ſell the eſtate there, if it were neceſſary, to clear incumbrances; and to pay off the mortgage upon the Iriſh eſtate, which he had a notion was very improveable.

What did he propoſe to do for his ſiſters? who were, he found, abſolutely in his power?

'Marry them, my lord, as ſoon as 'I can. I have a good opinion of 'Lord L. My elder ſiſter loves him. 'I will enquire what will make him 'eaſy: and eaſy I will make him, on 'his marriage with her, if it be in my 'power. I will endeavour to make 'the younger happy too. And when 'theſe two points are ſettled, but not 'before, becauſe I will not deceive 'the family with which I may engage, 'I will think of myſelf.'

'Bravo! bravo!' ſaid my lord; and his eyes, that were brimful ſome minutes before, then ran over. 'As 'I hope to be ſaved, I had a good 'mind to—to—to—' And there he ſtopt.

'I only aſk for your approbation, 'my lord, or correction, if wrong. 'My father has been very regardful of 'my intereſts. He knew my heart, or 'he would perhaps have been more ſo- 'licitous for his daughters. I don't 'find that my circumſtances will be 'very narrow: and if they *are*, I will 'live within compaſs, and even lay 'up. I endeavour to make a virtue 'of my pride, in this reſpect: I can- 'not live under obligation. I will 'endeavour to be juſt; and then, if I 'can, I will be generous. That is 'another ſpecies of my pride. I told 'your lordſhip, that if I could not 'conquer it, I would endeavour to 'make it innocent at leaſt.'

'Bravo! bravo!' again cried my lord—And threw his arms about his neck, and kiſſed his cheek, though he ſcreamed out at the ſame time, having hurt his gouty knee with the effort.

'And then, and then—' ſaid my lord, 'you will marry yourſelf. And 'if you marry with diſcretion, good 'Lord, what a *great* man will you 'be!—And how I ſhall love you!—'Have you any thoughts of marriage, 'kinſman?—Let me be conſulted in 'your match—and—and—and—you 'will vaſtly oblige me. Now I be- 'lieve, I ſhall begin to think the name 'of Grandiſon has a very agreeable ſound with it. What a fine thing 'it is, for a young man to be able to 'clear up his mother's prudence ſo 'many years after ſhe is gone, and 'leſſen his father's follies! Your fa- 'ther did not uſe me well; and I muſt 'be allowed ſometimes to ſpeak my 'mind of him.'

'That, my lord, is the only point 'on which your lordſhip and I *can* 'differ.'

'Well, well, we *won't* differ— 'Only one thing, my dear kinſman: 'if you ſell, give me the preference. 'Your father told me, that he would 'mortgage to any man upon God's 'earth ſooner than to me. I took that 'very heinouſly.'

'There was a miſunderſtanding be- 'tween you, my lord. My father had 'a noble ſpirit. He might think, 'that there would be a ſelfiſhneſs in 'the appearance, had he aſked of your 'lordſhip a favour. Little-ſpirited 'men ſometimes chuſe to be obliged 'to relations, in hopes that payment 'will be leſs rigorouſly exacted, than 'by a ſtranger—'

'Ah, kinſman! kinſman!—That's 'the white ſide of the buſineſs.'

'Indeed, my lord, that would be a 'motive with me to avoid troubling 'your lordſhip in an exigence, were 'it to happen. For miſtruſt will ariſe 'from poſſibilities of being ungrate-

'ful, when perhaps there is no room, 'were the heart to be known, for the 'ſuſpicion.'

'Well ſaid, however. You are 'a young man that one need not be 'afraid to be acquainted with. But 'what would you do as a lender? 'Would you think hardly of a man 'that wanted to be obliged to *you?*'

'O no!—But in this caſe I would 'be determined by prudence. If my 'friend regarded *himſelf* as the firſt 'perſon in the friendſhip; *me* but as 'the ſecond, in caſes that might hurt 'my fortune, and diſable me from 'acting up to my ſpirit, to other 'friends; I would then let him know, 'that he thought as meanly of my 'underſtanding as of my juſtice.'

Lord W. was delighted with his nephew's notions. He over and over propheſied, That he would be a great man.

Sir Charles, with wonderful diſpatch, executed thoſe deſigns, which he had told Lord W. he would carry into effect. And the ſale of the timber he cut down in Hampſhire, and which lay convenient for water-carriage, for the uſe of the government, furniſhed him with a very conſiderable ſum.

I have mentioned, that Sir Charles, on his ſetting out from Florence to Paris, to attend his father's leave for his coming to England, had left his ward, Miſs Jervois, at the former place, in the protection of good Dr. Bartlett. He ſoon ſent for them both over, and placed the young lady with a diſcreet widow-gentlewoman, who had three prudent daughters; ſometimes indulging her with leave to viſit his ſiſters, who are very fond of her, as you have heard. And now let me add, that ſhe is an humble petitioner to me, to procure her the felicity, as ſhe calls it, to be conſtantly reſident with Miſs Grandiſon. She will be, ſhe ſays, the beſt girl in the world, if ſhe may be allowed this favour: and not one word of advice, either of her guardian, or of Miſs Grandiſon, or of Lady L. ſhall be loſt upon her—'And beſides, as good women,' ſaid ſhe, 'as Mrs. Lane and her daughters '*are*, what protection can women 'give me, were my unhappy mother 'to be troubleſome, and reſolve to '*have me*, as ſhe is continually 'threatening?'

What a new world opens to me, my Lucy, from the acquaintance I am permitted to hold with this family! God grant that your poor Harriet pay not too dearly for her knowledge!—She *would*, I believe you think, were ſhe to be *entangled in a hopeleſs love*.

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

LORD L. came to town from Scotland within two or three months of Sir Charles's arrival in England. His firſt viſit was to the young baronet; who, on my lord's avowing his paſſion for his ſiſter, and her acknowledging her eſteem for him, introduced him to her, and put their hands together, holding them between both his: 'With pleaſure,' ſaid he, 'I join hands where hearts ſo worthy 'are united.—Do me, my lord, the 'honour, from this moment, to look 'upon me as your brother. My 'father, I find, was a little em-'barraſſed in his affairs. He loved 'his daughters, and perhaps was loth 'that they ſhould early claim *another* 'protection: but had he lived to make 'himſelf eaſy, I have no doubt, but 'he would have made them happy. 'He has left that duty upon me—and 'I will perform it.'

His ſiſter was unable to ſpeak for joy. My lord's tears were ready to ſtart.

'My father,' proceeded Sir Charles, 'in one of his letters to me, acquaint-'ed me with the ſtate of your lord-'ſhip's affairs. Reckon upon my beſt 'ſervices: promiſe, engage, under-'take. The brother, my lord, hopes 'to make you eaſy: the ſiſter will 'make you happy.'

Miſs Charlotte was affected with this ſcene: and ſhe prayed, with her hands and eyes lifted up, that God would make his power as large as his heart: the whole world would then, ſhe ſaid, be benefited either by his bounty, or his example.

Do you wonder now, my dear Mr. Reeves, that Miſs Grandiſon, Lady L. and Lord L. know not how to contain

contain their gratitude, when this beneficent-minded brother is ſpoken of?

'And has not my Charlotte,' ſaid he, turning towards her, and looking at Miſs Caroline, 'ſome happy man, 'that ſhe can diſtinguiſh by her love? '—You are *equally* dear to me, my 'ſiſters.—Make me your confident, 'Charlotte. Your inclinations ſhall 'be my choice.'

Dear Miſs Grandiſon, why did you miſlead me by your boaſts of unreſervedneſs? What room was there for reſerves to ſuch a brother?—And yet it is plain, you have not let him know all your *heart*; and he ſeems to think ſo too. And now you are uneaſy at a hint he has thrown out of that nature.

Two months before the marriage, Sir Charles put into his ſiſter's hands a paper ſealed up. 'Receive theſe, my 'Caroline,' ſaid he, 'as from your 'father's bounty, in compliance with 'what your mother would have wiſhed, 'had we been bleſſed with her life. 'When you oblige Lord L. with one 'hand, make him, with the other, 'this preſent: and intitle *yourſelf* to 'all the gratitude, with which I know 'his worthy heart will overflow, on '*both* occaſions. I have done but my 'duty. I have performed only an 'article of the will, which I have 'made in my mind for my father, 'as time was not lent to make one 'for himſelf.'

He ſaluted her, and withdrew, before ſhe broke the ſeal: and when ſhe did, ſhe found in it Bank-notes for 10,000l.

She threw herſelf into a chair, and was unable for ſome time to ſtir; but recovering herſelf, hurried out to find her brother. She was told, he was in her ſiſter's apartment. She found him not there, but Charlotte in tears. Sir Charles had juſt left her. 'What 'ails my Charlotte?'

'O this brother, my Caroline!—'There is no bearing his generous 'goodneſs. See that deed! See that 'paper that lies upon it!' She took it up; and theſe were the contents of the paper:

"I have juſt now paid my ſiſter "Caroline the ſum that I think ſhe "would have been intitled to expect "from my father's bounty, and the "family circumſtances, had life been "lent him to ſettle his affairs, and "make a will. I have an entire con"fidence in the diſcretion of my "Charlotte: And have by the in"cloſed deed, eſtabliſhed for her, "beyond the power of revocation, "that independency as to fortune, "to which, from my father's death, "I think her intitled. And for this, "having acted but as an executor, I "claim no merit, but that of having "fulfilled the ſuppoſed will of either "of our parents, as either ſurvived "the other. Cheriſh, therefore, in "your grateful heart, *their* memory. "Remember, that when you marry, "you change the name of Grandiſon. "Yet, with all my pride, what is "name?—Let the man be worthy of "you: and be he who he will that "you intitle to your vows, I will em"brace him as the brother of *your* "*affectionate*

"CHARLES GRANDISON."

The deed was for the ſame ſum as he had given her ſiſter, and to carry intereſt.

The two ſiſters congratulated, and wept over each other, as if diſtreſſed.—To be ſure, they *were* diſtreſſed.

Caroline found out her brother: but when ſhe approached him, could not utter one word of what ſhe had meditated to ſay: but, dropping down on one knee, bleſſed him, as ſhe owned, in heart, both for Lord L. and herſelf; but could only expreſs her gratitude by her lifted-up hands and eyes.

Juſt as he had raiſed and ſeated her, entered to them the equally grateful Charlotte. He placed her next her ſiſter, and drawing a chair for himſelf, taking a hand of each, he thus addreſſed himſelf to them:

'My deareſt ſiſters, you are *too* 'ſenſible of theſe but *due* inſtances of 'my brotherly love. It has pleaſed 'God to take from us our father and 'mother. We are *more* than brother 'and ſiſters; and muſt ſupply to each 'other the wanting relations. Look 'upon me only as executor of a will, 'that *ought* to have been made, and 'perhaps *would*, had time been given. 'My circumſtances are greater than I 'expected; greater, I dare ſay, than 'my father thought they would be.

'Leſs

'Leſs than I have done, could not be 'done, by a brother who had *power* to 'do this. You don't know how much 'you will oblige me, if you never ſay 'one word more on this ſubject. You 'will act with leſs dignity than be-'comes my ſiſters, if you look upon 'what I have done in any other light 'than as your due.'

O my aunt! be ſo good, as to let the ſervants prepare my apartment at Selby-houſe. There is no living within the blazing glory of this man! But, for one's comfort, he ſeems to have one fault; and he owns it—And yet, does not acknowledgment annihilate that fault!—O no! for he thinks not of *correcting* it. This fault is *pride*. Do you mind *what* a ſtreſs he lays now and then on the family name? and, as above, 'Dignity,' ſays he, 'that becomes my ſiſters!'—Proud mortal!—O my Lucy! he *is* proud; *too* proud, I doubt, as well as *too* conſiderable in his fortunes—What would I ſay?—Yet, I know who would *ſtudy* to make him the happieſt of men—Spare me, ſpare me here, my uncle—Or rather, ſkip over this paſſage, Lucy.

Sir Charles, at the end of eight months from his father's death, gave Caroline, with his own hand, to Lord L.

Charlotte has two humble ſervants, Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, as you have ſeen in my former letters; but likes not either of them.

Lord L. carried his lady down to Scotland, where ſhe was greatly admired and careſſed by all his relations. How happy for your Harriet was their critically-propoſed return, which carried down Sir Charles and Miſs Charlotte to prepare every thing at Colnebrook for their reception!

Sir Charles accompanied my Lord and Lady L. as far on the way to Scotland as York; where he made a viſit to Mrs. Eleanor Grandiſon, his father's maiden ſiſter, who reſides there. She, having heard of his goodneſs to his ſiſters, and to every-body elſe with whom he had concerns, longed to ſee him; and on this occaſion rejoiced in the opportunity he gave her to congratulate, to bleſs, and applaud, her nephew.

What multitudes of things have I farther to tell you, relating to this *ſtrange* man!—*Let* me call him names, I enquired after the hiſtory of the good Dr. Bartlett: but the ladies ſaid, as they knew not the whole of it, they would refer me to the doctor himſelf. They knew however enough, they ſaid, to reverence him as one of the moſt worthy and moſt pious of men. They believed, that he knew all the ſecrets of their brother's heart.

Strange, methinks, that theſe ſecrets lie ſo *deep!* Yet there does not ſeem any thing ſo *very* forbidding, either in Sir Charles or the doctor, but that one might aſk them a few innocent queſtions. And yet I did not uſe to be ſo very curious neither. Why ſhould I be more ſo than his ſiſters?—Yet perſons coming ſtrangers into a family of extraordinary merit, are *apt*, I believe, to be more inquiſitive about the affairs and particularities of that family, than thoſe who make a part of it: and when they have no other motive for their curioſity, than a deſire to applaud and imitate, I ſee not any great harm in it.

I was alſo very anxious to know, what, at ſo early an age, (for Sir Charles was not then eighteen) were the faults he found with the governor appointed for him. It ſeems, the man was not only profligate himſelf, but, in order to keep himſelf in countenance, laid ſnares for the young gentleman's virtue; which, however, he had the happineſs to eſcape, though at an age in which youth is generally unguarded. This man was alſo contentious, quarrelſome, and a drinker; and yet (as Sir Charles at the time acknowledged to his ſiſters) it had ſo very indifferent an appearance, for a young man to find fault with his governor, that, as well for the appearance-ſake, as for the man's, he was very loth to complain, till he became inſupportable. It was mentioned, as it ought, greatly to the honour of the young gentleman's frankneſs and magnanimity, that when, at laſt, he found himſelf obliged to complain of this wicked man to his father, he gave him a copy of the letter he wrote, as ſoon as he ſent it away. 'You may make, Sir,' ſaid he, 'what uſe you pleaſe of the ſtep 'I have taken. You ſee my charge. 'I have not aggravated it. Only let 'me caution you, that, as I have not 'given you by my own miſconduct 'any advantage over me, you do not

'make

'make a ſtill worſe figure in my re-
'ply, if you give me occaſion to juſtify
'my charge. My father loves his
'ſon. I *muſt* be his ſon. An alter-
'cation cannot end in your favour.'

But on enquiry into the behaviour of this bad man, (who might have tainted the morals of one of the fineſt youths on earth) which the ſon beſought the father to make, before he paid any regard to his complaints, Sir Thomas diſmiſſed him, and made a compliment to his ſon, that he ſhould have no other governor for the future, than his own diſcretion*.

Miſs Jervois's hiſtory is briefly this: She had one of the beſt of father's: Her mother is one of the worſt of women. A termagant, a ſwearer, a drinker, unchaſte—Poor Mr. Jervois!—I have told you, that he (a meek man) was obliged to abandon his country, to avoid her. Yet ſhe wants to have her daughter under her tuition—Terrible!—Sir Charles has had trouble with her. He expects to have more—Poor Miſs Jervois!

Miſs Emily's fortune is very great. The ladies ſay, not leſs than 50,000l. Her father was an Italian and Turkey merchant; and Sir Charles, by his management, has augmented it to that ſum, by the recovery of ſome thouſands of pounds, which Mr. Jervois had thought deſperate.

* *

And thus have I brought down, as briefly as I was able, though writing almoſt night and day, (and greatly indulged in the latter by the ladies, who ſaw my heart was in the taſk) the hiſtory of this family, to the time when I had the happineſs (by means, however, moſt ſhockingly undeſirable) to be firſt acquainted with it.

And now a word or two to preſent ſituations.

Sir Charles is not yet come down, Lucy. And this is Monday!—Very well!—He made excuſes by his couſin Grandiſon, who came down with my couſin Reeves on Sunday morning; and both went up together yeſterday—Vaſtly buſy, no doubt!—He will be here to-morrow, I *think*, he ſays. His excuſes were to his ſiſters and Lord L. I am glad he did not give himſelf the importance with your Harriet, to make any to her on his abſence.

Miſs Grandiſon complains, that I open not my heart to her. She wants, ſhe ſays, to open hers to me; but as ſhe has intricacies that I cannot have, ſhe ſays I muſt *begin*: ſhe knows not *how*, ſhe pretends. What her ſecrets may be, I preſume not to gueſs: but ſurely I cannot tell a ſiſter, who, with *her* ſiſter, favours another woman, that I have a regard for her brother; and that before I can be ſure he has any for me.

She will play me a trick, ſhe juſt now told me, if I will not let her know who the happy man in Northamptonſhire is, whom I prefer to all others. That there *is* ſuch a one *ſomewhere*, ſhe ſays, ſhe has no doubt: and if ſhe find it out before I tell her, ſhe will give me *no quarter*, ſpeaking in the military phraſe, which ſometimes ſhe is apt to do. Lady L. ſmiles, and eyes me with great attention, when her ſiſter is raillying me, as if ſhe, alſo, wanted to find out ſome reaſon for my refuſing Lord D. I told them an hour ago, that I am beſet with their eyes, and Lord L.'s; for Lady L. keeps no one ſecret of her heart, nor, I believe, any body's elſe that ſhe is miſtreſs of, from her lord. Him, I think, of all the men I know, (my uncle not excepted) I could ſooneſt entruſt with a ſecret. But have I, Lucy, any to reveal? It is, I hope, a ſecret to myſelf, that never will be unfolded, even *to* myſelf, that I love a man, who has not made profeſſions of love to me. As to Sir Charles Grandiſon—But have done, Harriet! Thou haſt named a man, that will lead thee—Whither will it lead me?

More than I am at preſent my own, I am, and will be ever, my dear Lucy, *your affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, MAR. 13.

I Will now tell you, who the lady is to whom the two ſiſters have given their intereſt.

* See further, Letter XXXVII.

It

It is Lady Anne S. the only daughter of the Earl of S. A vaſt fortune, it ſeems, independent of her father; and yet certain of a very great one from him. She is to be here this very afternoon, on a viſit to the two ladies. With all my heart. I hope ſhe is a very agreeable lady. I hope ſhe has a capacious mind. I hope.—I don't know what to hope.—And why? Becauſe I find myſelf out to be a ſelfiſh wretch, and don't wiſh her to be ſo fine and ſo good a woman, as I *ſay* I do. Is love, if I *muſt* own love, a narrower of the heart?—I don't know whether, while it is in ſuſpenſe, and is only on one ſide, it be not the parent of jealouſy, envy, diſſimulation; making the perſon pretend generoſity, diſintereſtedneſs, and I cannot tell what; but ſecretly wiſhing, that her rival may not be ſo worthy, ſo lovely, as ſhe pretends to wiſh her to be.—Ah! Lucy, were one *ſure*, one could afford to be *generous*: one might then look down with pity upon a rival, inſtead of being mortified with apprehenſions of being looked down upon.

But I will be juſt to the education given me, and the examples ſet me. Whatever I ſhall be able to do or to wiſh, while I am in *ſuſpenſe*; when any happy woman becomes the wife of Sir Charles Grandiſon, I will revere her; and wiſh her, for his ſake as well as her own, all the felicities that this world can afford; and if I cannot do this from my heart, I will diſown that heart.

The two ladies ſet upon Mr. Grandiſon on Sunday, to get out of him the buſineſs that carried Sir Charles ſo often of late to Canterbury. But though he owned, that he was not enjoined ſecreſy, he affected to amuſe them, and ſtrangely to romance; hinting to them a ſtory of a fine woman in love with *him*, and he with *her*; yet neither of them thinking of marriage: Mr. Grandiſon valued not truth, nor ſcrupled ſolemn words, though ludicrouſly uttered, to make the moſt improbable ſtuff perplexing and teazing; and then the wretch laughed immoderately at the ſuſpenſe he ſuppoſed he had cauſed.

What witleſs creatures, what mere nothings, are theſe beaux, fine fellows, and laughers, of men!—How ſilly muſt they think us women!—And how ſilly indeed are ſuch of us, as can keep in countenance, at our own expence, their folly!

He was left alone with me for half an hour laſt night; and, in a very ſerious manner, beſought me to receive his addreſſes. I was greatly diſpleaſed with the two ſiſters; for I thought they intended to give him this opportunity, by their manner of withdrawing. 'Surely,' thought I, 'I am not ſunk 'ſo low in the eyes of the ladies of 'ſuch a family as this, as to be thought 'by them a fit wife to the only worth-'leſs perſon in it, becauſe I have not 'the fortune of Lady Anne S. I will 'hear,' thought I, 'what Miſs Grandiſon ſays to this; and, although I 'had made excuſes to my couſin 'Reeves's, at *their* requeſt, for ſtaying here longer than I had intended, 'I will get away to town as faſt as I 'can. Proud as they are of the name 'of Grandiſon,' thought I, 'the name '*only* won't do with Harriet Byron. 'I am as proud as they.'

I ſaid nothing of my reſentment; but told both ladies, the moment I ſaw them, of Mr. Grandiſon's declaration. They expreſſed themſelves highly diſpleaſed with him for it; and ſaid, they would talk to him. Miſs Grandiſon ſaid ſhe wondered at his *preſumption*. His fortune was indeed very conſiderable, ſhe ſaid, notwithſtanding the extravagance of his youth: but it was a high degree of confidence, in a man of ſuch free principles, to think himſelf intitled to countenance from—in ſhort, from ſuch a lady, as your Harriet, Lucy; whatever you may think of her in theſe days of her humiliation.

She added the goodneſs of my heart to her compliment. I hope it is not a bad one. *Then* it was that I told them of my thoughts of going to town on the occaſion: and the two ladies inſtantly went to their couſin, and talked to him in ſuch a manner, that he promiſed, if no more notice were taken of the matter, never again to give occaſion for them to reprimand him on this ſubject. He had indeed, he owned, no very *ſtrong aſpirations* after matrimony; and had balanced about it a good while, before he could allow himſelf to declare his paſſion ſo ſeriouſly: but only, as it was probable, that he might at one time or other enter the *pale*, he thought

thought he never in his life ſaw a woman with whom he could be ſo happy as with me.

'But you ſee, Lucy, by this addreſs of Mr. Grandiſon, that nothing is thought of in the family of *another* nature. What makes me a little more affected than otherwiſe I believe I ſhould be, is, that all you, my dear friends, are ſo much in love with this really great, becauſe good man. It is a very happy circumſtance for a young woman, to look forward to a change of condition with a man, of whom every one of her relations highly approves. But what can't be, can't. I ſhall ſee what merit Lady Anne has bye and bye. But if fortune—Indeed, my dear, were I the firſt princeſs on earth, I would have no other man, if I might have him. And ſo I ſay, that am but poor Harriet Byron. By this time Lady D. will have taken ſuch meaſures, I hope, as will not diſturb me in my reſolution. It is *fixed*, my dear. I cannot help it. I *muſt* not, I *ought* not, I therefore *will* not, give my *hand*, whatever has paſſed between that lady and my aunt, to any man living, and leave a preference in my *heart* againſt that man. Gratitude, juſtice, virtue, decency, all forbid it.

And yet, as I ſee no hope, nor trace for hope, I have began to attempt the conqueſt of my *hopeleſs*—What ſhall I call it?—*Paſſion?*—Well, if I *muſt* call it ſo, I muſt. A '*child in love matters*,' if I did not, would '*find me out*,' you know. Nor will I, however *hopeleſs*, be aſhamed of owning it, if I can help it. Is not reaſon, is not purity, is not delicacy, with me? Is it *perſon* that I am in love with, if I *am* in love? No: it is virtue, it is goodneſs, it is generoſity, it is true politeneſs, that I am captivated by; all centered in this one *good man*. What then have I to be aſhamed of?—And yet I *am* a little aſhamed now and then, for all that.

After all, that love, which is founded on fancy, or exterior advantages, is a love, I ſhould think, that may, and oftentimes *ought* to be overcome: but that which is founded on interior worth; that blazes out when charity, beneficence, piety, fortitude, are ſignally exerted by the object beloved; how can ſuch a love as that be reſtrained, damped, ſuppreſſed? How can it, without damping every ſpark of generous goodneſs, in what my partial grandmamma calls a '*fellow heart*,' admiring and longing to promote and ſhare in ſuch glorious philanthropy?

Philanthropy!—Yes, my uncle: why ſhould women, in compliance with the petulance of narrow-minded men, forbear to uſe words that ſome ſeem to think above them, when no other ſingle word will equally expreſs their ſenſe? It will be ſaid, 'They need not *write*'. Well, then, don't let them *read*: and carry it a little farther, and they may be forbidden to *ſpeak*. And every lordly man will then be a Grand Signior, and have his mute attendant.

But won't you think my heart a little at eaſe, that I can thus trifle? I would fain have it be at eaſe; and that makes me give way to any chearful idea that riſes to my mind.

The ladies here have made me read to them ſeveral paſſages out of my letters to you before I ſend them. They are more generous than I think I wiſh them to be, in allowing me to ſkip and paſs over ſentences and paragraphs as I pleaſe: for is not this allowing that I have ſomething to write, or have written ſomething, that they think I *ought* to keep from their knowledge; and which they do not *deſire* to know? With all my heart. I will not be mean, Lucy.

* * *

Well, Lucy, Lady Anne has been here, and is gone. She is an agreeable woman. I can't ſay but ſhe is *very* agreeable. And were ſhe actually Lady Grandiſon, I think I could reſpect her. I *think* I could.—But O, my dear friends, what a happy creature was I, before I came to London!

There was a good deal of diſcourſe about Sir Charles. She owned, that ſhe thought him the handſomeſt man ſhe ever ſaw in her life. She was in love with his great *character*, ſhe ſaid. She could go no-where, but he was the ſubject. She had heard of the affair between him and Sir Hargrave; and made me a hundred compliments on the occaſion; and ſaid, That her having heard that I was at Colnebrook, was one inducement to her to make this viſit.

It ſeems, ſhe told Miſs Grandiſon, that ſhe thought me the prettieſt creature ſhe ever beheld.—'*Creature*,' was her word.—We are all creatures, 'tis

true: but I think I never was more diſpleaſed with the ſound of the word *creature*, than I was from Lady Anne.

* * *

My aunt's letter relating to what paſſed between her and Lady D. is juſt brought me.

And ſo Lady D. was greatly chagrined!—I am ſorry for it. But, my dear aunt, you ſay, that ſhe is not diſpleaſed with me in the main, and commends my ſincerity. That, I hope, is but doing me juſtice. I am very glad to find, that ſhe knew not how to get over my prepoſſeſſion in favour of another man. It was worthy of herſelf, and of my Lord D.'s character. I ſhall always reſpect her. I hope this affair is quite over.

My grandmamma regrets the uncertainty I am in: but did ſhe not ſay herſelf, that Sir Charles Grandiſon was too conſiderable in his fortune, in his merit? That we were but as the private, he the publick, in this particular? What room is there then for regret? Why is the word *uncertainty* uſed? We may be *certain*—And there's an end of it. His ſiſters can rally me; 'Some happy man in Northampton-'ſhire!'—As much as to ſay, 'You 'muſt not think of our brother.' 'Lady Anne §. has a vaſt fortune.' Is not that ſaying, 'What hope 'can *you* have, Harriet Byron?'—Well, I don't care: this life is but a paſſage, a ſhort and a dark paſſage, to a better: and let one joſtle, and another elbow; another puſh me, becauſe they know the weakeſt muſt give way, yet I will endeavour ſteadily to purſue my courſe, till I get through it, and into broad and open day.

One word only more on this ſubject.—There is but one man in the world, whom I can honeſtly marry, my mind continuing what it is. His I cannot expect to be. I muſt then of neceſſity be a ſingle woman as long as I live. Well! And where is the great evil of that? Shall I not have leſs cares, leſs anxieties?—I *ſhall*. And let me beg of my dear friends, that none of you will ever again mention marriage to *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVII.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14.

SIR Charles is come at laſt. He came time enough to breakfaſt, and with him the good Dr. Bartlett. My philoſophy, I doubt, is gone again, quite gone; for one while at leaſt. I muſt take ſanctuary, and that very ſoon, at Selby Houſe.

Every word that paſſes now, ſeems to me worth repeating. There is no deſcribing how the preſence of this man animates every one in company. But take only part of what paſſed.

We were in hopes, Sir Charles, ſaid Lord L. 'that we ſhould have had 'the pleaſure of ſeeing you before 'now.'

'My heart was with you, my lord: 'and, (taking my hand, for he ſat next me, and bowing) 'the more ar-'dently, I muſt own, for the pleaſure 'I ſhould have ſhared with you all, 'in the company of this your lovely 'gueſt.'

[What buſineſs had he to take my hand? But indeed the character of *brother* might warrant the freedom.]

'I was engaged moſt part of laſt 'week in a very melancholy attend-'ance, as Mr. Grandiſon could have 'informed you.'

'But not a word of the matter,' ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, 'did I tell the la-'dies;' looking at his two couſins: 'I amuſed them, as they love to do 'all mankind, when they have power.'

'The ladies, I hope, couſin, will 'puniſh you for this reflection.'

'I came not to town till Saturday,' proceeded Sir Charles; 'and found a 'billet from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, 'inviting himſelf, Mr. Merceda, Mr. 'Bagenhall, and Mr. Jordan, to paſs 'the Sunday evening with me at St. 'James's Square. The company was 'not ſuitable to the day, nor the day 'to the purpoſed meeting. I made 'my excuſes, and deſired them to fa-'vour me at breakfaſt on Monday 'morning. They came. And when 'we were all in good humour with 'one another, I propoſed, and was 'ſeconded

seconded by Mr. Jordan, that we would make a visit—You will hardly guess to whom, Miss Byron—It was to the widow Awberry at Paddington. I started and even trembled. What I suffered there was all in my mind.

He proceeded then to tell me, that he had, though not without some difficulty on Sir Hargrave's part, actually engaged him to draw upon his banker for the 500 l. he had promised Wilson; Mr. Merceda, on his banker for 50 l. and he himself generously added 50 l. more; and, giving, as he said, the air of a frolick to the performance of a promise, they all of them went to Paddington. There satisfying themselves of the girl's love for Wilson, and of the widow's opinion of Wilson's good intentions by the girl; they let them know, that the sum of 200 l. was deposited in Sir Charles's hands to be paid on the day of marriage, as a portion for the young woman; and bid them demand it as soon as they thought fit. Neither Wilson nor the widow's son was there. The widow and her daughters were overjoyed at this unexpected good news.

They afterwards shewed Sir Charles, it seems, every scene of my distress; and told him, and the gentlemen, all but Sir Hargrave (who had not patience to hear it, and went into another room) my whole sad story. Sir Charles was pleased to say, that he was so much affected with it, that he had some little difficulty, on joining Sir Hargrave, to be as civil to him as he was before he heard the relation.

To one condition, it seems, the gentlemen insisted Sir Charles should consent, as an inducement for them to comply with his proposal. It was, that Sir Charles should dine with Sir Hargrave and the company at his house on the Forest, some one day in the next week, of which they would give him notice. They all insisted upon it; and Sir Charles said, he came the more readily into the proposal, as they declared it would be the last time they should see him for at least a twelvemonth to come; they being determined to prosecute their intended tour.

Wilson and young Awberry waited on Sir Charles the same evening. The marriage is to be celebrated in a few days. Wilson says, that his widow sister in Smithfield, will, he is sure, admit him into a partnership with her, now that he shall have something to carry into the stock; for she loves his wife-elect; and the saving both of body and soul will be owing, he declared (with transport that left him speechless) to Sir Charles Grandison.

Every body was delighted with the relation he gave. 'Dear Sir Charles,' said Mr. Grandison, 'let me be allowed to believe the Roman Catholick doctrine of supererogation; and let me express my hope, that I your kinsman may be the better for your good works. If all you do, is but necessary, the Lord have mercy upon me!'

Miss Grandison said, if I had written to my friends the account of what I suffered from the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, as she doubted not but I had, Lady L. as well as herself, would take it for a particular mark of my confidence, if they might be allowed to peruse it.

'When I am favoured,' replied I, 'with the return of my letters, I will very chearfully communicate to you, my dear ladies, my relation of this shocking affair.'

They all expressed a pleasure in my frankness. Sir Charles said, he admired me beyond expression, for that noble criterion of innocence and goodness.

There, Lucy!

I think there is nothing in that part, but what they may see.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE two sisters and Lord L. were then solicitous to know what was the occasion, which he called melancholy, that had engaged his attendance so many days at Canterbury.

'It is *really* a melancholy occasion,' replied he. 'You must not be surprized, my lord—nor you, my sisters—if you see me in mourning in a few days.' His sisters started. 'And so *truly* must I. But I am his third sister, you know.' He seemed in haste to explain himself, lest he should keep us in painful suspense. 'My journeyings to Canterbury have been occasioned by the melancholy necessity of

viſiting a ſick friend, who is now no more.

'You had all ſuch an opinion,' ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, 'that I could keep no ſecret, that—'

'You were reſolved,' interrupted Miſs Grandiſon, 'to ſay any thing but the truth. Indeed, couſin, you had better have been ſilent at this time—Is there a neceſſity, brother, for *us* to go into mourning?'

'There is not. I had a true value for the departed. But cuſtom will oblige me to mourn outwardly, as an *executor* only. And I have given orders about that, and other neceſſary matters.'

'Did we know the deceaſed gentleman, brother?' ſaid Lady L.

'No. His name was Danby. He was an eminent merchant; an Engliſhman; but, from his youth, ſettled in France. He had for months been in a languiſhing ſtate of health; and at laſt, finding his recovery deſperate, was deſirous to die in his native country. He landed at Dover about two months ago: but his malady ſo greatly increaſed, that he was obliged to ſtop at Canterbury in his way to town; and there at laſt yielded to the common deſtiny. The body was brought to town as this night. I have ordered it to an undertaker's. I muſt lock myſelf up for a day or two, when I go to town. His concerns are large; but, he told me, not intricate. He deſired, that his will might not be opened till after his interment; and that that might be private. He has two nephews and a niece. I would have had him join them in the truſt with me: but he refuſed to do ſo. An attempt once had been made upon his life, by villains ſet at work by a wicked brother, father of thoſe nephews, and that niece, of which they were innocent: they are worthy young people. I had the happineſs to ſave his life: but had no merit in it; for my own ſafety was involved in his. I am afraid he has been too grateful.'

'But, my good brother,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'were you not a little reſerved on this occaſion? You went and returned, and went and returned, to Canterbury, and never ſaid one word to us of the call you had to go thither. For my part, I thought there was a lady in the caſe, I do aſſure you.'

'My reſerve, as you call it, Charlotte, was rather accidental, than deſigned; and yet I do now and then treat your agreeable curioſity as mariners are ſaid to do a whale; I throw out a tub to divert it. But this was too melancholy an occaſion to be ſported with. I was affected by it. Had the gentleman lived to come to town, you would all have been acquainted with him. I love to communicate pleaſure, but not pain; when, eſpecially, no good end can be anſwered by the communication. I go to different places, and return, and hardly think it worth troubling my ſiſters with every movement. Had I thought you had any curioſity about my little journeyings to Canterbury, you ſhould have had it anſwered. And yet I know my ſiſter Charlotte loves to puzzle, and find out ſecrets where none are intended.'

She bluſhed; and ſo did I. 'Your ſervant, Sir!' was all ſhe ſaid.

'But, Charlotte,' proceeded he, 'you thought it was a *lady* that I viſited; you know not your brother.—I never will keep a ſecret of that nature from *you*, my good lord—nor from *you*, my ſiſters—when I find myſelf either encouraged or inclined to make a ſecond viſit.—It is for *your* ſex, Charlotte, to be very chary of ſuch ſecrets; and reaſon good, if you have any doubt, either of the man's worthineſs, or of your own conſequence with him.'

He looked very earneſtly at her, but ſmiled.

'So, my brother! I thank you,' humorouſly rubbing one ſide of her face; (though ſhe needed not to do ſo, to make both cheeks glow) 'this is another box on the ſame ear. I have been uneaſy, I can tell you, Sir, at a hint you threw out before you laſt went to Canterbury, as if I kept from you ſomething that it behoved you to know. Now, pray, Sir, will you be pleaſed to explain yourſelf?'

'And, ſince you put it ſo ſtrongly to me, Charlotte, let me aſk you, have you not?'

'And let me aſk you, Sir—Do you think I have?'

'Perhaps, Charlotte, your ſolici-

tude

'rude on this ſubject, now, and the 'alarm you took at the time, on a very 'ſlight hint, might warrant—'

'No *warrants*, brother!—Pray, be 'ſo good as to ſpeak all that lies on 'your mind.'

'Ah, Charlotte!' and looked, tho' ſmilingly, with meaning.

'I will not bear this, "*Ah, Char-* "*lotte!*" and that *meaning* look.'

'And are you willing, my dear, to 'try this cauſe?'

'I demand my trial.'

'Charming innocence!' thought I, at the time—'Now ſhall I find ſome 'fault, I hope, in this almoſt perfect 'brother.' I triumphed in my mind, for my Charlotte.

'Who ſhall be your judge?'

'Yourſelf, Sir.'

'God grant you may be found 'guilty, couſin,' ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, 'for your plaguing of me.'

'Has that wretch,' looking at Mr. Grandiſon, 'inſinuated any thing?'—She ſtopt.

'Are you afraid, my ſiſter?'

'I would not give that creature any 'advantage over me.'

SIR CH. 'I think *I* would, if there 'were fair room—You have too often 'all the game in your own hands. 'You ſhould allow Mr. Grandiſon his 'chance.'

MISS GR. 'Not to ariſe from ſuch 'an obſerving by-ſtander, as my bro-'ther.'

SIR CH. 'Conſcious, Charlotte!'

MISS GR. 'May be not—'

SIR CH. '*May be*, is doubtful; 'may be *no*, implies may be *yes*.'

LADY L. 'You have made Char-'lotte uneaſy: indeed, brother, you 'have. The poor girl has been harp-'ing upon this ſtring, ever ſince you 'have been gone.'

SIR CH. 'I am ſorry what I ſaid 'preſſed ſo hard—Do *you*, Lady L. 'if this delinquency comes to trial, 'offer yourſelf as an advocate for Char-'lotte?'

LADY L. 'I know not any act of 'delinquency ſhe has committed.'

SIR CH. 'The act of delinquency 'is this—Shall I, Charlotte, explain 'myſelf?'

MISS GR. 'Teazing man! How 'can you—'

Mr. Grandiſon rubbed his hands, and rejoiced, Miſs Grandiſon was nettled. She gave Mr. Grandiſon *ſuch a look!*—I never ſaw ſuch a contemptuous one—'Pray, Sir, do *you* withdraw, if you pleaſe.'

MR. GR. 'Not I, by the maſs! 'Are you afraid of a trial in open 'court? O-ho, couſin Charlotte!—'

MISS GR. 'Have I not a *cruel* bro-'ther, Miſs Byron?'

LORD L. 'Our ſiſter Charlotte real-'ly ſuffers, Sir Charles.'

SIR CH. 'I am ſorry for it. The '*innocent* ſhould not ſuffer. We will 'drop the cauſe.'

LADY L. 'Worſe and worſe, bro-'ther.'

SIR CH. 'How ſo, Lady L.? Is 'not Charlote innocent?'

DR. BARTLETT. 'If an advocate 'be required, and you, Sir Charles, 'are judge, and not a pleader in this 'cauſe, I offer myſelf to Miſs Gran-'diſon.'

SIR CH. 'A very powerful one ſhe 'will then have. You think her cauſe 'a juſt one, doctor, by your offer.—'Will you, Charlotte, give Dr. Bart-'lett a brief? Or *have* you given him 'one?'

DR. BART. 'I have no doubt of 'the juſtice of the cauſe.'

SIR CH. 'Nor of the juſtice of the '*accuſer*, I hope. I cannot be a *judge* 'in it.'

LADY L. 'Nay, then!—Poor Char-'lotte!'

MISS GR. 'I wiſh, couſin Gran-'diſon, you would withdraw.'

MR. GR. 'I wiſh, couſin Char-'lotte, you would *not* wiſh it.'

MISS GR. 'But are you ſerious, 'brother?'

SIR CH. 'Let us call another cauſe, 'ſiſter, if you pleaſe.—Pray, my lord, 'what viſiters have you had ſince I had 'the honour to attend you?'

MISS GR. 'Nay, brother—Don't 'think—'

SIR CH. 'Be QUIET, Charlotte.'

LADY L. 'Your own words, ſiſ-'ter!—But we had a viſit from Lady 'Anne S. yeſterday.'

[I am glad to hear Lady L. ſay this. But nothing came of it.]

SIR CH. 'You have ſeen Lady 'Anne more than once, my Emily. 'How do you like Lady Anne?'

MISS EMILY. 'Very well, Sir. 'She is a very agreeable lady. Don't 'you think ſo, Sir?'

SIR

Sir Ch. 'I do.—But, Charlotte,' [and looked tenderly upon her] 'I 'muſt not have you uneaſy.'—

She ſat vexed—her complexion raiſed; and playing with a lump of ſugar; and ſometimes twirling round and round a tea-cup; for the tea-things, though earneſtneſs of talking, were not taken away, though the ſervants were withdrawn.

Mr. Gr. 'Well, I will leave you 'together, I think. Poor couſin Charlotte!'—[Riſing he tapped her ſhoulder.] 'Poor couſin Charlotte! Ha, ha, 'ha, hah!'

Miss Gr. 'Impertinence!' with a look, the fellow to that ſhe gave him before.

Miss Emily. 'I will withdraw, 'if you pleaſe, Madam;' riſing, and curtſeying.

Miſs Grandiſon nodded her aſſent. And Emily withdrew likewiſe.

Dr. Bartlett offered to do ſo. Miſs Grandiſon ſeemed not to diſapprove of his motion: but Sir Charles ſaid, 'The doctor is retained on your part, 'Charlotte: he muſt hear the charge. 'Shall Miſs Byron be judge?'

I begged to be excuſed. The matter began to look like earneſt.

Miss Gr. (Whiſpering me.) 'I 'wiſh, Harriet, I had opened my whole 'heart to you. Your naſty ſcribbling! Eternally at your pen; or I 'had.'

Then I began to be afraid for her. 'Dear Miſs Grandiſon!' re-whiſpered I, 'it was not for me to obtrude— 'Dear Miſs Grandiſon, my pen ſhould 'never have interfered, if—'

Miss Gr. (Still whiſpering.) 'One ſhould be courted out of ſome 'ſort of ſecrets. One is not very forward to begin ſome ſort of diſcourſes '—Yet the ſubjects moſt in our hearts, 'perhaps. But don't deſpiſe me. 'You ſee what an accuſer I have: and 'ſo generous a one too, that one muſt 'half condemn one's ſelf at ſetting out.'

Harriet. (Whiſpering.) 'Fear 'nothing, my Charlotte. You are in 'a brother's hands.'

Miss Gr. 'Well, Sir Charles; 'and now, if you pleaſe, for the 'charge. But you ſay you cannot 'be judge and accuſer: who ſhall be 'judge?'

Sir Ch. 'Your own heart, Charlotte. I deſire all preſent to be your 'advocates, if their judgment be with 'you: and if it be *not*, that they will 'pity you in ſilence.'

He looked ſmilingly ſerious. 'Good 'Heaven!' thought I.

Miss Gr. 'Pity me!—Nay, then —But, pray, Sir, your charge.'

Sir Ch. 'The matter is too ſerious 'to be ſpoken of in metaphor.'

Miss Gr. 'Good God!—Hem!' and twice more ſhe hemmed—'Pray, 'Sir, begin. Begin while I have 'breath.'

Lord and Lady L. and Dr. Bartlett, and I, looked very grave; and Miſs Grandiſon looked, in general, *fretfully humble*, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf: and every thing being removed, but the table, ſhe played with her diamond ring; ſometimes pulling it off, and putting it on; ſometimes putting the tip of her finger in it, as it lay upon the table, and turning it round and round, ſwifter or ſlower, and ſtopping through downcaſt vexation, or earneſt attention, as ſhe found herſelf more or leſs affected—What a ſweet confuſion.

Sir Ch. 'You know, my dear 'Charlotte, that I, very early after 'my arrival, enquired after the ſtate 'of your heart. You told me it was 'abſolutely free.'

Miss Gr. 'Well, Sir.'

Sir Ch. 'Not ſatisfied with your 'own acknowledgment, as I know 'that young ladies are too apt to make 'ſecrets of a paſſion that is not in itſelf illaudable [I know not why, 'when *proper* perſons make enquiries, 'and for motives not ungenerous;] 'I aſked your elder ſiſter, who ſcrupled 'not to own hers, whether there were 'any one man, whom you preferred 'to another?——She aſſured me, that 'ſhe knew not of any one.'

Lady L. 'My ſiſter knows I ſaid 'truth.'

Miss Gr. 'Well, well, Lady L. 'nobody doubts your veracity.'

Sir Ch. 'Dear Charlotte, keep 'your temper.'

Miss Gr. 'Pray, Sir, proceed—' And the ring turned round very faſt.

Sir Ch. 'On ſeveral occaſions I 'put the ſame queſtion, and had the 'ſame aſſurances. My reaſon for '*repeating* my queſtion, was owing 'to an early intelligence—Of which 'more bye and bye.'

Miss

Miss Gr. 'Sir!'

Sir Ch. 'And that I might either provide the money that was due to her as my ſiſter, or take time to pay it, according to the circumſtances of her engagement; and take from her all apprehenſions of controul, in caſe that might affect the happineſs of her life—Theſe, and brotherly love, were the motives of my enquiry.'

Miss Gr. 'Your generoſity, Sir, was without example.'

Sir Ch. 'Not ſo, I hope. My ſiſters had an *equitable*, if not a *legal*, right to what has been done. I found on looking into my affairs, that, by a moderate calculation of the family circumſtances, no man ſhould think of addreſſing a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, without ſuppoſing himſelf intitled, either by his merits or fortune, to expect 10,000l. with her—And this, even allowing to the ſon the cuſtomary preferences given to men as men; though given for the ſake of pride, perhaps, rather than natural juſtice. For does not tyrant cuſtom make a daughter change *her* name in marriage, and give to a ſon, for the ſake of *name* only, the eſtate of the common anceſtor of both?'

This generous hint affected me. It was nearly my own caſe, you know. I might otherwiſe have been a rich heireſs, and might have had as ſtrong pretenſions to be diſtinguiſhed by the Grandiſons, for my fortune, as any Lady S. in the kingdom. But worthleſs as thoſe are, to whom, for the ſake of the name, my father's eſtate is paſſed, I never grudged it to them till I came acquainted with theſe Grandiſons.

Lord L. 'But who, Sir Charles, but you—'

Sir Ch. 'Pray, my lord, let not your generoſity miſlead you to think that a favour, which is but a due. We ſhall not be judged by compariſon. The laws of truth and juſtice are always the ſame. What others would not have done in the like ſituation, that let them look to: but what is the *mortal* man, who ſhould make an unjuſt advantage of *mortality*?'

Miſs Grandiſon pulled out her handkerchief, put it to her eyes, and then in her lap; and putting half on, and half off, by turns, her ring, looked now and then at me, as if ſhe wiſhed me to pity her.

Indeed, Lucy, I did pity her: every one did? and ſo did her judge. I dare ſay, in his heart. But juſtice, my Lucy, is a ſevere thing. Who can bear a trial, if the integrity and greatneſs of this man's heart is to be the rule by which their actions are to be examined? Yet you ſhall hear how generous he was.

Sir Ch. 'Allow me for Miſs Byron's ſake, who has been but lately *reſtored* to our family, to be a little more particular, than otherwiſe I need to be. I had not been long in England, before Sir Walter Watkyns deſired my intereſt with my ſiſter. I told him, that ſhe was entirely her own miſtreſs: and that I ſhould not offer to lead her choice. Lord G. made his court to her likewiſe; and, applying to me, received the ſame anſwer.'

'I entered, however, into ſerious talk with my ſiſter upon this ſubject. She aſked me what *I* thought of each gentleman. I told her frankly.'

Miss Gr. 'And pray, brother, be ſo good as to repeat what you ſaid of them. Let Miſs Byron be judge, whether either of the portraits was very inviting.'

Sir Ch. 'I told her, Miſs Byron, that Sir Walter would, I preſumed, be thought the handſomer man of the two. He was gay, lively, genteel; and had that courage in his air and manner, that ladies were ſeldom diſpleaſed with. I had not, however, diſcovered any great depth in him. My ſiſter, I imagined, if ſhe married him, would have the ſuperiority in good ſenſe; but I queſtion whether Sir Walter would eaſily find that out; or allow it, if he did. He was a briſk man for an hour, and might have wit and ſenſe too; but indeed I hardly ever ſaw him out of ladies company; and he ſeemed to be of opinion, that flaſh rather than fire, was what would recommend him to them. Sometimes I have thought, I told her, that women of ſenſe ſhould puniſh ſuch men with their contempt, and not reward them with their approbation, for thus indirectly affronting their underſtandings; but that I had

'known women of ſenſe approve a 'man of that character; and each 'woman muſt determine for herſelf, 'what appeared moſt agreeable to her.

MISS GR. (Whiſpering.) 'Well, 'Harriet.—'

HAR. (Whiſpering.) 'Don't in-'terrupt him.'

SIR CH. 'You remember, my dear 'Charlotte, that it was in this kind of 'way I ſpoke about Sir Walter Wat-'kyns; and added, that he was inde-'pendent; in poſſeſſion of the family-'eſtate, which I believed was a good 'one; and that he talked handſomely 'to me of ſettlements.'

'I do remember this,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon; and whiſpering me, 'I 'am afraid,' ſaid ſhe, 'he knows too 'much; but the *perſon* he cannot 'know.—Well, Sir, and pray be 'pleaſed to repeat what you ſaid of 'Lord G.'

SIR CH. 'Lord G. I told you, 'was a gay-dreſſing man, but of a 'graver caſt than the other. The fa-'ſhion, rather than his inclination, 'ſeemed to govern his outward ap-'pearance. He was a modeſt man, 'and I feared had too much doubt of 'himſelf to appear with that dignity 'in the eye of a lively woman, which 'ſhould give him a firſt conſequence 'with her.'

MISS GR. 'Your ſervant, Sir.'

SIR CH. 'I believed he would 'make a good huſband; ſo perhaps 'might Sir Walter: but the one would '*bear*, the other perhaps muſt be *borne* '*with*. Ladies, as well as men, I 'preſumed, had ſome foibles, that they 'would not care to part with. As to 'fortune, I added, that Lord G. was 'dependent on his father's pleaſure. 'He had, indeed, his father's entire 'approbation, I found, in his addreſs: 'and I hoped that a ſiſter of mine 'would not wiſh for any man's death, 'for the ſake of either title or fortune. '—You have ſeen Lord G. Miſs By-'ron?'

HAR. 'What, Sir Charles, was 'Miſs Grandiſon's anſwer?'

[I did not care to give any opinion, that might either *hurt* or *humour* my Charlotte.]

SIR CH. 'Charlotte told me, in 'ſo many words, That ſhe did not 'approve of either. "Each gentle-"man," ſaid I, "has beſought me "to be his advocate. A taſk that I "have not undertaken. I only told "them, That I would talk to my ſiſter "upon the ſubject: but did not think "a brother ought to expect an influence "over a ſiſter, when the gentlemen "ſuſpected their own. You will re-"member," ſaid I to my ſiſter, "that "women cannot chuſe where they "will; and that the ſame man cannot "be every thing."—She deſired me to 'tell her, which of the two *I* would 'prefer?—"Firſt," ſaid I, "let me "repeat the queſtion I have more than "once put to you: Have you any the "leaſt ſhadow of a preference in your "heart, to any third perſon?"—What 'was my ſiſter's anſwer? She ſaid, 'ſhe had not. And yet, had I not 'had the private intelligence I hinted 'at, I ſhould have been apt to ima-'gine, that I had ſome reaſon to re-'peat the queſtion, from the *warmth*, 'both of *manner* and *accent*, with 'which ſhe declared, that ſhe approved 'of neither. Women, I believe, do 'not, with *earneſtneſs*, reject a man 'who is not *quite* diſagreeable, and to 'whoſe quality and fortune there can 'be no objection, if they are abſo-'lutely unprejudiced in another's fa-'vour.'

We women looked upon one an-other. 'I have no *doubt*,' thought I, 'but Sir Charles came *honeſtly* by his 'knowledge of us.'

The dear Charlotte ſat uneaſy. He proceeded.

'However, I now made no queſtion 'but my ſiſter's affections were abſo-'lutely diſengaged. "My dear Char-'lotte," ſaid I, "I would rather be "excuſed telling you *which* gentle-"man's ſuit I ſhould incline to favour, "leſt my opinion ſhould not have your "inclination with it; and your mind, "by that means, ſhould ſuffer any em-"barraſſment." She deſired to know it.

MISS GR. 'You were very gene-'rous, Sir; I owned you were, in this 'point, as well as in all others.

SIR CH. 'I then declared in fa-'vour of Lord G. as the man who 'would be moſt likely to make her 'happy; who would think himſelf 'moſt obliged to her for her favour: 'and I took the liberty to hint, that 'though I admired her for her viva-'city, and even, when her wit carried 'it's keeneſt edge, loved to be awaken-

'ed

'ed by it, and wiſhed it never to loſe that edge; yet I imagined, that it would *hurt* ſuch a man as Sir Walter. Lord G. it would *enliven*; and I hoped if ſhe took pleaſure in her innocent ſallies, that ſhe would think it *ſomething*, ſo to chuſe, as that ſhe ſhould not be under a neceſſity of repreſſing thoſe ſprightly powers, that *very ſeldom* were to be wiſhed to be reined in.'

Miss Gr. 'True, Sir. You ſaid, "*very ſeldom*," I remember.'

Sir Ch. 'I never will flatter either a prince, or a lady; yet ſhould be ſorry to treat either of them rudely. —She then aſked me after my *own* inclinations. I took this for a deſire to avoid the ſubject we were upon; and would have *withdrawn*; but not in ill-humour. There was no reaſon for it. My ſiſter was not obliged to follow me in a ſubject that was not agreeable to her: but I took care to let her know, that *her* queſtion was not a diſagreeable one to *me*; but would be more properly anſwered on ſome other occaſion. She would have had me to ſtay.—"For the ſake of "the former ſubject, do you aſk me to "ſtay, Charlotte?"—"No," ſaid ſhe.

"Well then, my dear, take time to "conſider of it; and at ſome other "opportunity we will reſume it."—Thus tender did I *intend* to be, with regard to my ſiſter's inclinations.'

Miſs Grandiſon wiped her eyes—And ſaid, but with an accent that had a little peeviſhneſs in it, 'You wanted not, Sir, all this preparation. Nobody has the ſhadow of belief, that *you* could be wrong.'

Sir Ch. 'If this, Charlotte, be well ſaid; if, in that accent, it be *generouſly* ſaid; I have done—and from my heart acquit you, and as cordially condemn myſelf, if I have appeared in your eye to intend to raiſe my own character, at the expence of yours. Believe me, Charlotte, I had much rather, in a point of delicacy, that the brother ſhould be found faulty than the ſiſter: and let it paſs, that I am ſo.—And only tell me, in what way you would wiſh me to ſerve you?'

Miss Gr. 'Pardon me, brother. You can add forgiveneſs to the other obligations under which I labour. I was petulant.'

Sir Ch. 'I do; moſt cordially I do.'

Miss Gr. (Wiping her eyes.) 'But won't you proceed, *Sir?*'

Sir Ch. 'At another opportunity, *Madam*.'

Miss Gr. "Madam!"—Nay, now you are indeed angry with me. Pray, proceed.'

Sir Ch. 'I am not; but you ſhall allow me an hour's converſation with you in your dreſſing-room, when you pleaſe.'

Miss Gr. 'No!—Pray, proceed. Every one here is dear to me. Every one preſent muſt hear either my acquittal or condemnation. Pray, Sir, proceed.—Miſs Byron, pray ſit ſtill. —Pray,' (for we were all riſing to go out) 'keep your ſeats. I believe I have been wrong. My brother ſaid, you muſt pity me in ſilence, if you found me faulty. Perhaps I ſhall be obliged to you for your pity.—Pray, Sir, be pleaſed to acquaint me with what you know of my faults.'

Sir Ch. 'My dear Charlotte, I have ſaid enough to point your fault to your own heart. If you know it, *that*, I hope, is ſufficient.—Do not imagine, my dear, that I want to controul you—but—' He ſtopt.

Miss Gr. 'But *what*, Sir?—Pray, Sir—' And ſhe trembled with eagerneſs.

Sir Ch. 'But it was not right to—And yet, I wiſh that I were miſtaken in this point, and my ſiſter not wrong!'

Miss Gr. 'Well, Sir, you have reaſon, I ſuppoſe, to think—' There ſhe ſtopt.

Sir Ch. 'That there is a man whom you can approve of—notwithſtanding—'

Miss Gr. 'All I have ſaid to the contrary. Well, Sir, if there be, it is a great fault to have denied it.'

Sir Ch. 'That is all I mean.—It is no fault for you to prefer one man to another. It is no fault in you to give this preference to any man, without conſulting your brother. I propoſed that you ſhould be entirely miſtreſs of your own conduct and actions. It would have been ungenerous in me, to have ſuppoſed you accountable to me, who had done no more than my duty by you. Dear Charlotte, do not ima-

'gine me capable of laying ſuch a 'load on your free will: but I ſhould 'not have been made to pronounce to 'Lord G. and even to the earl his fa-'ther, (on their enquiries whether your 'affections were or were not engaged) 'in ſuch a manner as gave them hopes 'of ſucceeding.'

MISS GR. 'Are you ſure, Sir?'

SIR CH. 'O my ſiſter, how hard 'fought (now muſt I ſay?) is this 'battle!—I can urge it no farther. 'For *your* ſake, I can urge it no far-'ther.'

MISS GR. 'Name your man, Sir!—'

SIR CH. 'Not *my* man, Charlotte. '—Captain Anderſon is not *my* man.'

He aroſe; and, taking her motion-leſs hand, preſſed it with his lips:—'Be not too much diſturbed,' ſaid he. 'I am diſtreſſed, my ſiſter, for your 'diſtreſs—I think, more than I am for 'the error.' And, ſaying this, bow-ing to her, he withdrew.

He ſaw and pitied her confuſion. She was quite confounded. It was very good of him to withdraw, to give her time to recover herſelf. Lady L. gave her her ſalts. Miſs Grandiſon hardly ever wanted ſalts before.

'O what a poor creature am I,' ſaid ſhe, 'even in my own eyes!—Don't 'deſpiſe me, Harriet.—Dr. Bartlett, 'can you excuſe me for ſo *ſturdy* a 'perſeverance?—Forgive me, my lord! '—Lady L. be indulgent to a ſiſter's 'fault.—But my brother will always 'ſee me in this depreciating light! '"A battle hard fought," indeed! How 'one error, perſiſted in, produces an-'other!'

When Sir Charles heard her voice, as talking, every one ſoothing and pitying her, he returned. She would have riſen, with a diſpoſition ſeemingly, as if ſhe would have humbled herſelf at his feet: but he took her folded hands in one of his, and with the other drew a chair cloſe to her, and ſat down; with what ſweet majeſty, and mingled compaſſion in his countenance! Miſs Grandiſon's *conſciouſneſs* made it ter-rible *only* to her.—'Forgive me, Sir!' were her words.

'Dear Charlotte, I do. We have 'all ſomething to be forgiven for. We 'pity others then moſt cordially, when 'we want pity ourſelves. Remember 'only, in the caſes of other perſons, 'to ſoften the ſeverity of your virtue.'

He had Mrs. Oldham in his thoughts, as we all afterwards concluded.

'We know not,' ſaid he, 'to what '*inconveniences* a ſmall departure from 'principle will lead: and now let us 'look forward. But firſt, had you 'rather ſhew me into your dreſſing-'room?'

MISS GR. 'I have now no wiſh 'to conceal any thing from the perſons 'preſent. I will only withdraw for a 'few moments.'

She went out. I followed her. And then, wanting ſomebody to divide her fault with, the dear Charlotte blamed my *naſty* ſcribbling again: 'But for '*that*,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhould have told 'you all.'

'And what, my dear, would that 'have done?' returned I.—'That 'would not have prevented—'

'No; but yet you might have given 'me your advice: I ſhould have had 'the benefit of that; and my confeſ-'ſions would have been, then, perhaps, 'aforehand with his accuſations.—'But forgive me, Harriet—'

'O my Charlotte,' thought I to myſelf, 'could you but rein in your 'charming ſpirit, a little, *very* little, 'you would not have had two forgive-'neſſes to aſk inſtead of one.'

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Grandiſon deſired me to return to the company. I did. She ſoon followed me; took her ſeat; and, with an air of mingled dignity and concern, delivered herſelf after this manner.

'If it be not too late, after a perſe-'verance in error ſo obſtinate, to re-'inſtate myſelf in my brother's good 'opinion, dearer to me than that of 'the whole world beſides, my inge-'nuouſneſs ſhall make atonement for 'that error.'

SIR CH. 'I would ſpare my ſiſter 'the—'

MISS GR. 'I will not be ſpared, 'Sir.—Pray hear me.—I would not, 'in order to extenuate my own faults, '(I hope I have not many) ſeek to 'throw blame upon the abſent; much 'leſs upon the *everlaſtingly* abſent: 'and yet my brother's piety muſt not

'be

'be offended, if I am obliged to ſay 'ſomething that may ſeem to caſt a 'ſhade on a memory—Be not hurt, 'Sir—I will be favourable to that me-'mory, and juſt to my own fault.—'You, Harriet, would no more ex-'cuſe me, than my brother, if I failed 'in either.'

I bowed and bluſhed. Sir Charles looked at me with a benign aſpect.

'My *father*,' proceeded ſhe, 'thought 'fit to be, or to *ſeem* to be, diſpleaſed 'with ſomething that paſſed between 'him and Lord L. on the application 'made by my lord to him for my 'ſiſter.'

SIR CH. 'He was not willing, per-'haps, that a treaty of marriage ſhould 'be began but at his own firſt motion, 'however unexceptionable the man, 'or the propoſal.'

MISS GR. 'Every one knows that 'my father had great abilities; and 'they were adorned with a vivacity 'and ſpirit, that, where-ever pointed, 'there was no reſiſting. He took his 'two daughters to taſk upon this oc-'caſion; and being deſirous to diſcou-'rage in them, at that time, any 'thoughts of marriage, he exerted, 'beſides his authority, on this occa-'ſion, (which I can truly ſay, had *due* 'weight with us both) that vein of hu-'mour and raillery for which he was 'noted: inſomuch that his poor girls 'were confounded, and unable to hold 'up their heads. My ſiſter, in parti-'cular, was made to be aſhamed of a 'paſſion, that ſurely no yonng wo-'man, the object ſo worthy, ought to be 'aſhamed of. My father alſo thought 'fit (perhaps for wiſe reaſons) to ac-'quaint us, that he deſigned for us 'but ſmall fortunes: and this depreci-'ated me with myſelf. My ſiſter had 'a ſtronger mind, and had better pro-'ſpects. I could not but apprehend, 'from what my *ſiſter* ſuffered, what 'muſt be *my* ſufferings in turn; and I 'thought I could be induced to take 'any ſtep, however raſh, where virtue 'was not to be wounded, rather than 'undergo what ſhe underwent, from 'the raillery of a man ſo lively, and 'ſo humorous, and who ſtood in ſo 'venerable a degree of relation to me. 'While theſe impreſſions were ſtrong 'in my mind, Captain Anderſon, who 'was quartered near us, had an op-'portunity to fall into my company at 'an aſſembly. He is a ſprightly man, 'and was well received by every body; 'and particularly a favourite of three 'young ladies, who could hardly be 'civil to each other on his account: 'and this, I own, when he made aſſi-'duous court to me, in preference to 'them, and to every other woman, 'gave him ſome conſequence with me; 'and then, being the principal officer 'in that part of the country, he was 'careſſed as if he were a general. A 'daughter of Sir Thomas Grandiſon 'was deemed a prize worthy of his 'ambition, by every body, as well as 'by himſelf: while this poor daugh-'ter, dreading the difficulties that her 'ſiſter had met with, and being led to 'think, by what her father declared 'to both ſiſters, that two or three 'thouſand pounds would be the height 'of her fortune, had only to appre-'hend, that a captain either of horſe 'or foot, who had been perhaps for 'years a frequenter of publick places, 'both in town and country, in hopes 'of raiſing his fortune, would think 'himſelf but poorly paid for his pains, '(were ſhe even to obtain her father's 'pardon) ſhould ... engage without 'waiting for his conſent; as ſhe was 'urged to do, by letters, which he 'found ways unſuſpectedly to ſend 'her.—I hope, Sir—I hope, my lord, '—and you, my two ſiſters—that you 'will *now*, from what I have ſaid, 'acquit me of inſincerity, though you 'cannot of *paſt* indiſcretion.

'Nevertheleſs, my pride at times 'was piqued: ſometimes I declared 'off; at other times was prevailed 'upon by arts which men are maſters 'of, to go on again; till I found my-'ſelf entangled, and at a loſs to know 'how to go either backward or for-'ward. The gentleman was indeed 'of a genteel family; but the object 'of my ſiſter's regard had ſo much to 'be ſaid for *him*; ſtood ſo well with 'my brother; and even with my fa-'ther; was ſo much the man of qua-'lity, in every reſpect; that a raſh ſtep 'in me, I could not but think, would 'be looked upon as the more diſgrace-'ful, on that account; and that if I 'married Captain Anderſon, I muſt 'be rejected, ſcorned, for one while, 'if not for ever.

"And what title," often thought 'I, when I permitted myſelf ſeriouſly

to think, "have I to give my father a *son*, my brother, my ſiſter, my Lord L. (ſhould he find my ſiſter marry) a *brother*, whom they would not have choſen, nor will probably own?—Have not they a better *right* to reject him for *their* relation, than I have to chuſe him for my huſband? And ſhall Charlotte Grandiſon, the daughter of the moſt prudent of mothers, take a ſtep that ſhall make her be looked upon as the diſgrace of her family? Shall *ſhe* be obliged to follow a ſoldier's fortune into different quarters, and perhaps diſtant regions?"

'Such as theſe were, at times, my reaſonings; and perhaps they would have had the leſs force with me, had I, in giving myſelf a *huſband*, had none of theſe relations living, on whom to obtrude a new one, to their diſlike, by my marriage.

'Hence I could not bear to reveal the matter to my ſiſter, who, in *her* choice, had ſo much advantage over me. I thought within theſe few weeks paſt, I could reveal it to my new-found ſiſter; and it was one of my motives to come hither, at your invitation, Lord and Lady L. when you told me ſhe was ſo obliging as to accompany you down: but ſhe was *everlaſtingly* writing; and I was ſhy of *forcing* an opportunity, as none agreeably offered.'

SIR CH. 'I would not interrupt you, Charlotte.—But may I aſk, If this whole affair was carried on by letter? Did you not ſometimes ſee each other?'

MISS GR. 'We did. But our meetings were not frequent, becauſe he was at one time quartered in Scotland; at another, was ſent to Ireland, where he ſtaid ſix or ſeven months; at others, in diſtant parts of the kingdom.'

SIR CH. 'In what part of the king's dominions is the captain now?'

MISS GR. 'Dear Sir, could not the perſon who acquainted you with the affair, inform you of that?'

SIR CH. (Smiling.) 'The perſon *could*, Madam; and did. He is in London.'

MISS GR. 'I hope, my brother, after the freedom of my confeſſion, and an ingenuouſneſs that is not often found in ſuch caſes as *this*, will not be ſo unkind as to imagine, that I ought to have traps laid for me, as if I were not now at laſt frank and unreſerved.'

—SIR CH. 'Exceedingly juſt, Charlotte! exceedingly juſt!—I beg your pardon. I ſaid, we had all ſomething to be forgiven for. I am not however queſtioning you, with intent to *caſt a ſtone*, but to *lend you a hand*.'

MISS GR. 'O that we had had liberty granted to us, having *ſuch* a brother, to correſpond with him!—Happy ſhall I be, if I can atone—'

There ſhe ſtopt.

SIR CH. 'Proceed with your ſtory, my dear Charlotte.—Greatly does the atonement overbalance the fault!'

MISS GR. (Bowing to her brother) 'Captain Anderſon *is* in town. I have ſeen him twice. I was to have ſeen him at the play, had I not come down to Colnebrook. Not a tittle of the truth will I hide from you. Now I have recovered the right path, not one wry ſtep will I ever again wilfully take. I have ſuffered enough by thoſe I had taken, though I endeavoured to carry it off as well as I could (even ſometimes by a ſpirit of bravery) when it lay heavy *here*!' Putting her hand to her heart.

Sir Charles roſe from his ſeat; and taking one of his ſiſter's hands between both his, 'Worthy ſiſter! amiable Charlotte! After this noble frankneſs, I muſt not permit you to accuſe yourſelf. An error gracefully acknowledged, is a victory won. If you think Captain Anderſon worthy of *your* heart, he ſhall have a place in *mine*; and I will uſe my intereſt with Lord and Lady L. to allow of his relation to *them*. Miſs Byron and Dr. Bartlett will look upon him as their friend.'

He ſat down again; his countenance ſhining with brotherly love.

MISS GR. 'O Sir, what ſhall I ſay? You add to my difficulties by your goodneſs. I have told you how I had entangled myſelf. Captain Anderſon's addreſs began with hopes of a great fortune, which he imagined a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandiſon could not fail, firſt or laſt, to have. That this was his principal motive, has been, on many occaſions,

'ſions; (on too many for his advan-
'tage) viſible to me. *My* allowance
'of his addreſs, as I have hinted,
'was owing to my apprehenſions,
'that I ſhould not be a fortune worthy
'of a more generous man. At that
'time, our life was a confined one;
'and I girliſhly wiſhed for liberty—
'MATRIMONY and LIBERTY—Girl-
'iſh connexion! as I have ſince
'thought.'

We could none of us help ſmiling at this lively ſally: but ſhe went on more ſeriouſly.

'I thought at firſt, that I could
'break with him when I would: but
'he holds me to it; and the more,
'ſince he has heard of your goodneſs
'to me; and builds great hopes of
'future preferment on the alliance.'

SIR CH. 'But do you not love Cap-
'tain Anderſon, my ſiſter?'

MISS GR. 'I believe I love him as
'well as he loves me. His principal
'view, as I have ſaid, has come out,
'avowedly, to be to my fortune. If
'I regulate my eſteem for him by his
'for me, I ought not, for the very
'reaſon that he likes me, to approve
'of him.'

SIR CH. 'I do not wonder that
'the captain is deſirous to "*hold you to
'it*," to uſe your words: but, my dear
'Charlotte, anſwer me, have you had
'leſs liking to Captain Anderſon
'ſince your fortune is aſcertained, and
'abſolutely in your own power, than
'you had before?'

MISS GR. 'Not on *that* account,
'if I know my heart: but he has been
'a much more earneſt ſuiter ſince your
'goodneſs to me was generally known,
'than before. When public report
'had made me abſolutely dependent
'on my brother; and diminiſhed (be-
'yond the truth, as it has proved)
'the circumſtances of the family;
'and when my ſiſter and I were un-
'happy between our fears and our
'hopes; I then heard but little from
'Captain Anderſon; and that little
'was *ſo* prudent, and *ſo* cold—But I
'had found out the man before.'

Lord and Lady L. with warmth of voice, called him unworthy man. I thought him ſo; and ſo, by his looks, did Dr. Bartlett.

SIR CH. 'Poor man!—He ſeems
'to have been too prudent, to truſt
'even to Providence.—But what, my
'ſiſter, *are now* your difficulties?'

MISS GR. 'They proceed from my
'folly. Captain Anderſon appeared
'to me at firſt, a man of ſenſe, as well
'as an agreeable man in his perſon and
'air. He had a lively and eaſy elo-
'cution. *He* ſpoke without doubt;
'and *I* had therefore the leſs doubt of
'his underſtanding. The man who
'knows how to ſay agreeable things
'to a woman, in an agreeable man-
'ner, has her vanity on his ſide; ſince,
'to doubt his veracity, would be to
'queſtion her own merit. When he
'came to *write*, my judgment was
'even ſtill more engaged in his favour
'than before. But when he thought
'himſelf on a *ſafe footing* with me,
'he then loſt his hand-writing, and
'his ſtile, and even his orthography,
'I bluſh to ſay it; and then I bluſhed
'to ſee it.'

SIR CH. 'Men will be men. It
'is natural for us, when we find out
'our imperfections, to endeavour to
'ſupply them, or to gloſs them over
'to thoſe, whoſe good opinion of us
'we wiſh to engage. I have known
'men who are not ſo *ready* as the cap-
'tain ſeems to have been, to find out
'their own defects. Captain Ander-
'ſon, perhaps, loſt his letter-writer,
'by the ſhifting of quarters. But it
'is ſtrange that a man of family, as
'the captain is, ſhould be ſo very
'illiterate.'

MISS GR. 'His early wildneſſes,
'as I afterwards heard, made him
'run from ſchool, before he had
'acquired common ſchool-learning.
'His friends bought him a pair of
'colours. That was all they would
'ever do for him: and his father
'marrying a ſecond wife, by whom he
'had children, conſidered not him as
'one. This came out to be his ſtory.
'But he diſplayed himſelf to me in
'very different lights. He pretended
'to have a pretty eſtate, which, though
'not large, was well conditioned, and
'capable of improvement; beſides very
'conſiderable expectations. A mind
'that would not impoſe on another,
'muſt leaſt bear to be impoſed upon
'itſelf: but I could not help *deſpiſing*
'him, when I found myſelf ſo groſsly
'impoſed upon by the letters he had
'procured to be written for him; and

'that

'that he was not either the man of 'ſenſe, or learning, that he would 'have had me think him.'

SIR CH. 'But what was the *falſe* 'footing, my ſiſter, that he thought 'he was upon with you?'

MISS GR. 'O Sir! while all theſe 'good appearances held in his favour, 'he had teazed me into a promiſe. 'And when he had gained that point, '*then* it was, or *ſoon after*, that he 'wrote to me with his own hand. 'And yet, though he convinced me 'by doing ſo, that he had *before* em-'ployed another, it was a point agreed 'upon, that our intercourſe was to be 'an abſolute ſecret; and I trembled 'to find myſelf expoſed to his ſcribe, 'a man I knew not; and who muſt 'certainly deſpiſe the lover whom he 'helped to all his agreeable flouriſhes; 'and, in deſpiſing *him*, muſt proba-'bly deſpiſe *me*. Yet I *will* ſay, 'that my letters were ſuch as I can 'ſubmit to the ſevereſt eye. It was 'indeed giving him encouragement 'enough, that I anſwered him by pen 'and ink; and he preſumed enough 'upon it, or he had never dared to 'teaze me for a promiſe, as he did for 'months before I made him one.'

SIR CH. 'Women ſhould never be 'drawn in to fetter themſelves by 'promiſes. On the contrary, they 'ought always to deſpiſe, and directly 'to break with, the man who offers 'to exact a promiſe from them. To 'what end is a promiſe of this kind 'endeavoured to be obtained, if the 'urger ſuſpects not the fitneſs of his 'addreſſes in the eyes of thoſe who 'have a right to be conſulted; and if 'he did not doubt either his own 'merit, or the lady's honour, and 'feared her returning diſcretion?—'Therefore wanted to put it out of 'her own power to be dutiful; or '(if ſhe had began to ſwerve, by 'liſtening to a clandeſtine addreſs) to 'recover herſelf? Your father, my 'dear, (but you might not know that) 'could have abſolved you from this 'promiſe*. You have not now, 'however, any body to controul you; 'you are abſolutely your own miſtreſs: 'and I ſee not but a promiſe—But, 'pray, of what nature was this pro-'miſe?'

MISS GR. 'O my folly!—I de-'clared, that I never would marry 'any other man without his conſent, 'while he was ſingle. By this means '(to my confuſion) I own, that I 'made him my father, my guardian, 'my brother; at leaſt, I made the 'influences over me, of ſuch of them 'as had been living, of no avail, in 'the moſt material article of my life; 'teazed, as I told you, into it; and 'againſt my judgment.'

'Soon after, he let me know, as I 'ſaid, in his own hand-writing, what 'an illiterate, what a mere ſuper-'ficial man I had entered into treaty 'with. And ever ſince I have been 'endeavouring by pen, as well as in 'perſon, to get him to abſolve me 'from my raſh promiſe. And this 'was my view and endeavour before 'I had a title to the independence, in 'which, Sir, you was ſo good as to 'eſtabliſh me.

'I once thought,' proceeded ſhe, 'that he would eaſily have complied, 'and have looked out elſewhere for a 'wife; for I ſought not to *fetter* him, 'as you juſtly call it: he was not of 'ſo much conſequence with me; and 'this renders me, perhaps, the leſs 'excuſeable—But you held me not 'long enough in ſuſpenſe, as to the 'great things you intended to do for 'me, to enable me to obtain that re-'leaſe from Captain Anderſon, which 'I was meditating to procure, before 'he knew what thoſe were.

'All this time I kept my own ſe-'cret. I had not confidence enough 'in the ſteps I had ſo raſhly taken, (in-'deed had not *humility* enough) to 'make any living creature acquainted 'with my ſituation: and this was the 'reaſon, I ſuppoſe, that I never was 'gueſſed at or found out. The pro-'verb ſays, "*Two can keep a ſecret, "when one is away*;" But my Harriet 'knows,' [I bowed] 'that I very 'early, in my knowledge of her, dropt 'hints of an *entanglement*, as I ludi-'crouſly called it; for I could not, 'with juſtice, ſay *love*.'

SIR CH. 'Charming frankneſs! 'How do your virtues ſhine through 'your very miſtakes!—But there are 'many women who have ſuffered them-'ſelves to be worſe entangled, even 'beyond recovery, when they have not 'had to plead the apprehenſions which 'you had at entering into this affair.'

MISS GR. 'You are Sir *Charles*

* Numbers xxx. 3, 4, 5.

'*Grandiſon*,

'*Grandiſon*, Sir: I need not ſay more. 'We often dread, in raſh engagements, 'to make thoſe communications, which 'only can be a means to extricate us 'from the difficulties into which we 'have plunged ourſelves. Had I, for 'the laſt ſix or ſeven years of my life, 'known my brother as I now know 'him; had I been indulged in a cor'reſpondence with him in his abſence; 'not a ſtep would I have taken, but 'with his approbation.'

SIR CH. 'Perhaps I was too im'plicit on this occaſion: but I always 'thought it more ſafe, in a diſputable 'caſe, to check, than to give way to, 'an inclination. My father knew the 'world. He was not an ill-natured 'man. He loved his daughters. I 'had not the vanity to imagine, that 'my ſiſters, the *youngeſt* near as old as 'myſelf, would want my advice, in ma'terial articles: and to break through 'a father's commands, for the ſake 'merely of gratifying *myſelf*—I don't 'know how—But I could *not* do it: 'and as a conſiderate perſon, when he 'has loſt a dear friend, and more par'ticularly a parent, is apt to recollect 'with pleaſure thoſe inſtances in which 'he has given joy to the departed, and 'with pain the contrary; methinks I 'am the more ſatisfied with myſelf, 'for having obeyed a command, that 'however, at the time, I knew not 'how to account for.'

MISS GR. 'You are happy, bro'ther, in this recollection. I ſhould 'be more unhappy than I am (on your 'principles) had I vexed my father in 'this affair. Thank God he knew no'thing of it. But now, Sir, I have 'told you the whole truth. I have not 'aggravated the failings of Captain 'Anderſon; nor wiſh to do ſo: for 'the man that once I had but the ſha'dow of a thought to make one day 'my neareſt relation, is intitled, I 'think, to my good *wiſhes*, though he 'prove not quite ſo worthy as I once 'believed him.

'Permit me, however, to add, that 'Captain Anderſon is paſſionate, over'bearing: I have never of late met 'him, but with great reluctance. Had 'I not come to Colnebrook, I ſhould 'have *ſeen* him, as I confeſſed; but it 'was with the reſolution that I had for 'a conſiderable time paſt avowed to 'him, never to be his; and to be a 'ſingle woman all my life, if he would 'not diſengage me of my raſh, my 'fooliſh promiſe. And now be pleaſ'ed,' (looking round her to every one preſent) 'to adviſe me what to do.'

LORD L. 'I think the man utter'ly unworthy of you, ſiſter Char'lotte. I think you are right to re'ſolve never to have him.'

LADY L. 'Without waiting for my 'brother's opinion, I muſt ſay, that 'he acts moſt ungenerouſly and un'worthily, to hold you to an *unequal* 'promiſe: a promiſe, the like of which 'you offered not to bind *him* by. I 'cannot, Charlotte, think you bound 'by ſuch a promiſe: and the poor trick 'of getting another perſon to write his 'letters for him, and expoſing my 'ſiſter to a ſtranger, and againſt ſtipu'lation—How I ſhould hate him!—'What ſay you, ſiſter Harriet?'

HARRIET. 'I ſhould be unworthy 'of this kind confidence, if thus called 'upon, I did not ſay ſomething, 'though it came out to be next to no'thing—There ſeems not to have been 'any ſtrong affection, any ſympathy 'of ſoul, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, 'at *any* time, Miſs Grandiſon, be'tween you and Captain Anderſon, I 'think?'

SIR CH. 'A very proper queſtion.'

MISS GR. 'There was not, on '*either* ſide, I believe. I have hinted 'at *my* motives, and at *his*. In every 'letter of his, he gave me cauſe to 'confirm what I have ſaid of his ſelf'intereſtedneſs: and now his princi'pal plea to hold me to my promiſe, 'is, *his* intereſt. I would not to him, 'I never did, plead *mine*; though his 'example would excuſe me, if I did.'

LORD L. 'Was the promiſe given 'in writing, ſiſter?'

MISS GR. 'Indeed it was.' She looked down.

HARRIET. 'May I be pardoned, 'Madam?—The ſubſtance of your 'promiſe was, that you would never 'marry any other man without his 'conſent, while he remained unmar'ried—Did you promiſe, that, if ever 'you did marry at all, it ſhould be to 'him?'

MISS GR. 'No. He wanted me 'to promiſe that; but I refuſed. And 'now, my Harriet, what is your ad'vice?'

HARRIET. 'I beg to hear Dr. Bart-

'lett's

'lett's opinion—and yours, Sir—' (to Sir Charles) 'before I preſume to give 'mine.'

Sir Charles looked at the doctor. The doctor referred himſelf to him.

Sir Ch. 'Then, doctor, you muſt 'ſet me right, if I am wrong. You 'are a caſuiſt.

'As to what Lord L. has ſaid, I 'think with his lordſhip, that Captain 'Anderſon appears not, in any of his 'conduct, to be worthy of Miſs 'Grandiſon: and in truth, I don't 'know many who are. If I am par-'tial, excuſe the *brother*.'

She bowed. Every one was pleaſed that Miſs Grandiſon was enabled to hold up her head, as ſhe did on this compliment from her brother.

Sir Ch. 'I think alſo if my ſiſter 'eſteems him not, ſhe is in the right 'to reſolve never to be his. But what 'ſhall we ſay, as to her promiſe, *Ne-'ver* to be the wife of any other man 'without his conſent, while he remains 'unmarried? It was made, I apprehend, 'while her father was living; who 'might, I believe, doctor, you will al-'low, have abſolved her from it: but 'then, her very treating with him ſince 'to diſpenſe with it, ſhews, that in her 'own conſcience ſhe thinks herſelf 'bound by it.'

Every one being ſilent, he proceeded.

'Lady L. is of opinion, that he acts 'ungenerouſly and unworthily, to en-'deavour to hold her to an unequal 'promiſe: but what man, except a 'very generous one indeed, having 'obtained an advantage over ſuch a 'woman as Charlotte' [She reddened] 'would not try to hold it? Muſt he 'not, by giving up this advantage, 'vote againſt himſelf? Women ſhould 'be ſure of the men in whom they 'place a confidence that concerns them 'highly. Can you think that the 'man who engages a woman to make 'a promiſe, does not *intend* to hold her 'to it? When he *teazes* her to make 'it, he as good as tells her he *does*, let 'what will happen to make her wiſh 'ſhe had not.'

Miss Gr. 'O my brother! There 'petition of that word *teazes*!—Are 'you not raillying me?—Indeed I de-'ſerve it.'

Sir Ch. 'Men gain all their ad-'vantages by *teazing*, by *promiſes*, by 'importunities—Be not concerned, my 'Charlotte, that I uſe your word.'

Miss Gr. 'O my brother, what 'ſhall I do, if you raillY me on my 'folly?'

Sir Ch. 'I mean not to raillY you. 'But I know ſomething of my own 'ſex; and muſt have been very negli-'gent of my opportunities, if I know 'not ſomething of the *world*.' [I thought, Lucy, he would here have uſed the word *other* inſtead of the word *world*.] 'We have heard her reaſon 'for not binding the captain by a like 'promiſe; which was, that ſhe did 'not value him enough to exact it; 'and was not that his misfortune?

'She is apprehenſive of blame on 'this head; but her ſituation will be 'conſidered: I *muſt not* repeat the cir-'cumſtances. I was grieved to hear 'that my ſiſters had been in *ſuch* cir-'cumſtances! What pity, that thoſe 'who believe they *beſt* know the ſex, 'think themſelves intitled to treat it 'with leaſt reſpect!' [How we wo-men looked upon one another!] 'I 'ſhould hope in charity,' [In charity, Lucy,] 'and for the true value I bear 'it, as I think a good woman one of 'the greateſt glories of the creation, 'that the fault is not *generally* in the 'ſex.

'As to the captain's artifice to ob-'tain a footing by letters of another 'man's writing; that was enough in-'deed to make a woman, who herſelf 'writes finely, deſpiſe him when ſhe 'knew it. But to what will not 'ſome perſons ſtoop to gain a point, on 'which their hearts are fixed?—This 'is no *new* method. One ſingle in-'ſtance I mention. Madam Mainte-'non, it is reported, was employed 'in this way, by a favourite miſtreſs 'of Louis XIV. And this was ſaid to 'be the means of introducing her to 'the monarch's favour, on the ruins 'of her employer. Let me repeat, 'that women ſhould be *ſure* of their 'men, before they embark with them 'in the voyage of love. "*Hate the* "*man*," ſays Lady L. "for *expoſing* "*her to the letter-writer*!"—*Expoſ-'ing*!—Let me ſay, that women, who 'would not be *expoſed*, ſhould not put 'themſelves out of their own power.

'—O Miſs

'—O Miſs Byron!' (turning, to my confuſion, to me, who was too ready to apply the firſt part of the caution) 'be ſo good as to tell my Emily, that 'ſhe muſt never love a man, of whoſe 'love ſhe is not well aſſured; that 'ſhe muſt never permit a man to know 'his conſequence with her, till ſhe is 'ſure he is grateful, juſt, and gene-'rous; and that ſhe muſt deſpiſe him 'as a mean and intereſted man, the 'firſt moment he ſeeks to engage her 'in a *promiſe*.—Forgive me, Char-'lotte: you ſo generouſly blame your-'ſelf, that you will not ſcruple to have '*your* experience pleaded for an ex-'ample to a young creature who may 'not be able, if entangled, to behave 'with your magnanimity.'

Seaſonably did he ſay this laſt part, ſo immediately after his reference to me; for I made Miſs Grandiſon's confuſion a half-cover for my own; and I fear but a half-cover.

I find I muſt not allow myſelf to be long from you, my dear friends; at leaſt in this company. Miſs Cantillon, Miſs Barnevelt, and half a dozen more miſſes and maſters, with whoſe characters and deſcriptions I firſt paraded; Where are you? Where can I find you? My heart, when I ſaw you at Lady Betty Williams's, was eaſy and unapprehenſive: I could then throw my little ſquibs about me at pleaſure; and not fear, by their return upon me, the ſingeing of my own cloaths!

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

'BUT now what remains to be 'done for our ſiſter?' aſked Lady L. Charlotte looked round her, as ſeconding the queſtion. Every one referred to Sir Charles.

'In the firſt place, let me aſſure you, 'my dear Charlotte,' reſumed he, 'that if you have but the ſhadow of a 'preference for Captain Anderſon; 'and if you believe, from what has 'paſſed between you, and from the 'ſuſpenſe you have kept him in, (which 'may have been an hindrance to his 'fortune or preferment) that you *ought* 'to be his, whether in juſtice, or by 'inclination; I will amicably meet 'him, in order to make and to receive 'propoſals. If we do not *find* him 'grateful or generous, we will *make* 'him ſo, by our example; and I will 'begin to ſet it.'

Every one was affected: Dr. Bartlett as much as any body. Miſs Grandiſon could hardly ſit ſtill; her chair was uneaſy to her; while her brother looked like one who was too much accuſtomed to acts of beneficence, to ſuppoſe he had ſaid any thing extraordinary.

Miſs Grandiſon, after ſome heſitation, replied, 'Indeed, Sir, Captain 'Anderſon is *not* worthy of being 'called *your* brother. I will not enter 'into the particulars of his unworthineſs; becauſe I am determined 'not to have him. He knows I am: 'nor does my promiſe engage me to be 'his. Had he virtue, had he generoſity—But indeed he has not either, 'in the degree that would make me 'reſpect him, as a woman ſhould re-'ſpect her huſband.'

SIR CH. 'Well, then, Charlotte, I 'would have you excuſe yourſelf, if 'you have given him hopes of meet-'ing him; let him know that you have 'acquainted me with all that has paſ-'ſed between you; and that you re-'fer yourſelf wholly to me; but with 'a reſolution (if ſuch be your reſolu-'tion) never to be his.'

MISS GR. 'I ſhall dread his violent 'temper—'

SIR CH. 'Dread nothing! Men who 'are violent to a woman when they 'have a point to carry by being ſo, are 'not always violent to men. But I 'ſhall treat him civilly. If the man 'ever hoped to call you his, he will 'be unhappy enough in loſing ſuch a 'prize. You may tell him, that I 'will give him a meeting wherever he 'pleaſes. Mean time, it may not be 'amiſs, if you have no objection, to 'ſhew me ſome of the letters that have 'paſſed between you; of thoſe parti-'cularly, in which you have declared 'your reſolution not to be his; the 'farther backward, the better, if from 'the date of ſuch you have *always* 'been of the ſame mind.'

MISS GR. 'You ſhall ſee the co-'pies of *all* my letters; and *all* his, if 'you pleaſe. And you will gather 'from both, Sir, that it was owing to 'the unhappy ſituation I thought my-'ſelf in, from the unkind treatment

'my ſiſter met with, and to the being 'forbidden to expect a fortune that 'would entitle me to look up to a man 'of figure in the world, that I was 'ever approachable by Captain An-'derſon.'

SIR CH. 'Unhappy! But let us 'look forward. I will meet Captain 'Anderſon. If there are any letters, 'in which he has treated my ſiſter un-'handſomely, you muſt not let me ſee 'them. My motive for looking into '*any* of them, is ſervice to you, Char-'lotte, and not curioſity. But let me, 'nevertheleſs, ſee all that is neceſſary 'to the queſtion, that I may not, when 'I meet him, hear any thing from 'him, that I have not heard from you; 'and which may make for him, and 'againſt you. I do aſſure you, that I 'will allow in his favour, all that 'ſhall appear favourable to him, 'though againſt my ſiſter. I may meet 'him *prejudiced*, but not *determined*; 'and I hope you ſee by my behaviour 'to you, Charlotte, that were you and 'he to have been fond lovers in your let-'ters, you need not be afraid of my eye. 'I never am ſevere on lovers foibles. 'Our paſſions may be made ſubſer-'vient to excellent purpoſes. Don't 'think you have a ſupercilious bro-'ther. A ſuſceptibility of the paſſion 'called *love*, I condemn not as a fault; 'but the contrary—Your *brother*, la-'dies,' (looking upon all three) 'is 'no ſtoick.'

'And have you been in love, Sir 'Charles Grandiſon?' thought I to myſelf.—Shall I, Lucy, be ſorry, or ſhall I be glad if he *has*?—But after all, is it not ſtrange, that in all this time one knows ſo little of his hiſtory while he was abroad?—And yet, he ſaid, that he was not angry at his ſiſ-ter for queſtioning him on the ſubject. Had *I* been his ſiſter, queſtions of that ſort would not have been to be *now* aſked.

But here is a new taſk for her bro-ther. I ſhall long to know how this affair will end.

The *trial* of Miſs Grandiſon, as ſhe called it, being thus happily over, and Miſs Emily and Mr. Grandiſon deſired to walk in, Sir Charles took notice, with ſome ſeverity on our ſex, on the general liking, which he ſaid women have for military men. He did not know, he ſaid, whether the army were not beholden to this appro-bation, and to the gay appearance officers were expected to make, rather than to a true martial ſpirit, for many a gallant man.

'What ſay you, Emily?' ſaid he. 'Do not a cockade, and a ſcarlet coat, 'become a *fine gentleman*, and help to 'make him ſo, in your eyes?'

'Be pleaſed, Sir, to tell me how 'ſuch a one ſhould look in my eyes, 'and I will endeavour to make them 'conform to your leſſons.'

He bowed to the happy girl: 'For 'my part,' ſaid he, 'I cannot but ſay, 'that I diſlike the life of a ſoldier in 'general; whoſe trade is in blood; 'who muſt be as much a ſlave to the 'will of *his* ſuperiors in command, as 'he is almoſt *obliged* to be a tyrant to 'thoſe under him.

'But as to the ſex, if it were not, 'that ladies, where love and their own 'happineſs interfere, are the moſt in-'competent judges of all others for 'themſelves—Pardon me—'

'Your ſervant, Sir,' ſaid Lady L. —And we all bowed to him.

'How can a woman,' proceeded he, 'who really loves her huſband, ſubject 'herſelf, of *choice*, to the neceſſary 'abſences, to the continual apprehen-'ſions, which ſhe muſt be under for 'his ſafety, when he is in the height 'of what is emphatically called his 'DUTY?' He ſtopt. No anſwer be-ing made, 'Perhaps,' reſumed he, 'it may be thus accounted for: wo-'men are the moſt delicate part of the 'creation. Conſcious of the weakneſs 'of their ſex, and that they ſtand in 'need of protection, (for apprehen-'ſiveneſs, the child of prudence, is as 'characteriſtick in them, as courage 'in a man) they naturally love brave 'men.—And are not all military men 'ſuppoſed to be brave?

'But how are they miſtaken in their 'main end, ſuppoſing *this* to be it!

'I honour a good, a generous, a 'brave, an humane ſoldier: but were 'ſuch a one to be the braveſt of men, 'how can his wife expect conſtant 'protection from the huſband who is 'leſs *his own*, and conſequently leſs '*hers*, than almoſt any other man can 'be, (a *ſailor* excepted;) and who 'muſt therefore, oftener than any

'other

'other man, leave her expoſed to thoſe 'inſults, from which he ſeems to think 'he can beſt defend her?'

LADY L. (Smiling.) 'But may it 'not be ſaid, Sir, that thoſe women 'who make ſoldiers their choice, de'ſerve, in ſome degree, a rank with 'heroes; when they can part with 'their huſbands for the ſake of their 'country's glory?'

SIR CH. 'Change your word *glory* 'for *ſafety*, Lady L. and your queſtion 'will be ſtrengthened. The word and 'thing called *glory*, what miſchief 'has it not occaſioned!—As to the 'queſtion itſelf, were you *ſerious*, let 'every one, I anſwer, who can plead 'the *motive*, be intitled to the *praiſe* 'that is due to it.'

MISS GR. 'There is ſo much 'weight in what my brother has ſaid, 'that, I thank Heaven, I am not in 'danger of being the wife of a ſoldier.'

We, who knew what ſhe alluded to, ſmiled at it; and Mr. Grandiſon looked about him, as if he wanted to find more in the words than they could import to him: and then was very earneſt to know how his couſin had come off.

SIR CH. 'Triumphantly, couſin. 'Charlotte's ſuppoſed fault has brought 'to light additional excellences.'

MR. GR. 'I am ſorry for that with 'all my ſoul.—There was no bearing 'her before.—And now what will be'come of me?'

MISS GR. 'You have nothing now 'to fear, Mr. Grandiſon, I aſſure you. 'I have been detected in real faults. 'I have been generouſly treated; and 'repent of my fault. Let me have an 'inſtance of like ingenuouſneſs in you; 'and I will ſay, there are hopes of us 'both.'

MR. GR. 'Your ſervant, couſin. '*Either* way I muſt have it. But were 'you to follow the example by which 'you own yourſelf amended, I might 'have the better chance, perhaps, of 'coming up to you in ingenuouſneſs.'

LORD L. 'Upon my word, ſiſter 'Charlotte, Mr. Grandiſon has ſaid 'a good thing.'

MISS GR. 'I think ſo too, my 'lord. I will put it down.—And if 'you are wiſe, Sir,' (to him) 'aſk me 'to ſew up your lips till to-morrow 'dinner-time.'

Mr. Grandiſon looked offended.

SIR CH. 'Fie, Charlotte!'

'I am glad,' thought I, 'my good 'Miſs Grandiſon, that you have not 'loſt much ſpirit by your trial!'

* *

MISS Grandiſon has ſhewed me ſome of the letters that paſſed between Captain Anderſon and her. How muſt ſhe have deſpiſed him, had ſhe been drawn in to give him her hand! And the more for the poor figure he would have made as a brother to *her* brother! How muſt ſhe have bluſhed at every civility paid him in ſuch a family! Yet from ſome paſſages in his letters, I dare ſay, he would have had the higher opinion of himſelf, firſt for having ſucceeded with her, and next for thoſe very civilities.

And thus had Sir Thomas Grandiſon, with all his pride, like to have thrown his daughter, a woman of high character, fine underſtanding, and an exalted mind, into the arms of a man, who had neither fortune, nor education, nor yet good ſenſe, nor generoſity of heart, to countenance his pretenſions to ſuch a lady, or her for marrying beneath herſelf.

This is a copy of what Miſs Grandiſon has written to ſend to Captain Anderſon.

'SIR,

'HAD I had a generous man to 'deal with, I needed not to have 'expoſed myſelf to the apprehended 'cenſures of a brother, whoſe virtues 'made a ſiſter, leſs perfect than him'ſelf, afraid that he would think her 'unworthy of that tender relation to 'him, from the occaſion. But he is 'the nobleſt of brothers. He pities 'me; and undertakes to talk with 'you, in the moſt friendly manner, at 'your own appointment, upon a ſub'ject that has long greatly diſtreſſed 'me; as *well* you know. I will not 'recriminate, as I might: but this 'aſſurance I muſt, for the hundredth 'time, repeat, That I never can, ne'ver will be to you, any other than

'CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.'

She is diſſatisfied with what ſhe has written: but I tell her, I think it will do very well.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, MAR. 16.

SIR Charles has already left us. He went to town this morning on the affairs of his executorship. He breakfasted with us first.

Dr. Bartlett, with whom already I have made myself very intimate, and who, I find, knows his whole heart, tells me he is always fully employed. *That* we knew before.—No wonder then, that he is not in love. He has not had leisure, I suppose, to attend to the calls of such an idle passion.

You will do me the justice to own, that in the round of employments I was engaged in at Selby House, I never knew any thing of the matter; but indeed there was no Sir Charles Grandison; first to engage my gratitude, and then my heart. So it is; I must not, it seems, *deny* it. If I did, 'a child in love matters would detect me.'

* * *

O MY Lucy! I have been hard set by these sisters. They have found me out; or rather, let me know, that they long ago found me out. I will tell you all as it passed.

I had been so busy with my pen, that, though accustomed to be first dressed, wherever I was, I was now the last. They entered my dressing-room arm in arm; and I have since recollected, that they looked as if they had mischief in their hearts; Miss Grandison especially. She had said, she would play me a trick.

I was in some little hurry, to be so much behind-hand, when I saw them dressed.

Miss Grandison would do me the honour of assisting me, and dismissed Jenny, who had but just come in to offer her service.

She called me charming creature twice, as she was obligingly busy about me; and the second time said, 'Well 'may my brother, Lady L. say what 'he did of this girl!'

With too great earnestness, 'What, 'what,' said I—I was going to add—'*did he say?*'—But, catching myself up, in a tone of less surprize—designing to turn it off—'WHAT *honour you do me, Madam, in this your kind* 'assistance!'

Miss Grandison leered archly at me; then turning to Lady L. 'This Harriet 'of ours,' said she, 'is more than 'half a rogue.

'Punish her then, Charlotte,' said Lady L. 'You have, though with 'much ado, been brought to speak out 'yourself; and so have acquired a kind 'of right to punish those who affect 'disguises to their best friends.'

'Lord bless me, ladies!' And down I sat—'What, what—' I was going to say, '*do you mean?*' But stopt, and I felt my face glow.

"*What, what!*" repeated Miss Grandison—'My sweet girl can say nothing 'but "*What, what!*"—One of my 'fellows, Sir Walter Watkyns, is in 'her head, I suppose.—Did you ever 'see *Wat*—Watkyns, Harriet?'

My handkerchief was in my hand, as I was going to put it on. I was unable to throw it round my neck. O how the fool throbbed, and trembled!

MISS GR. 'Confirmation, Lady L.! 'Confirmation!'

LADY L. 'I think so, truly.—But 'it wanted none to me.'

HAR. 'I am surprized! Pray, la-'dies, what can you mean by this sud-'den attack?'

MISS GR. 'And what, Harriet, can 'you mean by these "*What, what's*," 'and this sudden emotion?—Give me 'your handkerchief!—What doings 'are here!'

She snatched it out of my trembling hand, and put it round my neck.—'Why this *sudden* palpitation?—Ah, 'Harriet! why won't you make con-'fidents of your two sisters? Do you 'think we have not found you out be-'fore this?'

HAR. 'Found me out! How found 'me out?—Dear Miss Grandison, you 'are the most alarming lady that ever 'lived!—'

I stood up, trembling.

MISS GR. 'Am I so? But, to cut 'the matter short—[Sit down, Harriet. 'You can hardly stand.]—Is it such a 'disgraceful thing for a fine girl to be 'in love?'

HAR. 'Who, I! I, in love!'

MISS GR. (Laughing.) 'So, Lady 'L. you see that Harriet has found 'herself out to be a *fine* girl!—Dis-'qualify now; can't you, my dear?

'Tell

'Tell her. Be affected. Say you are *not* a fine girl, and ſo forth.'

HAR. 'Dear Miſs Grandiſon—It was *your* turn yeſterday. How can you forget—'

MISS GR. 'Spiteful too! My life to a farthing, you pay for *this*, Harriet!—But, child, I was not in love.—Ah! Harriet! That gentleman in Northamptonſhire—Did you think we ſhould not find you out?'

This heartened me a little.

HAR. 'O Madam, do you think to come at any thing by ſuch methods as this? I ought to have been aware of Miſs Grandiſon's alarming ways.'

MISS GR. 'You pay for *this*, alſo, Harriet. Did you not ſay, that I ſhould take the reins, Lady L.? I will have no mercy on our younger ſiſter for this abominable affectation and reſerve.'

HAR. 'And ſo, ladies, I ſuppoſe you think, that Mr. Orme—'

LADY L. 'Take the reins, Charlotte,' (making a motion with a ſweet pretty air, with her handkerchief, as if ſhe toſſed her ſomething;) 'I myſelf, Harriet, am againſt you now. I wanted a trial of that frankneſs of heart, for which I have heard you ſo much commended: and, ſurely, you might have ſhewed it, if to any perſons living, to your two ſiſters.'

MISS GR. 'No more, no more, Lady L. Have you not left her to me? I will puniſh her. *You* will have too much lenity.—And now tell me, Harriet—Don't you love Mr. Orme better than any man you ever yet ſaw?'

HAR. 'Indeed I do not.'

MISS GR. 'Whom do you love better, Harriet?'

HAR. 'Pray, Miſs Grandiſon!'

MISS GR. 'And *pray*, Miſs Byron!'

HAR. 'Reſume the reins, Lady L.—Pray do!—Miſs Grandiſon has no mercy! Yet met with a great deal yeſter—'

MISS GR. 'Yeſterday?—Very well!—But then I was ingenuous—'

HAR. 'And am not I?—Pray, Lady L.'

LADY L. 'I think not—'

And ſhe ſeemed a little too cruelly to enjoy the flutter I was in.

MISS GR. 'And you ſay, that there is no one gentleman in Northamptonſhire—'

HAR. 'What is the meaning of this, ladies? But I do aſſure you, there is not—'

MISS GR. 'See Lady L. there are ſome queſtions that the girl can anſwer readily enough.'

I believe I looked ſerious. I was ſilent. Indeed my very ſoul was vexed.

MISS GR. 'Aye, Harriet, be ſullen; don't anſwer any queſtions at all. That's your only way, now.—And then we go no farther, you know. But tell me—Don't you repent, that you have given a denial to Lady D.?'

HAR. 'I won't be ſullen, ladies. Yet I am not pleaſed to be thus—'

MISS GR. 'Then own yourſelf a woman, Harriet; and that, in ſome certain inſtances, you have both affectation, and reſerve. There are ſome caſes, my dear, in which it is impoſſible but a woman muſt be guilty of affectation.'

HAR. 'Well, then, ſuppoſe I *am*. I never pretended to be clear of the foibles which you impute to the ſex. I am a weak, a very weak creature: you ſee I am—'

And I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief.

MISS GR. 'Aye, weep, love. My ſiſter has heard me ſay, that I never in my life ſaw a girl ſo lovely in tears.'

HAR. 'What have I done to deſerve—'

MISS GR. 'Such a compliment!—hay?—But you ſhan't weep neither.—Why, why, is this ſubject ſo affecting, Harriet?'

HAR. 'You ſurprize me!—Parted with you but an hour or two ago—and nothing of theſe reproaches.—And now, all at once, *both* ladies—'

MISS GR. 'Reproaches, Harriet!'

HAR. 'I believe ſo. I don't know what elſe to call them.'

MISS GR. 'What! is it a reproach to be taxed with love—'

HAR. 'But the manner, Madam—'

MISS GR. 'The *manner* you are taxed with in this thing then.—Well,'—putting on a grave look, and aſſuming a ſofter accent—'you *are* in love, however: but with whom? is the queſtion.—Are we, your ſiſters, intitled to know with whom?'

'Surely,

'Surely, ladies,' thought I, 'you 'have ſomething to ſay, that will make 'me amends for all this intolerable 'teazing:' and yet my proud heart, whatever it were to be, ſwelled a little, that *they* ſhould think *that* would be ſuch high amends, which, however, I by myſelf, communing only with my own heart, would have thought ſo.

LADY L. (Coming to me, and taking my hand) 'Let me tell you, our 'deareſt Harriet, that you are the moſt 'inſenſible girl in the world, if you 'are *not* in love.—And *now* what ſay 'you?'

HAR. 'Perhaps I do know, ladies, 'enough of the paſſion, to wiſh to be 'leſs alarmingly treated.'

They then ſitting down, one on either ſide of me; each took a hand of the trembling fool.

'I think I *will* reſume the reins, 'Charlotte,' ſaid the counteſs. 'We 'are both cruel.—But tell us, my 'lovely ſifter, in one word tell your 'Caroline, tell your Charlotte, if you 'have any confidence in our love, (and 'indeed we love you, or we would not 'have teazed you as we have done) if 'there be not one man in the world 'whom you love above all men in it?'

I was ſilent. I looked down. I had, in the ſame moment, an ague, in it's cold, and in it's hot fit. They touch-ſafed, each, to preſs with her lips the paſſive hand each held.

'Be not afraid to ſpeak out, my 'dear,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. 'Aſſure 'yourſelf of my love; my true *ſiſterly* 'love. I once intended to lead the 'way to the opening of your heart by 'the diſcovery of my own, before my 'brother, as I hoped, could have 'found me out—But nothing can be 'hid—'

'Madam!—ladies!' ſaid I, and ſtood up in a hurry, and, in as great a diſcompoſure, ſat down again—'Your brother has not, could not—'I would die before—'

MISS GR. 'Amiable delicacy!—'He has not—But ſay you, Harriet, 'he *could* not?—If you would not be 'teazed, don't aim at reſerves—But 'think you, that we could not ſee, 'on a hundred occaſions, your heart 'at your eyes?—That we could not 'affix a proper meaning to thoſe ſud-'den throbs juſt here,' patting my neck; 'thoſe half ſuppreſſed, but 'always involuntary ſighs—'[I ſighed] '—Aye, juſt ſuch as that!—[I was confounded]—'But, to be ſerious, 'we do aſſure you, Harriet, that had 'we not thought ourſelves under ſome 'little obligation to Lady Anne S. 'we ſhould have talked to you before 'on this ſubject. The friends of that 'lady have been very ſolicitous with 'us—And Lady Anne is not averſe—'

HAR. 'Dear ladies!' withdrawing the hand that Miſs Grandiſon held, and taking out my handkerchief; 'you 'ſay, you love me!—Won't you deſpiſe whom you love?—I do own—'

There I ſtopt; and dried my eyes.

LADY L. 'What does my Harriet own?'

HAR. 'O Madam, had I a greater 'opinion of my own merit, than I 'have reaſon to have, (and I never 'had ſo little a one, as ſince I have 'known you two) I could open to 'you, without reſerve, my whole 'heart—But one requeſt I have to 'make you—You muſt grant it.'

They both in a breath aſked what that was.

HAR. 'It is, That you will permit your chariot to carry me to town 'this very afternoon—And long ſhall 'not that *town* hold your Harriet—'Indeed, indeed, ladies, I cannot now 'ever look your brother in the face—'And you will alſo both deſpiſe me! 'I know you will!'

Sweet, and as *ſeaſonable* as ſweet, (for I was very much affected) were the aſſurances they gave me of their continued love.

MISS GR. 'We have talked with 'our brother this morning—'

HAR. 'About me! I hope he has 'not a notion, that—' There I ſtopt.

LADY L. 'You were mentioned; 'but we intend not to alarm you 'farther. We will tell you what 'paſſed. Lady Anne was our ſub-'ject.'

I was all attention.

MISS GR. 'We aſked him if he 'had any thoughts of marriage? The 'queſtion came in properly enough, 'from the ſubject that preceded it. 'He was ſilent: but ſighed and look-'ed grave.' [Why did Sir Charles Grandiſon ſigh, Lucy?] 'We re-'peated the queſtion. "You told us "brother," ſaid I, "that you do not "intend to reſume the treaty began

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Plate I. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co Nov. 2, 1782.

by my father for Lady Frances N. "What think you of Lady Anne S.? "We need not mention to you how "conſiderable her fortune is; what "an enlargement it would give to "your power of doing good; nor "what her diſpoſition and qualities "are; her perſon is far from being "diſagreeable; and ſhe has a great "eſteem for you."

"I think Lady Anne a very agree-"able woman," replied he: "But "if ſhe honours me, with a preferable "eſteem, ſhe gives me a regret; be-"cauſe it is not in my power to re-"turn it."

"Not in your *power*, brother?"

"It is not in my power to return "it."

O Lucy! how my heart fluttered! The ague-fit came on again; and I was hot and cold, as before, almoſt in the ſame moment.

They told me, they would not teaze me farther. But theſe are ſubjects that cannot be touched upon without raiſing emotion in the boſom of a perſon who hopes, and is uncertain. O the cruelty of ſuſpenſe! How every new inſtance of it tears in pieces my before almoſt burſting heart!

MISS GR. 'My brother went on—"You have often hinted to me at "diſtance this ſubject. I will not, as "I might, anſwer your queſtion, now "ſo *directly* put, by ſaying, that it is "my wiſh to ſee you, Charlotte, hap-"pily married, before I engage my-"ſelf. But, perhaps, I ſhall be "better enabled ſome time hence, "than I am at preſent, to return ſuch "an anſwer as you may expect from "a brother."

'Now, my Harriet, we are afraid, 'by the words, "*Not in his power*;" 'and by the hint, that he cannot at 'preſent anſwer our queſtion as he 'may be enabled to do ſome time 'hence; we are afraid, that ſome 'foreign lady—'

They had raiſed my hopes; and now, exciting my fears by ſo well-grounded an apprehenſion, they were obliged for their pains to hold Lady L.'s ſalts to my noſe. I could not help expoſing myſelf; my heart having been weakened too by their teazings before. My head dropt on the ſhoulder of Miſs Grandiſon. Tears relieved me.

I deſired their pity. They aſſured me of their love; and called upon me, as I valued their friendſhip, to open my whole heart to them.

I pauſed. I heſitated. Words did not immediately offer themſelves. But at laſt, I ſaid, 'Could I have thought 'myſelf intitled to your excuſe, ladies, 'your Harriet, honoured as ſhe was, 'from the firſt, with the appellation 'of *ſiſter*, would have had no reſerve 'to *her* ſiſters. But a juſt conſciouſ-'neſs of my own unworthineſs over-'came a temper, that, I will ſay, 'is naturally frank and unreſerved. 'Now, however—'

There I ſtopt, and held down my head.

LADY L. 'Speak out, my dear—'What "*Now*—"

MISS GR. 'What "*Now, how-ever*—"

HAR. 'Thus called upon; thus 'encouraged'—And I lifted up my head as boldly as I could, (but it was not, I believe, very boldly) 'I 'will own, that the man, who by ſo 'ſignal an inſtance of his bravery and 'goodneſs engaged my gratitude, has 'poſſeſſion of my whole heart.'

And then, almoſt unknowing what I did, I threw one of my arms, as I ſat between them, round Lady L.'s neck, the other round Miſs Grandiſon's; my glowing face ſeeking to hide itſelf in Lady L.'s boſom.

They both embraced me, and aſſured me of their united intereſt. They ſaid, They knew I had alſo Dr. Bartlett's high regard: but that they had in vain ſought to procure new lights from him; he conſtantly, in every thing that related to their brother, referring himſelf to him: and they aſſured me, that I had likewiſe the beſt wiſhes and intereſt of Lord L. to the fulleſt extent.

This, Lucy, is ſome—conſolation—muſt I ſay? ſome eaſe to my pride, as to what the *family* think of me: but yet, how is that pride mortified, to be thus obliged to rejoice at the ſtrengthening of hope to obtain an intereſt in the heart of a man, of whoſe engagements none of us know any thing? But if, at laſt, it ſhall prove, that that worthieſt of hearts is diſengaged; and if I *can* obtain an intereſt in it; be pride out of the queſtion! 'The man,' as my aunt wrote, 'is Sir Charles Grandiſon.'

I was very earneſt to know, ſince my

my eyes had been ſuch tell-tales, if their brother had any ſuſpicion of my regard for him.

They could not, they ſaid, either from his words or behaviour, gather that he had. He had not been ſo much with me, as they had been. Nor would they wiſh that he *ſhould* ſuſpect me. The beſt of men, they ſaid, loved to have difficulties to conquer. Their brother, generous as he was, was a *man*.

Yet, Lucy, I thought at the time of what he ſaid at Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, as recited by the ſhort-hand writer—That he would not marry the greateſt princeſs on earth, if he were not aſſured, that ſhe loved him above all the men in it.

I fancy, my dear, that we women, when we love, and are doubtful, ſuffer a great deal in the apprehenſion, at one time, of diſguſting the object of our paſſion by too forward a love; and, at another, of diſobliging him by too great a reſerve. Don't you think ſo?

The ladies ſaid, They were extremely ſolicitous to ſee their brother married. They wiſhed it were to me, rather than to any other woman; and kindly added, That I had their hearts, even at the time when Lady Anne, by a kind of previous engagement, had their voices.

And then they told me what their brother ſaid of me, with the hint of which they began this alarming converſation.

'When my brother had let us 'know,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'that 'it was not in his power to return a 'preferable eſteem for a like eſteem, 'if Lady Anne honoured him with 'it; I ſaid—"If Lady Anne had as "many advantages to boaſt of, as "Miſs Byron has, could you then, "brother, like Lady Anne?"

"Miſs Byron," replied he, "is "a charming woman."

'Lady L. (ſlily enough,' continued Miſs Grandiſon) 'ſaid, "Miſs "Byron is one of the pretty'eſt "women I ever beheld. I never ſaw "in any face, youth and dignity, and "ſweetneſs of aſpect, ſo happily "blended."

On this occaſion, Lucy, my vanity may, I hope, revive, ſo long as I *repeat* only, and repeat juſtly.

"Forgive me, Lady L." replied my 'brother—"But as Alexander would "be drawn only by Apelles; ſo "would I ſay to all thoſe who leave "*mind* out of the deſcription of Miſs "Byron, That *they* are not to deſcribe "her. This young lady" [You *may* 'look proud, Harriet!] "has *united* "in her face *feature*, *complexion*, *grace*, "and *expreſſion*, which very few wo"men, even of thoſe who are moſt "celebrated for beauty, have *ſingly* "in equal degree; but, what is in"finitely more valuable, ſhe has a "heart that is equally pure and open. "She has a fine mind: and it is legi"ble in her face. Have you not ob"ſerved, Charlotte," added he, "what "intelligence her very ſilence pro"miſes? And yet, when ſhe ſpeaks, "ſhe never diſappoints the moſt raiſed "expectation."

I was ſpeechleſs, Lucy.

"Well, brother," continued Miſs Grandiſon—"If there is not every "thing you ſay in Miſs Byron's face "and mind, there ſeems to me little "leſs than the warmth of love in "the deſcription—You are another "Apelles, Sir, if his colours were "the moſt glowing of thoſe of all "painters."

My eyes had the aſſurance to aſk Miſs Grandiſon, what anſwer he returned to this? She ſaw they had.

'Ah, Harriet!' ſmiling—'That's 'a meaning look, with all it's baſh'fulneſs. This was my brother's 'anſwer—"Every body muſt love "Miſs Byron—You know, Char"lotte, that I preſented her to *you*, "and you to *her*, as a third ſiſter: "and what man better loves his ſiſters, "than your brother?"

'We both looked down, Harriet; 'but not quite ſo ſilly and ſo diſap'pointed, as you *now* look—'

'Dear Miſs Grandiſon!'

'Well, then, another time don't let 'your eyes aſk queſtions, inſtead of 'your lips.'

'*Third Siſter!*' my Lucy: Indeed, I believe I looked ſilly enough. To ſay the truth, I *was* diſappointed.

HAR. 'And this was all that 'paſſed? You hear by my queſtion, 'ladies,

'ladies, that my lips *will* keep my 'eyes in countenance.'

MISS GR. 'It was; for he retired 'as ſoon as he had ſaid this.'

HAR. '*How*, retired Madam?—'Any *diſcompoſure*—You laugh at my 'folly; at my preſumption perhaps.'

They both ſmiled. 'No, I can't 'ſay that there ſeemed to be, either 'in his words or manner, any *diſ-'tinguiſhing* emotion; any great *diſ-'compoſure*—He was about to retire be-'fore.'

'Well, ladies, I will only ſay, 'That the beſt thing I can do, is, to 'borrow a chariot and ſix, and drive 'away to Northamptonſhire.'

'But why ſo, Harriet?'

'Becauſe it is impoſſible but I muſt 'ſuffer in your brother's opinion, 'every time he ſees me, and that 'whether I am ſilent or ſpeaking.'

They made me fine compliments: but they would *indeed* have been fine ones, could they have made them from their brother.

Well, but, Lucy, don't you think, that had Sir Charles Grandiſon meant any thing, he would have expreſſed himſelf to his ſiſters in ſuch high terms, before he had ſaid *one* very diſtinguiſhing thing to me? Let me judge by myſelf—Men and women, I believe, are ſo much alike, that, put cuſtom, tyrant-cuſtom, out of the queſtion, the meaning of the one may be generally gueſſed at by that of the other, in caſes where the heart is concerned. What civil, what polite things, could I allow myſelf to ſay to and of Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler! How could I praiſe the honeſty and goodneſs of their hearts, and declare my pity for them! And why? Becauſe I meant nothing more by it all, than a warmer kind of civility; that I was not *afraid* to *let go*, as their merits *pulled*—And now, methinks, I can better gueſs, than I could *till* now, at what Mr. Greville meant, when he wiſhed me to declare, that I *hated* him—Sly wretch!—ſince the woman who uſes a man inſolently in courtſhip, certainly makes that man of more importance to her, than ſhe would wiſh him to think himſelf.—

But why am I ſtudious to torment myſelf? What *will* be, *muſt*. 'Who 'knows what Providence has deſigned 'for Sir Charles Grandiſon?'—May *he* be happy!—But indeed, my Lucy, your Harriet is much otherwiſe at this time.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

I Will not let you loſe the ſubſtance of a very agreeable converſation, which we had on Tueſday night after ſupper. You may be ſure, Lucy, I thought it the more agreeable, as Sir Charles was drawn in to bear a conſiderable part in it. It would be impoſſible to give you more than paſſages, becauſe the ſubjects were various, and the tranſitions ſo quick, by one perſon aſking this queſtion, another that, that I could not, were I to try, connect them as I endeavour generally to do.

Of one ſubject, Lucy, I particularly *owe* you ſome account.

Miſs Grandiſon, in her lively way, (and lively ſhe was, notwithſtanding her trial ſo lately over) led me into talking of the deteſted maſquerade. She put me upon recollecting the giddy ſcene, which thoſe dreadfully intereſting ones that followed it had made me wiſh to blot out of my memory.

'I ſpared you at the time, Harriet,' ſaid ſhe. 'I aſked you no queſtions 'about the maſquerade, when you 'flew to us firſt, poor frighted bird! 'with all your gay plumage about you.'

I coloured a deep crimſon, I believe. What were Sir Charles's firſt thoughts of me, Lucy, in that fantaſtick, that hated dreſs? The ſimile of the bird too, was *his*, you know; and Charlotte looked very archly.

'My dear Miſs Grandiſon, ſpare 'me ſtill. Let me forget, that ever 'I preſumptuouſly ventered into ſuch 'a ſcene of folly.'

'Do not call it by harſh names, 'Miſs Byron,' ſaid Sir Charles. 'We are too much obliged to it.'

'Can I, Sir Charles, call it by *too* 'harſh a name, when I think, how 'fatal, in numberleſs ways, the event 'might have proved! But I do not 'ſpeak only with reference to that.—'Don't think, my dear Miſs Gran-'diſon, that my diſlike to myſelf, 'and to this fooliſh diverſion, ſprings 'altogether from what befel *me*. I 'had on the ſpot the ſame contempts,

'the ſame diſdain of myſelf, the ſame 'diſlike of all thoſe who ſeemed ca-'pable of joy on the light, the fooliſh 'occaſion.'

'My good Charlotte,' ſaid Sir Charles, ſmiling, 'is leſs timorous 'than her younger ſiſter. *She* might 'be perſuaded, I fancy, to venture—'

'Under your conduct, Sir Charles. 'You know, Lady L. and I, who 'have not yet had an opportunity of 'this ſort, were trying to engage you 'againſt the next ſubſcription-ball.'

'Indeed,' ſaid Lady L. 'our Har-'riet's diſtreſs has led me into re-'flections I never made before on this 'kind of diverſion; and I fancy her 'account of it will perfectly ſatisfy '*my* curioſity.'

SIR CH. 'Proceed, good Miſs By-'ron. I am as curious as your ſiſters, 'to hear what you ſay of it. The 'ſcene was quite new to you. You 'probably expected entertainment from 'it. Forget for a while the acci-'dental conſequences, and tell us how 'you were at the time amuſed.'

'Amuſed, Sir Charles!—Indeed I 'had no opinion of the diverſion, even 'before I went. I knew I ſhould 'deſpiſe it. I knew I ſhould often 'wiſh myſelf at home before the 'evening were over. And ſo indeed 'I did; I whiſpered my couſin Reeves 'more than once, "O Madam! this "is ſad, this is intolerable ſtuff! "This place is one great Bedlam! "Good Heaven! Could there be in "this one town ſo many creatures de-"void of reaſon, as are here got "together? I hope we are *all* here."

'Yet you ſee,' ſaid Miſs Grandi-ſon, 'however Lady L. is, or ſeems 'to be, inſtantaneouſly reformed, 'there were *two*, who would gladly 'have been there: the more, you may 'be ſure, for it's having been a di-'verſion prohibited to us, at our firſt 'coming to town. Sir Charles lived 'long in the land of maſquerades—O 'my dear! we uſed to pleaſe ourſelves 'with hopes, that when he was per-'mitted to come over to England, 'we ſhould ſee golden days under his 'auſpices.'

SIR CH. (Smiling.) 'Will you ac-'company us to the next ſubſcription-'ball, Miſs Byron?'

'I, Sir Charles, ſhould be inex-'cuſable, if I thought—'

MISS GR. (Interrupting, and look-ing archly.) 'Not under *our brother's* 'conduct, Harriet?'

'Indeed, my dear Miſs Grandiſon, 'had the diverſion not been *prohibited*, 'had you once ſeen the wild, the 'ſenſeleſs confuſion, you would think 'juſt as I do; and you will have one 'ſtronger reaſon againſt countenancing 'it by your preſence; for who, at this 'rate, ſhall make the ſtand of virtue 'and decorum, if ſuch ladies as Miſs 'Grandiſon and Lady L. do not?—'But I ſpeak of the common maſ-'querades, which I believe are more 'diſorderly. I was diſguſted at the 'freedoms taken with me, though 'but the common freedoms of the 'place, by perſons who ſingled me 'from the throng, hurried me round 'the rooms, and engaged me in fifty 'idle converſations; and to whom, 'by the privilege of the place, I was 'obliged to be bold, pert, ſaucy, and 'to aim at repartee and ſmartneſs; 'the current wit of that witleſs place. 'They once got me into a country 'dance. No prude could come, or if 'ſhe came, could be a prude there.'

SIR CH. 'Were you not pleaſed, 'Miſs Byron, with the firſt coup d'oeil 'of that gay apartment?'

'A momentary pleaſure: but when 'I came to reflect, the bright light, 'ſtriking on my tinſel dreſs, made me 'ſeem to myſelf the more conſpicuous 'fool. Let me be kept in countenance 'as I might, by ſcores of ſtill more 'ridiculous figures, "What," thought 'I, "are other people's follies to me? "Am I to make an appearance that "ſhall want the countenance of the "vaineſt, if not the ſilliеſt, part of the "creation? What would my good "grandfather have thought, could he "have ſeen his Harriet, the girl" '(excuſe me; they were my thoughts 'at the time) "whoſe mind he took "pains to form and enlarge, ming-"ling in a habit ſo prepoſterouſly rich "and gaudy, with a crowd of ſatyrs, "harlequins, ſcaramouches, fauns, and "dryads; nay, of witches and devils!" 'The graver habits ſtriving which 'ſhould moſt diſgrace the characters 'they aſſumed, and every one en-

'deavouring

'deavouring to be thought the direct 'contrary of what he or she appeared 'to be?'

Miss Gr. 'Well then, the devils, 'at least, must have been charming 'creatures!'

Lady L. 'But, Sir Charles, might 'not a masquerade, if decorum were 'observed, and every one would sup-'port with wit and spirit the assumed 'character—'

Mr. Gr. 'Devils and all, Lady 'L.?'

Lady L. 'It is contrary to deco-'rum for such shocking characters to 'be assumed at all—But might it not, 'Sir Charles, so regulated, be a ra-'tional, and an almost instructive, 'entertainment?'

Sir Ch. 'You would scarcely be 'able, my dear sister, to collect eight 'or nine hundred people, all wits, 'and all observant of decorum. And 'if you could, does not the example 'reach down to those who are capable 'of taking only the bad and dangerous 'part of a diversion: which you may 'see by every common newspaper is 'become dreadfully general?'

Mr. Gr. 'Well, Sir Charles, 'and why should not the poor devils 'in *low life* divert themselves as well 'as their betters? For my part, I re-'joice when I see advertised an eigh-'teen-penny masquerade, for all the 'pretty prentice souls, who will that 'evening be Arcadian shepherdesses, 'goddesses, and queens.'

Miss Gr. 'What low profligate 'scenes couldst thou expatiate upon, 'good man! if thou wert in proper 'company! I warrant those goddesses 'have not wanted an adorer in our 'cousin Everard.'

Mr. Gr. 'Dear Miss Charlotte, 'take care! I protest, you begin to 'talk with the spite of an old maid.'

Miss Gr. 'There, brother! Do 'you hear the wretch? Will not you, 'knight-errant like, defend the cause 'of a whole class of distressed dam-'sels, with our good Yorkshire aunt 'at the head of them?'

Sir Ch. 'Those general preju-'dices and aspersions, Charlotte, are 'indeed unjust and cruel. Yet I am 'for having every body marry.—Ba-'chelors, cousin Everard, and maids, 'when long single, are looked upon 'as houses long empty, which nobody 'cares to take. As the house in time, 'by long disuse, will be thought by 'the vulgar haunted by evil spirits, 'so will the others, by the *many*, be 'thought possessed by no good ones.'

The transition was some-how made from hence to the equitableness that ought to be in our judgments of one another. 'We must in these cases,' said Sir Charles, 'throw merit in one 'scale, demerit in the other; and if 'the former weigh down the latter, 'we must in charity pronounce to the 'person's advantage. So it is humbly 'hoped we shall finally be judged our-'selves: for who is faultless?

'Yet,' said he, 'for my own part, 'that I may not be wanting to pru-'dence, I have sometimes, where the 'merit is not very striking, allowed 'persons, at first acquaintance, a short 'lease only in my good opinion; some 'for three, some for six, some for nine, 'others for twelve months, renewable 'or not, as they answer expectation. 'And by this means I leave it to every 'one to make his own character with 'me; I preserve my charity, and my 'complacency; and enter directly, with 'frankness, into conversation with him; 'and generally continue that freedom 'to the end of the respective person's 'lease.'

Miss Gr. 'I wonder how many 'of your leases, brother, have been 'granted to ladies?'

Sir Ch. 'Many, Charlotte, of the 'friendly sort: but the kind you arch-'ly mean, are out of the question at 'present. We were talking of esteem.'

This insensibly led the conversation to love and courtship; and he said, [What do you think he said, Lucy?] That he should not, perhaps, were he in love, be over-forward to declare his passion by words; but rather shew it by his assiduities and veneration, unless he saw, that the suspense was painful to the object: and in this case it would be equally mean and insolent not to break silence, and put himself in the power of her, whose honour and delicacy ought to be dearer to him than his own.

What say you to this, Lucy?

'Some think,' proceeded he, 'that 'the days of courtship are the happiest 'days of life. But the man, who, as 'a lover, thinks so, is not to be for-'given. Yet it must be confessed,

'that *hope* gives an ardour which subsides in certainty.'

Being called upon by Lord L. to be more explicit—

'I am endeavouring,' said he, 'to set up my particular humour for a general rule. For my own sake, I would not, by a too early declaration, drive a lady into reserves; since that would be to rob myself of those innocent freedoms, and of that complacency, to which an honourable lover might think himself intitled; and which might help him [Don't be affrighted, ladies!] to develope the plaits and folds of the female heart.'

This developement stuck with us women a little. We talked of it afterwards. And Miss Grandison *then* said, It was well her cousin Everard said not that. And *he* answered, 'Sir Charles may with more safety *steal a horse*, than I *look over the hedge*.'

Miss Gr. 'Aye, cousin Grandison, that is because you are a rake. A name, believe me, of at least as much reproach, as that of an Old Maid.'

Mr. Gr. 'Aspersing a whole class at once, Miss Charlotte! 'Tis contrary to your own maxim: and a class too (this of the rakes) that many a generous-spirited girl chuses out of, when she would dispose of herself, and her fortune.'

Miss Gr. 'How malapert this Everard!'

What Sir Charles *next* said, made him own the character more decently by his blushes.

'The woman who chuses a rake,' said he, 'does not consider, that all the sprightly airs for which she preferred him to a better man, either vanish in matrimony, or are shewn to others, to her mortal disquiet. The agreeable will be carried abroad; the disagreeable will be brought home. If he reform, (and yet bad habits are very difficult to shake off) he will probably, from the reflections on his past guilty life, be an unsociable companion, should deep and true contrition have laid hold on him: if not, what has she chosen? He married not from honest principles; a rake despises matrimony: if still a rake, what hold will she have of him? A rake in *passion* is not a man in *love*. Such a one can seldom be in love: from a *laudable* passion he cannot. He has no delicacy. His love deserves a vile name: and if so, it will be strange, if in his eyes a common woman excel not his modest wife.'

What he said, was openly approved by the gentlemen; tacitly by the ladies.

The subject changing to marriages of persons of unequal years, 'I knew,' said Lord L. 'a woman of character, and not reckoned to want sense, who married at twenty a man of more than fifty, in hopes of burying him; but who lived with her upwards of twenty years; and then dying, she is now in treaty with a young rake of twenty-two. She is rich; and, poor woman! hopes to be happy. Pity, Sir Charles, she could not see the picture you have been drawing.'

'Retribution,' replied Sir Charles, 'will frequently take it's course. The lady, keeping in view one steady purpose; which was, that she would marry a young man, whenever death removed the old one; forgot, when she lost her husband, that she had been growing older for the last twenty years; and will now very probably be the despised mate to the young husband, that her late husband was to her. Thirty years hence, the now young man will perhaps fall into the error of his predecessor, if he outlive the wife he is going to take; and be punished in the same way. These are what may be called punishments in kind. The violators of the social duties are frequently punished by the success of their own wishes.—Don't you think, my lord, that it is suitable to the Divine benignity, as well as justice, to lend it's sanctions and punishments in aid of those duties which bind man to man?'

Lord L. said some very good things. Your Harriet was not a mute: but you know, that my point is, to let you into the character and sentiments of Sir Charles Grandison; and whenever I can do them tolerable justice, I shall keep to that point. You will promise for me, you say, Lucy—I know you will.

But one might have expected that Dr. Bartlett would have said more than he did, on some of the subjects: yet Mr. Grandison, and he, and Miss Emily,

Emily, were almoſt equally, and attentively, ſilent, till the laſt ſcene: and then the doctor ſaid, 'I muſt ſhew you a little tranſlation of Miſs Emily's from the Italian.' She bluſhed, and looked as if ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould ſtay or go. 'I ſhould be glad to ſee any thing of my Emily's,' ſaid Sir Charles. 'I know ſhe is a miſtreſs of that language, and elegant in her own.—Pray, my dear,' (to her) 'let us be obliged, if it will not pain you.'

She bluſhed, and bowed.

'I muſt firſt tell you,' ſaid the doctor, 'that I was the occaſion of her chuſing ſo grave a ſubject, as you will find that of the ſonnet from which hers is taken.'

'A ſonnet!' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. 'My dear little POETESS, you muſt ſet it, and ſing it to us.'

'No, indeed, Madam,' ſaid Miſs Jervois, bluſhing ſtill more. 'Dr. Bartlett would by no means have me a *poeteſs*, I am ſure: and did you not, dear Madam, ſpeak that word, as if you meant to call me a name?'

'I think ſhe did, my dear,' ſaid Sir Charles: 'nor would I have my Emily diſtinguiſhed by any name, but that of a diſcreet, an ingenious, and an amiable young woman. The titles of *Wit* and *Poeteſs* have been diſgraced too often by Sappho's and Corinna's, ancient and modern. Was not this in your head, ſiſter?—But do not be diſturbed, my Emily.' The poor girl's eyes gliſtened.] 'I mean no check to livelineſs and modeſt ingenuity. The eaſy productions of a fine fancy, not made the buſineſs of life, or it's boaſt, confer no denomination that is diſgraceful, but very much the contrary.'

'I am very glad, for all *that*,' ſaid Miſs Jervois, 'that my little tranſlation is in plain proſe: had it not, I ſhould have been very much afraid to have it ſeen.'

'Even in *that* caſe, you need not to have been afraid, my dear Miſs Jervois,' ſaid the good Dr. Bartlett: 'Sir Charles is an admirer of good poetry; and Miſs Grandiſon would have recollected the Philomela's, the Orinda's, and other names among her own ſex, whoſe fine genius does it honour.'

'Your diffidence and ſweet humility, my dear Emily,' ſaid Lady L. 'would, in you, make the moſt envied accompliſhments amiable.'

'I am ſure,' ſaid the lovely girl, hanging down her head, tears ready to ſtart, 'I have reaſon to be affected with the ſubject.—The indulgent mother is deſcribed with ſo much ſweet tenderneſs—O what pleaſures do mothers loſe, who want tenderneſs!'

We all, either by eyes or voices, called for the ſonnet, and her tranſlation. Dr. Bartlett ſhewed them to us; and I ſend copies of both.

'SONNET OF VINCENZIO DA FILICAJA.

'*Qual madre i figli con pietoſo affetto*
'*Mira, e d'amor ſi ſtrugge a lor davante;*
'*E un bacia in fronte, ed un ſi ſtringe al petto,*
'*Uno tien ſu i ginocchi, un ſulle piante,*
'*E mentre agli atti, a i gemiti, all' aſpetto*
'*Lor voglie intende di diverſe, e tante,*
'*A queſti un guardo, a quei diſpenſa un detto,*
'*E ſe ride, o s'adira, è ſempre amante;*
'*Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita*
'*Veglia, e queſti conforta, a quei provvede,*
'*E tutti aſcolta, e porge a tutti aita.*
'*E ſe niega talor grazia, o mercede,*
'*O niega ſol, perchè a pregar ne invite;*
'*O negar finge, e nel negar concede.*'

'See a fond mother incircled by her children: with pious tenderneſs ſhe looks around, and her ſoul even melts with maternal love. One ſhe kiſſes on the forehead: and claſps another to her boſom. One ſhe ſets upon her knee; and finds a ſeat upon her foot for another. And while, by their actions, their liſping words, and aſking eyes, ſhe underſtands their various numberleſs little wiſhes, to theſe ſhe diſpenſes a look; a word to thoſe; and whether ſhe ſmiles or frowns, 'tis all in tender love.

'Such to us, though infinitely high and awful, is PROVIDENCE: ſo it watches over us; comforting thoſe; providing for thoſe; liſtening to all; aſſiſting every one; and if ſometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to invite our more earneſt prayers; or ſeeming to deny a bleſſing, grants one in that refuſal.'

When the tranſlation was read aloud, the tears that before were ſtarting, trickled

trickled down the ſweet girl's cheeks. But the commendations every one joined in, and eſpecially the praiſes given her by her guardian, drove away every cloud from her face.

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS GRANDISON.

'MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

'FRIDAY, MARCH 17.

'I Have already ſeen Captain Anderſon. Richard Saunders, whom I ſent with your letter, as ſoon as I came to town, found him at his lodgings near Whitehall. He expreſſed himſelf, on reading it before the ſervant, with *indiſcreet* warmth. I would not make minute enquiries after his words, becauſe I intended an amicable meeting with him.

'We met at four yeſterday afternoon, at the Cocoa Tree, in Pall Mall: Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, and Major Dillon, two of his friends, with whom I had no acquaintance, were with him. The captain and I withdrew to a private room. The two gentlemen entered it with us.

'You will on this occaſion, I know, expect me to be particular: yet muſt allow, that I had no good cauſe to manage, ſince thoſe points that had moſt weight, (and which were the ground of your objections to him when you ſaw him in a near light) could not be pleaded without affronting him; and if they had, would hardly have met with his allowance; and could therefore have no force in the argument.

'On the two gentlemen entering the room with us, without apology or objection, I aſked the captain, if they were acquainted with the affair we met upon? He ſaid, they were his dear and inſeparable friends, and knew every ſecret of his heart. "Perhaps in this caſe, Captain Anderſon," returned I, "it were as "well they did not."

"We are men of honour, Sir "Charles Grandiſon," ſaid the major, briſkly.

"I don't doubt it, Sir. But where "the delicacy of a lady is concerned, "the hearts of the principals ſhould "be the whole world to each other. "But what is done, is done. I am "ready to enter upon the affair before "theſe gentlemen, if you chuſe it, "captain."

"You will find us to be gentlemen, "Sir Charles," ſaid the colonel.

'The captain then began, with warmth, his own ſtory. Indeed he told it very well. I was pleaſed, for my *ſiſter's ſake* (pardon me, Charlotte) that he did. He is not contemptible, either in perſon or underſtanding. He may be ſaid, perhaps, to be an illiterate, but he is not an ignorant man; though not the perſon whom the friends of Charlotte Grandiſon would think worthy of the firſt place in her heart.

'After he had told his ſtory, (which I need not repeat to you) he inſiſted upon your promiſe: and his two friends declared in his favour, with airs, each man, a little too peremptory. I told them ſo; and that they muſt do me the juſtice to conſider me as a man of ſome ſpirit, as well as themſelves. "I came hither with a "friendly intention, gentlemen," ſaid I. "I do not love to follow the "lead of haſty ſpirits: but if you "expect to carry any point with me, "it muſt not be either by raiſed voices, "or heightened complexions."

'Their features were all at once changed: and they ſaid, they meant not to be warm.

'I told the captain, that I would not enter into a minute defence of the lady, though my ſiſter. I owned that there had appeared a precipitation in her conduct. Her treatment at home, as ſhe apprehended, was not anſwerable to her merits. She was young, and knew nothing of the world. Young ladies were often ſtruck by appearances. "You, "Captain Anderſon," ſaid I, "have "advantages in perſon and manner, "that might obtain for you a young "lady's attention. And as ſhe be-"lieved herſelf circumſtanced in her "family, I wonder not that ſhe lent "an ear to the addreſs of a gallant "man; whoſe command in that "neighbourhood, and, I doubt not, "whoſe behaviour in that command, "added to his conſequence. But I "take it for granted, Sir, that you "met with difficulties from her, when

"ſhe

" ſhe came to reflect upon the diſrepu-
" tation of a young woman's carrying
" on clandeſtinely a correſpondence
" with a man, of whoſe addreſs, her
" father, then living, was not likely
" to approve. There was none of that
" violent paſſion on either ſide, that
" precludes reaſon, diſcretion, duty.
" It is no wonder, then, that a wo-
" man of Charlotte Grandiſon's known
" good ſenſe, ſhould reflect, ſhould
" conſider: and perhaps the leſs, that
" you ſhould therefore ſeek to engage
" her by promiſe. But what *was* the
" promiſe? It was not the promiſe
" that, it ſeems, you ſought to engage
" her to make; to be abſolutely yours,
" and no other man's: but it was, that
" ſhe would not marry any other man
" without your conſent, while you re-
" mained ſingle. An unreaſonable
" promiſe, however, I will preſume
" to ſay, either to be propoſed, or
" ſubmitted to."

" *Sir!*" ſaid the captain, and look-
ed the ſoldier.

' I repeated what I laſt ſaid.

" Sir!" again ſaid the captain; and
looked upon his friends, who point-
ed each his head at the other, and at
him, by turns—as if they had ſaid,
" Very free language."

" For, Sir," proceeded I, " did it
" not give room to think, that you had
" either ſome doubts of your own
" merit with the lady, or of her af-
" fection and ſteadineſs? And in either
" caſe, ought it to have been propoſed?
" ought it to have been made? for
" my part, I ſhould diſdain to think
" of any woman for a wife, who gave
" me reaſon to imagine, that ſhe was
" likely to balance a moment, as to
" her choice of me, or any other man."

" Something in that!" ſaid the co-
lonel.

" As you explain yourſelf, Sir
" Charles," ſaid the major—

' The captain, however, ſat ſwell-
ing. He was not ſo eaſily ſatisfied.

" Your motive, we are not to queſ-
" tion, captain, was love. Miſs
" Grandiſon is a young woman whom
" any man may love. By the way,
" where a man is aſſured of a return
" in love, there is no occaſion for a
" promiſe. But a promiſe *was* made.
" My ſiſter is a woman of honour.
" She thinks herſelf bound by it; and
" ſhe is content to lead a ſingle life to
" the end of it, if you will not ac-
" quit her of this promiſe. Yet ſhe
" leaves, and at the *time* did leave,
" *you* free. You will have the juſtice,
" Sir, to allow, that there is a gene-
" roſity in her conduct to you, which
" remains for you to ſhew to her, ſince
" a promiſe ſhould not be made but
" on equal terms. Would you hold
" her to it, and be not held yourſelf?
" She deſires not to hold you. Let
" me tell you, captain, that if I had
" been in your ſituation, and had been
" able to *prevail upon myſelf* to en-
" deavour to bring a lady to make me
" ſuch a promiſe, I ſhould have doubt-
" ed her love of me, had ſhe not
" ſought to bind me to her by an equal
" tie. " What!" ſhould I have ſaid
" to myſelf, " Is this lady dearer to
" *me* than all the women upon earth?
" Do I ſeek to bind her to me by a ſo-
" lemn promiſe, which ſhall give me
" a power over *her*? And has ſhe ſo
" little regard for me, as not to va-
" lue, whether I marry any other wo-
" man?"

' The gentlemen looked upon one
another; but were ſilent. I pro-
ceeded.

" Let us ſet this matter in it's true
" light. Here is a young woman,
" who had ſuffered herſelf to be em-
" barraſſed in a treaty, that her whole
" heart, ſhe aſſures me, was never
" in. *This was her fault.* But know
" we not how inextricable are the en-
" tanglements of *love*, as it is called,
" when young women are brought to
" enter into correſpondence with men?
" Our ſex have opportunities of know-
" ing the world, which the other have
" not. Experience, gentlemen, en-
" gaging with inexperience, and per-
" haps to the difference of twice the
" number of years, [" Sir!" ſaid the
" captain!] the combat muſt be too
" unequal. How artfully do men en-
" deavour to draw in the woman whom
" they think it worth their while to
" purſue!—But would any man here
" wiſh to marry a woman, who de-
" clares that ſhe was inſenſibly drawn
" in beyond her purpoſe? Who ſhew-
" ed, when ſhe refuſed to promiſe that
" ſhe would be his, in preference to
" all other men, that ſhe did not love
" him above all other men? Who,
" when ſhe was prevailed on to fetter
" herſelf, made him not of conſe-

" quence

" quence enough to herſelf to bind
" *him?* And, in a word, who has
" long ago declared to him, and ſtea-
" dily perſiſts in the declaration, that
" ſhe *never* will be his?—You ſeem,
" gentlemen, to be men of ſpirit,
" would you wiſh to marry the firſt
" woman on earth on theſe terms, if
" you *could* obtain her?—which, how-
" ever, is not the caſe; ſince Miſs
" Grandiſon's promiſe extends not ſo
" far as to oblige her to marry Captain
" Anderſon."

'The captain did not, he told me,
'like ſome part of what I had ſaid;
'and ſtill leſs ſome of the words I had
'uſed—And ſeemed to be diſpoſing
'his features to take a fiercer turn than
'became the occaſion. I interrupted
'him therefore: "I met you not,
" captain," ſaid I, " either to hear,
" or to obviate, cavils upon words.
" When I have told you, that I came
" with an amicable intention, I ex-
" pect to be believed. I intend not
" offence. But let us be *men*. I am
" perhaps a younger man by ten years,
" than any one preſent; but I have
" ſeen the world, as much as any man
" of my age; and know what is due
" to the character of a gentleman,
" whether it be Captain Anderſon's,
" or my own; and expect not wilful
" miſconſtructions."

" All I mean is, Sir," ſaid the cap-
'tain, " that I will not be treated con-
" temptuouſly; no, not even by the
" brother of Miſs Grandiſon."

" The brother of Miſs Grandiſon,
" Sir, is not accuſtomed to treat any
" man contemptuouſly. Don't treat
" yourſelf ſo, and you are ſafe from
" unworthy treatment from me. Let
" me add, Sir, that I permit every
" man to fix his character with me,
" as he pleaſes. I will venture to ſay,
" I have a large charity; but I extend
" it not to credulity: but yet will al-
" ways allow a third perſon to decide
" upon the juſtice of my intentions
" and actions."

'The captain ſaid, that he aſcribed
'a great deal of my ſiſter's *poſitiveneſs*
'*in her denial of him*, (thoſe were his
'words) to the time of my arrival in
'England; and he doubted not, that
'I had encouraged the propoſals, either
'of Sir Walter Watkyns, or of Lord
'G, becauſe of their quality and for-
'tunes: and hence his difficulties were
'increaſed.

'And then up he roſe, ſlapt one
'hand upon the table, put the other
'on his ſword, and was going to ſay
'ſome very fierce things, prefacing
'them with damning his blood; when
'I ſtood up: "Hold, captain; be calm,
" if poſſible—Hear from me the naked
" truth: I will make you a fair re-
" preſentation; and when I have done,
" do you reſume, if you think it ne-
" ceſſary, that angry air you got up
" with, and ſee what you'll make of
" it."

'His friends interpoſed. He ſat
'down, half out of breath with an-
'ger. His ſwelled features went down
'by degrees.

" The truth of the matter is ſtrictly
'and briefly this.

" All my ſiſter's difficulties (which,
" perhaps, were greater in apprehen-
" ſion than in fact) ended with my fa-
" ther's life. I made it my buſineſs,
" on my arrival, as ſoon as poſſible to
" aſcertain my ſiſters fortunes. Lord
" L. married the elder. The two gen-
" tlemen you have mentioned made
" their addreſſes to the younger. I
" knew nothing of you, Captain An-
" derſon. My ſiſter had wholly kept
" the affair between you and her, in
" her own breaſt. She had not re-
" vealed it even to her ſiſter. The
" reaſon ſhe gives, and to which you,
" Sir, could be no ſtranger, was, that
" ſhe was determined never to be yours.
" The ſubject requires explicitneſs,
" Captain Anderſon: and I am not
" accuſtomed to palliate, whenever it
" does. She hoped to prevail upon
" you to leave her as generouſly free
" as ſhe had left you. I do aſſure
" you, upon my honour, that ſhe fa-
" vours not either of the gentlemen.
" I know not the man ſhe *does* favour.
" It is I, her brother, not herſelf, that
" am ſolicitous for her marrying.
" And, upon the indifference ſhe ex-
" preſſed to change her condition, on
" terms to which no objection could
" be made, I ſuppoſed ſhe muſt have
" a ſecret preference to ſome other
" man. I was afterwards informed,
" that letters had paſſed between her
" and you, by a lady, who had it
" from a gentleman of your acquaint-
" ance. You have ſhewn me, Sir, by

" the

"the preſence of theſe gentlemen, that "you were not ſo careful of the ſe-"cret, as my ſiſter had been."—They looked upon one another.

"I charged my ſiſter, upon this diſ-"covery, with reſerve to me: but of-"fered her my ſervice in her own way; "aſſuring her, that if her heart were "engaged, the want of quality, title, "and fortune, ſhould not be of weight "with me, and that whomſoever ſhe "accepted for her huſband, him would "I receive for my brother."

The colonel and the major extravagantly applauded a behaviour on this occaſion, which deſerved no more than a common approbation.

"She ſolemnly aſſured me," proceeded I, "that although ſhe held "herſelf bound by the promiſe which "youth, inexperience, and ſolicita-"tion, had drawn her in to make, "ſhe reſolved to perform it by a per-"petual ſingle life, if it were inſiſted "upon. And thus, Sir, you ſee, that "it depends upon you to keep Char-"lotte Grandiſon a ſingle woman, till "you marry ſome other lady, (a power, "let me tell you, that no man ought "to ſeek to obtain over a young wo-"man) or, generouſly to acquit her "of it, and leave her as free as ſhe "has left you.—And now, gentle-"men," (to the major and colonel) "if you came hither not ſo much par-"ties as judges, I leave this matter "upon your conſideration; and will "withdraw for a few moments."

I left every mouth ready to burſt into words; and walked into the publick room. There I met with Colonel Martin, whom I had ſeen abroad; and who had juſt aſked after Major Dillon. He, to my great ſurprize, took notice to me of the buſineſs that brought me thither.

You ſee, my ſiſter, the conſequence you were of to Captain Anderſon. He had not been able to forbear boaſting of the honour which a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandiſon had done him, and of his enlarged proſpects, by her intereſt. Dear Charlotte—How unhappy was the man, that your pride ſhould make you think yourſelf concerned to keep ſecret an affair that he thought a glory to him to make known to many! For we ſee, (ſhall I not ſay, to the advantage of this gentleman's character?) that he has many *dear* and *inſeparable friends*, from whom he *concealed not any ſecret of his heart*.

Colonel Mackenzie came out ſoon after, and we withdrew to the corner of the room. He talked a great deal of the ſtrength of the captain's paſſion; of the hopes he had conceived of making his fortune, through the intereſt of a family to which he imputed conſideration: he made me many compliments; he talked of the great detriment this long-ſuſpended affair had been to his friend; and told me, with a grave countenance, that the captain was grown as many years older, as it had been in hand, and was ready to rate very highly ſo much time loſt in the prime of life. In ſhort, he aſcribed to the captain the views and the diſappointments of a military fortune-hunter too plainly for his honour, in my eye, had I been diſpoſed to take *proper* notice of the meaning of what he ſaid.

After having heard him out, I deſired the colonel to let me know what all this meant, and what were the captain's expectations.

He paraded me again a long time; and aſked me, at laſt, If there were no hopes that the lady—

"None at all," interrupted I. "She "has ſteadily declared as much. Char-"lotte Grandiſon is a woman of fine "ſenſe. She has great qualities. She "has inſuperable objections to the "captain, which are founded on a "more perfect knowledge of the man, "and of her own heart, than ſhe could "have at firſt. It is not my intention "to depreciate him with his friend; "I ſhall not, therefore, enter into parti-"culars. Let me know, colonel, what "the gentleman pretends to. He is "paſſionate, I ſee; I am not a tame "man: but God forbid, that Captain "Anderſon, who hoped to be benefited "by an alliance with the daughter of "Sir Thomas Grandiſon, ſhould re-"ceive hurt, or hard treatment from "her brother!"

Here Colonel Martin, who had heard ſomething of what was ſaid, deſired to ſpeak with Colonel Mackenzie. They were not ſo diſtant, but my ear unavoidably caught part of their ſubject. Colonel Martin expoſtulated, in a very high manner, on my character, when I was abroad.

'He imputed bravery to me, (a great 'article among military men, and with 'you ladies) and I know not how 'many good qualities.—And Colonel 'Mackenzie took him in with him to 'the other two gentlemen: where, I 'ſuppoſe, every thing that had paſſed 'was repeated.

'After a while, I was deſired by 'Colonel Martin, in the name of the 'gentlemen, to walk in; he himſelf 'ſitting down in the publick room.

'They received me with reſpect. I 'was obliged to hear and ſay a great 'many things, that I had ſaid and 'heard before: but at laſt two pro-'poſals were made me; either of which, 'they ſaid, if complied with, would be 'taken as laying the captain under a 'very high obligation.

'Poor man! I had compaſſion for 'him, and cloſed with one of them; 'declining the other for a reaſon which 'I did not give to them. To ſay truth, 'Charlotte, I did not chuſe to promiſe 'my *intereſt* in behalf of a man, of 'whoſe merit I was not aſſured, had I 'been able to challenge any, as per-'haps I might by Lord W.'s means; 'who ſtands well with proper perſons. 'A man ought to think himſelf, in 'ſome meaſure, accountable for *warm* 'recommendations; eſpecially where 'the publick is concerned: and could 'I give my promiſe, and be cool as to 'the performance? And I ſhould think 'myſelf alſo anſwerable to a worthy 'man, and to every one connected with 'him, if I were a means of lifting one 'leſs worthy over his head. I choſe 'therefore to do that ſervice to him, 'for which I am reſponſible only to '*myſelf*. After I have ſaid this, my 'ſiſter muſt aſk me no queſtions.

'I gave a rough draught, at the 'captain's requeſt, of the manner in 'which I would have releaſes drawn. 'Colonel Martin was deſired to walk 'in. And all the gentlemen promiſed 'to bury in ſilence all that had ever 'come to their knowledge, of what 'had paſſed between Charlotte Gran-'diſon and Captain Anderſon.

'Let not the mentioning to you theſe 'meaſures, hurt you, my ſiſter. Many 'young ladies of ſenſe and family have 'been drawn in to ſtill greater incon-'veniences than you have ſuffered. 'Perſons of eminent abilities (I have 'a very high opinion of my Char-'lotte's) ſeldom err in *ſmall* points. 'Moſt young women, who begin a 'correſpondence with our deſigning 'ſex, think they can ſtop when they 'will. But it is not ſo. We, and the 'dark ſpirit that ſets us at work, 'which we ſometimes miſ-call love, 'will not permit you to do ſo. Men 'and women are devils to one another. 'They need no other tempter.

'All will be compleated to-morrow; 'and your written promiſe, of conſe-'quence, given up. I congratulate 'my ſiſter on the happy concluſion of 'this affair. You are now your own 'miſtreſs, and free to chuſe for your-'ſelf. I ſhould never forgive myſelf, 'were I, who have been the means of 'freeing you from one controul, to 'endeavour to lay you under another. 'Think not either of Sir Walter, or 'of Lord G. if your heart declare not 'in favour of either. You have ſome-'times thought me *earneſt* in behalf of 'Lord G. But I have never ſpoken in 'his favour, but when you have put 'me upon anſwering objections to him, 'which I have thought inſufficient: 'and indeed, Charlotte, ſome of your 'objections have been ſo ſlight, that I 'was ready to believe, you put them 'for the pleaſure of having them an-'ſwered.

'My Charlotte need not doubt of 'admirers, wherever ſhe ſets her foot. 'And I repeat, that whoever be the 'man ſhe inclines to favour, ſhe may 'depend upon the approbation and 'good offices of *her ever affectionate* 'brother,

'CHARLES GRANDISON.'

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17.

I Send you incloſed (to be returned by the firſt opportunity) Sir Charles's letter to his ſiſter, acquainting her with the happy concluſion of the affair between Captain Anderſon and her. Her brother, as you will ſee, acquits her not of precipitation. If he did, it would have been an impeachment of his juſtice. O the dear Charlotte! how

her

her pride is piqued at the meanneſs of the man!—But no more of this ſubject, as the letter is before you.

And now, my dear and honoured friends, let me return you a thouſand thanks for the great packet of my letters juſt ſent me, with a moſt indulgent one from my aunt, and another from my uncle.

I have already put into the two ladies hands, and my lord's, without reſerve, all the letters that reach to the maſquerade affair, from the time of my ſetting out for London; and when they have read thoſe, I have promiſed them more. This confidence has greatly obliged them; and they are employed, with no ſmall earneſtneſs, in peruſing them.

This gives me an opportunity of purſuing my own devices.—And what, beſides ſcribbling, do you think one of them is?—A kind of perſecution of Dr. Bartlett; by which, however, I ſuſpect, that I myſelf am the greateſt ſufferer. He is an excellent man; and I make no difficulty of going to him in his cloſet; encouraged by his aſſurances of welcome.

Let me ſtop to ſay, my Lucy, that when I approach this good man in his retirement; ſurrounded by his books, his table generally covered with thoſe on pious ſubjects, I, in my heart, congratulate the ſaint, and inheritor of future glory: and, in that great view, am the more deſirous to cultivate his friendſhip.

And what do you think is our ſubject? Sir Charles, I ſuppoſe, you gueſs—And ſo it is, either in the middle or latter end of the few converſations we have yet had time to hold: but, I do aſſure you, we begin with the ſublimeſt; though I muſt ſay, to my ſhame, that it has not ſo much of my heart, at preſent, as once it had, and I hope again will one day have.—The great and glorious truths of Chriſtianity are this ſubject; which *yet*, from this good Dr. Bartlett, warms my heart, as often as he enters into it. But this very ſubject, ſublime as it is, brings on the other, as of conſequence: for Sir Charles Grandiſon, without making an oſtentatious pretenſion to religion, is the very Chriſtian in practice, that theſe doctrines teach a man to be. Muſt not then the doctrines introduce the mention of a man who endeavours humbly to imitate the divine example? It was upon good grounds he once ſaid, That as he muſt one day die, it was matter of no moment to *him*, whether it were to-morrow, or forty years hence.

The ladies had referred me to the doctor himſelf for a more ſatisfactory account than they had given me, how Sir Charles and he firſt came acquainted. I told him ſo, and aſked his indulgence to me in this enquiry.

He took it kindly. He had, he ſaid, the hiſtory of it written down. His nephew, whom he often employs as his amanuenſis, ſhould make me out, from that little hiſtory, an account of it, which I might ſhew, he was pleaſed to ſay, to ſuch of my ſelect friends, as I entruſted with the knowledge of my own heart.

I ſhall impatiently expect the abſtract of this little hiſtory; and the more, as the doctor tells me there will be included ſome particulars of Sir Charles's behaviour abroad in his younger life, and of Mr. Beauchamp, whom the doctor ſpeaks of with love, as his patron's deareſt friend, and whom he calls a ſecond Sir Charles Grandiſon.

* * *

See, my Lucy, the reward of frankneſs of heart. My communicativeneſs has been already encouraged with the peruſal of two letters from the ſame excellent man to Doctor Bartlett; to whom, from early days, (as I ſhall be ſoon more particularly informed) he has given an account of all his conduct and movements.

The doctor drew himſelf in, however, by reading to Lord L. and the ladies, and me, a paragraph or two out of one of them: and he has even allowed me to give my grandmamma and aunt a ſight of them. Return them, Lucy, with the other letter, by the very next poſt. He ſays, he can deny me nothing. I wiſh I may not be too bold with him.—As for Miſs Grandiſon, ſhe vows, that ſhe will not let the good man reſt till ſhe gets him to communicate what he ſhall not abſolutely declare to be a ſecret, to *us* three ſiſters, and my Lord L. 'If the 'firſt man,' ſhe ſays, 'could not reſiſt 'one woman, how will the doctor deal 'with *three*, not one of them behind-'hand with the *firſt* in curioſity? And

'all loving him, and whom he profeſſes 'to eſteem?' You ſee, Lucy, that Miſs Grandiſon has pretty well got up her ſpirits again.

* * *

JUST now Miſs Grandiſon has related to me a converſation that paſſed between my Lord and Lady L. herſelf, and Doctor Bartlett; in which the ſubject was their brother and I. The ladies and my lord are entirely in my intereſts, and regardful of my punctilio. They roundly told the doctor, That, being extremely earneſt to have their brother marry, they knew not the perſon living, whom they wiſhed to call his wife preferably to Miſs Byron; could they be ſure that I were abſolutely diſengaged. 'Now, doctor,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'tell us frankly, 'What is your opinion of our choice 'for a more than nominal ſiſter?'

I will make no apologies, Lucy, for repeating all that was repeated to me of this converſation.

LORD L. 'Aye, my good Dr. Bartlett, let us have your free opinion.'

DR. B. 'Miſs Byron (I pronounce upon knowledge, for ſhe has 'more than once, ſince I have been 'down, done me the honour of entering into very free and ſerious converſations with me) is one of the moſt 'excellent of women.'

And then he went on, praiſing me for ingenuouſneſs, ſeriouſneſs, chearfulneſs, and for other good qualities, which his partiality found out in me: and added, 'Would to Heaven that ſhe 'were neither more nor leſs than Lady 'Grandiſon!'

'God bleſs him!' thought I.—Don't you join, my Lucy, to ſay, at this place, you, who love me ſo dearly, 'God bleſs you, Dr. Bartlett?'

LADY L. 'Well but, doctor, you 'ſay that Miſs Byron talks freely with 'you; cannot you gather from her, 'whether ſhe is inclined to marriage? 'Whether ſhe is abſolutely diſengaged? Lady D. made a propoſal to her 'for Lord D. and inſiſted on an anſwer to this very queſtion: that matter is gone off. As our *gueſt*, we 'would not have Miſs Byron think us 'impertinent. She is very delicate. 'And as ſhe is ſo amiably frank-hearted, thoſe things ſhe chuſes not 'to mention of her own accord, one 'would not, you know, officiouſly put 'to her.'

This was a little too much affected. Don't you think ſo, Lucy? The doctor, it is evident by his anſwer, did.

DR. B. 'It is not likely that ſuch 'a ſubject can ariſe between Miſs Byron and me: and it is ſtrange, me-'thinks, that ladies calling each other 'ſiſters, ſhould not be abſolutely miſtreſſes of this queſtion.'

LORD L. 'Very right, Doctor 'Bartlett. But ladies will, in theſe 'points, take a compaſs before they 'explain themſelves.—A man of Doctor Bartlett's penetration and up-'rightneſs, ladies, ſhould not be treated with diſtance.—We are of opi-'nion, doctor, that Miſs Byron, ſuppoſing that ſhe is abſolutely diſen-'gaged, could make no difficulty to 'prefer my brother to all the men in 'the world. What think you?'

DR. B. 'I have no doubt of it: 'ſhe thinks herſelf under obligation 'to him. She is goodneſs itſelf. She 'muſt love goodneſs. Sir Charles's 'perſon, his vivacity, his addreſs, his 'underſtanding—What woman would 'not prefer him to all the men ſhe ever 'ſaw? He has met with admirers 'among the ſex in every nation in 'which he has ſet his foot.' [Ah! Lucy!] 'You ladies muſt have ſeen, 'forgive me,' (bowing to each) 'that 'Miſs Byron has a more than grateful 'reſpect for your brother.'

MISS GR. 'We think ſo, doctor; 'and wanted to know if *you* did: and 'ſo, as my lord ſays, fetched a little 'compaſs about; which we ſhould not 'have done to *you*. But you ſay, That 'my brother has had numbers of admirers.—Pray, doctor, is there any '*one* lady (we imagine there is) that 'he has preferred to another, in the 'different nations he has travelled 'through?'

LORD L. 'Aye, doctor, we want 'to know this; and if you thought 'there were *not*, we ſhould make no 'ſcruple to explain ourſelves as well 'to Miſs Byron, as to my brother.'

Don't you long to know what anſwer the doctor returned to this, Lucy? I was out of breath with impatience, when Miſs Grandiſon repeated it to me.

The doctor heſitated—And at laſt

ſaid, 'I wiſh, with all my heart, Miſs 'Byron could be Lady Grandiſon!'

Miss Gr. "COULD be?—*Could* "be?" ſaid each.

And 'COULD be?' ſaid the fool to Miſs Grandiſon, when ſhe repeated it, her heart quite ſunk.

Dr. B. (Smiling.) 'You hinted, 'ladies, that you are not *ſure*, that 'Miſs Byron is abſolutely diſengaged. 'But, to be open, and above-board, 'I have reaſon to believe, that your 'brother would be concerned, if he 'knew it, that you ſhould think of 'putting ſuch a queſtion as this to 'any body but himſelf. Why don't 'you? He once complained to me, 'that he was afraid his ſiſters looked 'upon him as a reſerved man; and 'condeſcended to call upon me to put 'him right, if I thought his appear-'ance ſuch as would give you grounds 'for the ſurmiſe. There are two or 'three affairs of intricacy that he is 'engaged in, and particularly one, 'that hangs in ſuſpenſe; and would 'not be fond, I believe, of men-'tioning it, till he can do it with cer-'tainty: but elſe, ladies, there is not 'a more frank-hearted man in the 'world, than *your* brother.'

See, Lucy, how cautious we ought to be in paſſing judgment on the ac-tions of others, eſpecially on thoſe of good men, when we want to faſten blame upon them; perhaps with a low view (envying their ſuperior worth) to bring them down to our own level! —For are we not all apt to meaſure the merits of others by our own ſtandard, and to give praiſe or diſpraiſe to actions or ſentiments, as they ſquare with our own?

Lord L. 'Perhaps, Doctor Bart-'lett, you don't think yourſelf at li-'berty to anſwer, whether theſe par-'ticular affairs are of ſuch a nature, 'as will interfere with the *hopes* we 'have of bringing to effect a marriage 'between my brother and Miſs Byron?'

Dr. B. 'I had rather refer to Sir 'Charles himſelf on this ſubject. If 'any man in the world deſerves from 'prudence and integrity of heart to be 'happy in this life, that man is Sir 'Charles Grandiſon. But he is not '*quite* happy.'

Ah, Lucy!—The doctor proceeded. 'Your brother, ladies, has often ſaid 'to me, That there was hardly a man 'living who had a more ſincere value 'for the ſex than he had; who had 'been more diſtinguiſhed by the favour 'of worthy women; yet, who had 'paid dearer for that diſtinction than 'he had done.'

Lady L. 'Paid dearer! Good 'Heaven!'

Miss Gr. 'How could that be?'

Lord L. 'I always abroad heard 'the ladies reckon upon Sir Charles 'as their own man. His vivacity, his 'perſonal accompliſhments, his polite-'neſs, his generoſity, his bravery!— 'Every woman who ſpoke of him, put 'him down for a man of gallantry. 'And is he not a *truly* gallant man?— 'I never mentioned it before.—But a 'Lady Olivia, of Florence, was much 'talked of, when I was in that city, 'as being in love with the handſome 'Engliſhman, as our brother was com-'monly called there.'—

"Lady Olivia!"—"Lady Olivia!"— repeated each ſiſter; 'and why did not 'your lordſhip—'

'Why? Becauſe, though ſhe was 'in love with him, he had no thoughts 'of her: and, as the doctor ſays, ſhe 'is but *one* of thoſe, who, where-ever 'he ſet his foot, admired him.'

'Bleſs me,' thought I, 'what a 'black ſwan is a good man!—Why,' (as I have often thought, to the credit of our ſex) 'will not all the men be 'good?'

Lady L. 'My lord, you muſt tell 'us more of this Lady Olivia.'

Lord L. 'I know very little more 'of her. She was reputed to be a 'woman of high quality and fortune, 'and great ſpirit. I once ſaw her. 'She is a fine figure of a woman. Dr. 'Bartlett can, no doubt, give you an 'account of her.'

Miss Gr. 'Ah, doctor! what a 'hiſtory could you give us of our bro-'ther, if you pleaſed!—But as there 'is no likelihood that this lady will 'be any thing to my brother, let us 'return to our firſt ſubject.'

Lady L. 'By all means.—Pray, 'Dr. Bartlett, do you know what my 'brother's opinion is of Miſs Byron?'

Dr. B. 'The higheſt that man can 'have of woman.'

Lady L. 'As we are ſo very de-'ſirous to ſee my brother happily mar-'ried, and think he never could have 'a woman ſo likely to make him hap-

'PY,

'py, would you adviſe us to propoſe 'the alliance to him? We would 'not to *her*, unleſs we thought there 'were room to hope for his approba-'tion, and that in a very high degree.'

DR. B. 'I am under ſome con-'cern, my dear ladies, to be thought 'to know more of your brother's 'heart than ſiſters do, whom he loves 'ſo dearly, and who equally love 'him. I beſeech you, give me not ſo 'much more conſequence with him 'than you imagine you have your-'ſelves. I ſhall be afraid, if you do, 'that the favour I wiſh to ſtand in 'with you, is owing more to your 'brother's diſtinction of me, than to 'your own hearts.'

LORD L. 'I ſee not why we may 'not talk to my brother directly on this 'head. Whence is it, that we are all 'three inſenſibly drawn in, by each 'other's example, to this diſtance 'between him and us?—It is not 'his fault. Did we ever aſk him a 'queſtion, that he did not directly 'anſwer, and that without ſhewing 'the leaſt affectation or reſerve?'

MISS GR. 'He came over to us all 'at once ſo perfect, after an eight or 'nine years abſence, with ſo much 'power, and ſuch a will to do us good, 'that we were awed into a kind of 'reverence for him.'

LADY L. 'Too great obligations 'from one ſide, will indeed create 'diſtance on the other. Grateful 'hearts will always retain a ſenſe of 'favours heaped upon them.'

DR. B. 'You would give pain to 'his noble heart, did he think that 'you put ſuch a value upon what he 'has done. I do aſſure you, that he 'thinks he has hardly performed his 'duty by his ſiſters: and, as occa-'ſions may ſtill offer, you will *find* 'he thinks ſo. But let me beg of you 'to treat him without reſerve or diffi-'dence; and that you would put to 'him all thoſe queſtions which you 'would wiſh to be anſwered. You 'will find him, I dare ſay, very can-'did, and very explicit.'

MISS GR. 'That ſhall be my taſk, 'when I next ſee him. But, dear 'Doctor Bartlett, if you love us, 'communicate to us all that is proper 'for us to ſee, of the correſpondence 'that paſſes between him and you.'

The doctor, it ſeems, bowed; but anſwered not.

So you ſee, Lucy, upon the whole, that I have no great *reaſon* to build ſo much, as my uncle, in his laſt letter, imagines I do, on the intereſt of theſe ladies, and my Lord L. with their brother. 'Two or three intricate 'affairs on his hands—One of them 'ſtill in ſuſpenſe—of which, for that 'reaſon, he makes a ſecret—He is not 'quite happy—greatly diſtinguiſhed by 'the favour of worthy women:' Who would wonder at that?—But 'has 'paid dear for the diſtinction!'—What can one ſay? What can one think? He once ſaid himſelf, That his life was a various life; and that ſome unhappy things had befallen him. If the prudence of ſuch a man could not ſhield him from misfortune, who can be exempted from it?—And from *worthy* women too?—That's the wonder!—But is this Olivia one of the *worthy* women?—I fancy he muſt deſpiſe us all. I fancy he will never think of incumbering himſelf with one of a ſex, that has made him pay ſo dear for the general diſtinction he has met with from it. As to his politeneſs to us; a man may *afford* to ſhew politeneſs to thoſe he has reſolved to keep at diſtance from his heart.

But, ah, Lucy!—There muſt be one happy woman, whom he wiſhes *not* to keep at diſtance. This is the affair, that *hangs in ſuſpenſe*; and of which, therefore, he chuſes to ſay nothing.

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I HAVE had the pleaſure of a viſit from my Godfather Deane. He dined with us this day in his way to town. The ladies, Dr. Bartlett, and my Lord L. are charmed with him. Yet I had pain mingled with my pleaſure. He took me aſide, and charged me *ſo* home—He was *too* inquiſitive. I never knew him to be ſo *very* urgent to know my heart. But I was frank; very frank: I ſhould hardly have been excuſeable, if I had not, to ſo good a man, and ſo dear a friend. Yet he ſcarce knew how to be ſatisfied with my frankneſs.

He will have it, that I look thinner and paler than I uſed to do. That may very well be. My very *ſoul*, at times—I know not how I am—Sir

Charles

Charles is in ſuſpenſe too, from ſomebody abroad. From my heart I pity him. Had he but ſome faults; ſome great blemiſhes; I fancy I ſhould be eaſier about him. But to hear nothing of him, but what is ſo greatly praiſeworthy, and my heart ſo delighted with acts of beneficence—And now my Godfather Deane, at this viſit, running on in his praiſes, and commending, inſtead of blaming me, for my preſumptuous thoughts: nay, exalting me, and telling me, that I deſerve him—that I deſerve Sir Charles Grandiſon!—Why did he not chide me? Why did he not diſſuade me?—Neither fortune nor merit anſwerable?—A man who knows ſo well what to do with fortune!—The Indies, my dear, ought to be his! What a king would he make! Power could not corrupt ſuch a mind as his. 'Cæſar,' ſaid Dr. Bartlett, ſpeaking of him before Mr. Deane and all of us, 'was 'not quicker to deſtroy, than Sir 'Charles Grandiſon is to relieve.' Emily's eyes, at the time, ran over with joy at the expreſſion; and, drying them, ſhe looked proudly round on us all, as if ſhe had ſaid, 'This is 'my guardian!'

But what do you think, Lucy? My godfather will have it, that he ſees a young paſſion in Miſs Jervois for her guardian!—God forbid!—A young love may be conquered, I believe; but *who* ſhall caution the innocent girl? She muſt have a ſweet pleaſure in it, creeping, ſtealing, upon her. How can ſo unexperienced a heart, ject the indulgence? 'But, O my 'Emily! ſweet girl! do not let your 'love get the better of your gratitude, 'leſt it make you unhappy! and, what 'would be ſtill more affecting to a worthy heart, make the generous object 'of a paſſion that cannot be gratified, unhappy; and for *that* very 'reaſon; becauſe he cannot reward it! 'See you not already, that, with all 'his goodneſs, he is not quite happy? 'He is a ſufferer from *worthy* women? '—O my Emily, do not *you* add to the 'infelicity of a man, who can make but 'one woman happy; yet wiſhes to be-friend all the world'—But huſh! ſelfiſh adviſer! Should not Harriet Byron have thought of this in time?—Yet ſhe knew not, that he had any previous engagements: and may Death lay his cold hand upon her heart, before ſhe become an additional diſturbance to his! He knows not, I hope, he gueſſes not, though Dr. Bartlett has found me out as well as the ſiſters, that I am captivated, heart and ſoul, by his merits. May he never know it, if the knowledge of it would give him the ſhadow of uneaſineſs!

I owned to Mr. Deane, that my Lord L. and the ladies were warmly intereſted in my favour. 'Thank 'God for that!' he ſaid. All muſt happen to his wiſh. Nay, he would have it, that Sir Charles's goodneſs would be *rewarded* in having ſuch a wife: but what wife can do more than her duty to any huſband who is not abſolutely a ſavage? How then can all I could do, *reward* ſuch a man as this?

But, Lucy, don't you bluſh for me on reading this laſt paſſage of my writing? You *may*, ſince I bluſh myſelf on re-peruſing it. 'For ſhame, 'Harriet Byron, put a period to this 'letter!'—I will; nor ſubſcribe to it ſo much as the initials of my name.

LETTER XXXV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

'FRIDAY, MARCH 17.

'LAST night I ſaw interred the 'remains of my worthy friend 'Mr. Danby. I had cauſed his two 'nephews and his niece to be invited: 'but they did not attend.'

'As the will was not to be opened 'till the funeral was over, about 'which the good man had given me 'verbal directions; apprehending, I 'believe, expoſtulations from me, had 'I known the contents; I ſent to 'them this morning to be preſent at 'the opening.'

'Their attorney, Mr. Sylveſter, a 'man of character, and good behaviour, brought me a letter, ſigned 'by all three, excuſing themſelves on 'very ſlight pretences, and deſiring 'that *he* might be preſent for them. 'I took notice to him, that the behaviour of his principals over-night

'and

'and now, was neither reſpectful to 'the memory of their uncle, nor civil 'with regard to me. He honeſtly 'owned, that Mr. Danby having ac-'quainted his two nephews, a little 'before he died, that he had made 'his will, and that they had very 'little to expect from him, they, who 'had been educated by his direction, 'and made merchants, at his expence, 'with hopes given them, that he would 'at his death, do very handſomely for 'them, and had never diſobliged him, 'could not be preſent at the opening 'of a will, the contents of which 'they expected to be ſo mortifying to 'them.

'I opened it in preſence of this 'gentleman. The preamble was an 'angry one; giving reaſons for his 'reſentment againſt the father of theſe 'young perſons, who (though his 'brother) had once, as I hinted to 'you at Colnebrook, made a very 'ſhocking attempt upon his life. I 'was hurt, however, to find a re-'ſentment carried ſo far as againſt the 'innocent children of the offender, 'and into the laſt will of ſo good a 'man; that will ſo lately made, as 'within three weeks of his death; 'and he given over for three months 'before.

'Will the tenderneſs due to the 'memory of a friend permit me to 'aſk, where would that reſentment 'have ſtopt, had the private man been 'a monarch, which he could carry 'into his laſt will?

'But ſee we not, on the other hand, 'that theſe children, had they power, 'would have puniſhed their uncle, 'for diſpoſing, as he thought fit, of 'his own fortune; no part of which 'came to him by inheritance?

'They had been educated, as I have 'ſaid, at his expence; and, in the 'phraſe of buſineſs, well put out: 'expences their careleſs father would 'not have been at; he is, in every 'light, a bad man. How much bet-'ter had theſe children's title been to a 'more conſiderable part of their uncle's 'eſtate than he has bequeathed to 'them, had they been thankful for 'the benefits they had actually re-'ceived! Benefits, which are of ſuch 'a nature, that they cannot be taken 'from them.

'Mr. Danby has bequeathed to each 'of the three, one thouſand pounds; 'but, on expreſs condition, that they 'ſignify to his executor, within two 'months after his demiſe, their ac-'ceptance of it, in full of all demands 'upon his eſtate. If they do not, '(tender being duly made) the three 'thouſand pounds are to be carried to 'the uſes of the will.

'He then appoints his executor; 'and makes him reſiduary legatee; 'giving for reaſon, that he had been 'the principal inſtrument in the hand 'of Providence, of ſaving his life.

'He bequeaths ſome generous re-'membrances to three of his friends 'in France; and requeſts his executor 'to diſpoſe of three thouſand pounds 'to charitable uſes, either in France 'or England, as he thinks fit, and to 'what particular objects he pleaſes.

'And, by an inventory annexed to 'the will, his effects in money, bills, 'actions, and jewels, are made to 'amount to upwards of thirty thouſand 'pounds ſterling.

'Mr. Sylveſter complimented me 'on this great *windfall*, as he called 'it; and aſſured me, that it ſhould be 'his advice to his clients, that each 'take his and her legacy, and ſit down 'contented with it: and he believed, 'that they the rather would, as, from 'what their uncle had hinted, they 'apprehended, that the ſum of a 'hundred pounds each, was all they 'had to hope for.

'I enquired into the inclinations 'and views of the three; and received 'a very good general account of them; 'with a hint, that the girl was en-'gaged in a love-affair.

'Their father, after his vile attempt 'upon his brother's life, was deteſted 'by all his friends and relations, and 'went abroad; and the laſt news they 'heard of him was, that he was in 'a very ill ſtate of health, and in un-'happy circumſtances, in Barbadoes: 'and very probably by this time is no 'more.

'I deſired Mr. Sylveſter to adviſe 'the young people to recollect them-'ſelves; and ſaid, that I had a diſpo-'ſition to be kind to them: and as he 'could give me only general accounts 'of their views, proſpects, and en-'gagements, I wiſhed they would,

with

'with marks of confidence in me, give 'me particular ones: but that, whe-'ther they complimented me as I 'wiſhed, or not, I was determined, for 'the ſake of their uncle's memory, to 'do all reaſonable ſervices to them. "Tell them, in a word, Mr. Syl-"veſter, and do you forgive the ſeem-"ing vanity, that I am not accuſtomed "to ſuffer the narrowneſs of other "people's hearts to contract mine."

'The man went away very much 'pleaſed with what I had ſaid; and, 'in about two hours, ſent me a note, 'in the names of all his clients, ex-'preſſing gratitude and obligation; 'and requeſting me to allow him to 'introduce them all three to me this 'afternoon.

'I have ſome neceſſary things to do, 'and perſons to ſee, in relation to my 'deceaſed friend, which will be diſ-'patched over a diſh of tea. And 'therefore I have invited the honeſt 'attorney, and his three clients, to ſup 'with me.

'I will not ſend this to Colne-'brook, where I hope you are all 'happy, [All muſt; for are they not 'all good? And are not *you* with 'them?] till I accompany it with the 'reſult of this evening's converſation. 'Yet I am too fond of every occaſion 'that offers to tell you, what, how-'ever you cannot doubt, how much 'I am *yours*, not to ſign to that truth 'the name of

'CHARLES GRANDISON.'

LETTER XXXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

'FRIDAY-NIGHT, MARCH 17.

'MR. Sylveſter, an honeſt plea-'ſure ſhining in his counte-'nance, preſented to me, firſt, Miſs 'Danby; then, each of her brothers; 'who all received my welcome with a 'little conſciouſneſs as if they had 'ſomething to reproach themſelves 'with, and were generouſly aſhamed 'to be overcome. The ſiſter had the 'leaſt of it: and I ſaw by that, that 'ſhe was the leaſt blameable, not the 'leaſt modeſt; ſince I dare ſay, ſhe 'had but followed her brothers lead; 'while they looked down and baſhful, 'as having all that was done amiſs to 'anſwer for.

'Miſs Danby is a very pretty, and 'very genteel young woman. Mr. 'Thomas and Mr. Edward Danby are 'agreeable in their perſons and man-'ners, and want not ſenſe.

'In the firſt moment I diſſipated 'all their uneaſineſs; and we ſat down 'together with confidence in each 'other. The honeſt attorney had pre-'pared them to be eaſy after the firſt 'introduction.

"I offer not to read to you," ſaid 'I, "the will of your uncle. It is "ſufficient to repeat what Mr. Syl-"veſter has, no doubt, told you; that "you are each of you intitled by it to "a thouſand pounds."

'They all bowed; and the elder 'brother ſignified their united conſent 'to accept it upon the terms of the 'will.

"Three thouſand pounds more are "to be diſpoſed of to charitable uſes, "at the diſcretion of the executor; "three other legacies are left to three "different gentlemen in France; and "the large remainder, which will not "be leſs than four and twenty thou-"ſand pounds, falls to the executor, "as reſiduary legatee, equally unex-"pected and undeſired."

'The elder brother ſaid, "God "bleſs you with it, Sir." The ſe-'cond ſaid, "It could not have fallen "to a worthier man." The young 'lady's lips moved: but words pro-'ceeded not from them. Yet her eyes 'ſhewed, that her lips made me a 'compliment.

'It is ungenerous, Dr. Bartlett, to 'keep expecting minds in ſuſpenſe, 'though with a view of obliging in 'the end. The ſurprize intended to 'be raiſed on ſuch an occaſion, carries 'in it's appearances an air of inſult. "I have," ſaid I, "a great deſire to "do you ſervice. Now let me "know, gentlemen, (I will talk to "the young lady ſingly, perhaps) "what your expectations were upon "your uncle; what will do for each "of you to enable you to enter the "world with advantage, in the way "you have been brought up; and, as "I told your worthy friend, Mr. Syl-"veſter, I will be ready to do you "all reaſonable ſervice.—But hold,

" Sir;" for Mr. Thomas Danby was going to ſpeak; " you ſhall conſider " before you anſwer me. The matter " is of importance. Be explicit. I " love openneſs and ſincerity. I will " withdraw, till you have conſulted " together. Command me in when " you have determined."

I withdrew to my ſtudy: and, in about a quarter of an hour, they let me know, that they were ready to attend me. I went in to them. They looked upon one another. " Come, " gentlemen, don't fear to ſpeak: " conſider me, for your uncle's ſake, " as your brother."

The elder brother was going to ſpeak; but heſitating, " Come," ſaid I, " let me *lead* you into the matter. " —Pray, Sir, what is your preſent " ſituation? What are your preſent " circumſtances?"

" My father, Sir, was unhappy— " My father—"

" Well, Sir, no more of your fa- " ther—He *could* do nothing for you. " Your whole dependence, I preſume, " was upon your uncle."

" My uncle, Sir, gave us all our " education—My uncle gave each bro- " ther a thouſand guineas for putting " out each to a merchant; five hun- " dred only of which ſums were ſo " employed; and the other five hun- " dred guineas are in ſafe hands."

" Your uncle, Sir, all reverence " to his memory, was an excellent " man."

" Indeed, Sir, he was."

" And what, Sir, is the buſineſs " you were brought up to?"

" My maſter is a Weſt India mer- " chant."

" And what, Mr. Danby, are your " proſpects in that way?"

" Exceeding hopeful, Sir, they would " have been—My maſter intended to " propoſe to my uncle, had he lived " to come to town, to take me in a " quarter partner with him directly; " and, in a twelvemonth's time, a half- " partner."

" A very good ſign in your favour, " Sir. You muſt have behaved your- " ſelf well.—And will he now do " it?"

" Ah, Sir!"—and was ſilent.

" Upon what terms, Mr. Danby, " would he have propoſed to your " uncle to take you in a quarter part- " ner?"

" Sir—he talked of—"

" Of what?"

" Four thouſand pounds, Sir. But " my uncle never gave us hopes of " more than three thouſand guineas " each, beſides the thouſand he had " given: and when he had ſo much " reaſon to reſent the unhappy ſteps of " my father, he let us know, that he " would not do *any thing* for us; and " to ſay truth, the thouſand pounds " left us in the will, is more than we " expected."

" Very ingenuous. I love you for " your ſincerity. But, pray, tell me, " will four thouſand pounds be well " laid out in a quarter partnerſhip?"

" To ſay truth, Sir, my maſter had " a view, at the year's end, if nothing " unexpected happened to prevent it, " to give me his niece in marriage; " and then to admit me into a half of " the buſineſs, which would be equi- " valent to a fortune of as much " more."

" And do you love the young *wo-* " man?"

" Indeed I do."

" And does ſhe countenance your " addreſs?"

" If her uncle—I don't doubt if " *her* uncle could have prevailed upon " *my* uncle—"

" Well, Sir, I am your uncle's " executor.—Now, Sir," (to Mr. Ed- ward Danby) " let me know *your* " ſituation; *your* proſpects?"

" Sir, I was put to a French wine- " merchant. My maſter is in years. I " am the ſole manager of his buſi- " neſs; and he would leave off to me, " I believe, and to his nephew, who " knows not ſo much of it as I do; " nor has the acquaintance, either in " France or England, that I have; " could I raiſe money to purchaſe half " the ſtock."

" And what, Sir, is neceſſary for " that purpoſe?"

" O Sir! at leaſt ſix thouſand pounds, " —But had my uncle left me the three " thouſand I once hoped for, I could " have got the other half at an eaſy " intereſt; for I am well beloved, and " have always borne a good character."

" What did you ſuppoſe your uncle " would do with the bulk of his for- " tune,

" tune, (you judged it, I ſuppoſe, to
" be large) if you expected no more
" than three thouſand guineas each at
" the moſt, beſides what he had given
" you?"

" We all thought, Sir," ſaid Mr. Edward Danby, " it would be *yours*,
" from the time that he owed his life
" to your courage and conduct. We
" never entertained hopes of being
" his heirs general: and he ſeveral
" times told me, when I was in France,
" that *you* ſhould be his heir."

" He never hinted that to me. What
" I did was as neceſſary to be done
" for my own ſafety, as for his. He
" much over-rated my ſervices. But
" what are your proſpects, Mr. Ed-
" ward Danby, in the French wine-
" trade?"

" O Sir, very great!"

" And will your maſter leave off to
" you and his nephew, think you?"

" I dare ſay he would, and be glad
" of retiring to Enfield, where he has
" a houſe he is ſo fond of, that he
" would be continually there by his
" good-will."

" And have you, Sir, any proſpect
" of adding to your circumſtances by
" marriage?"

" Women are a drug, Sir. I have
" no doubt of offers, if once I were
" my own maſter."

I ſtarted. His ſiſter looked angry. His brother was not pleaſed: Mr. Sylveſter, who, it ſeems, is an old bachelor, laughed.

" A *true* merchant this already!" thought I.

" Well, now, ſhall I have your
" conſents, gentlemen, to take your
" ſiſter aſide?—Will you truſt your-
" ſelf with me, Miſs Danby? Or had
" you rather anſwer my queſtions in
" company?"

" Sir, your character, your good-
" neſs, is ſo well known, I ſcruple
" not to attend you."

I took her hand, and led her to my ſtudy, leaving the door open to the drawing-room in which they were. I ſeated her. Then ſat down, but ſtill held her hand.

" Now, my dear Miſs Danby, you
" are to ſuppoſe me, as the executor
" of your uncle, his repreſentative.
" If you had that good uncle before
" you, and he was urging you to tell
" him what would make you happy,
" with an aſſurance, that he would do
" all in his power towards it; and if
" you would open your mind freely to
" him; with equal freedom open it to
" me. There was only this difference
" between us: he had reſentments
" againſt your father, which he car-
" ried too far when he extended them
" to his innocent children, [But it was
" an atrocious attempt, that embittered
" his otherwiſe benevolent ſpirit;] I
" have no reſentment; and am armed
" with his power, and have all the
" will he ever could have, to ſerve
" you. And now, let me know,
" what will effectually do it?"

The worthy girl wept. She look-ed down. She ſeemed as if ſhe were pulling threads out of her handker-chief. But was unable to return any other anſwer, than what her eyes once caſt up, as if to Heaven, made for her.

" Give me, my good Miſs Danby,
" (I would not diſtreſs you) give me,
" as your brothers did of *their* ſitu-
" ation, ſome account of *yours*. Do
" you live with either of your bro-
" thers?"

" No, Sir. I live with an aunt;
" my mother's ſiſter."

" Is ſhe good to you?"

" Yes, Sir, very good. But ſhe
" has children; and cannot be ſo
" good as ſhe would be to me. Yet
" ſhe has always been kind; and has
" made the beſt of my uncle's al-
" lowance for my education; and my
" fortune, which is unbroken, is the
" ſame ſum that he gave my brothers;
" and it is in good hands; and the in-
" tereſt of it, with my aunt's addi-
" tional goodneſs and management,
" enables me to make a genteel figure;
" and with my own houſewifery, I
" never have wanted ſome little mat-
" ters for my pocket."

" Good girl!" thought I—" Mer-
" cantile carle! thy brother Edward,
" pretty one! How *dared* he to ſay,
" that women are drugs?—Who in
" their œconomy, ſhort as their power
" is, are generally ſuperior to men!"

" Your uncle was very good to put
" you upon a foot with your brothers,
" in his bounty to them; as now he
" has alſo done in his will: and aſſure
" yourſelf, that his repreſentative will
" be equally kind to you as to your
" brothers. But ſhall I aſk you, as

" your uncle would have done—Is
" there any one man in the world,
" whom you prefer to another?"

'She was ſilent; looked down; and
'again picked her handkerchief.

'I called in her elder brother, (not
'the drug-merchant) and aſked him
'what he knew of his ſiſter's affec-
'tions?

'Why, my good Dr. Bartlett, are
'theſe women aſhamed of owning a
'laudable paſſion? Surely there is no-
'thing ſhameful in *diſcreet* love.

'Her brother acquainted me with
'the ſtory of her love; the good girl
'bluſhing, and looking down all the
'while, with the conſciouſneſs of a
'ſweet thief who had ſtolen a heart,
'and, being required to reſtore it, had
'been guilty of a new cheat, and
'given her own inſtead of it.

'The ſon of Mr. Galliard, an emi-
'nent Turky-merchant, is the man
'with whom ſhe has made this ex-
'change. His father, who lives in
'the neighbourhood of her aunt, had
'ſent him abroad, in the way of his
'traffick, partly with a view to pre-
'vent his marrying Miſs Danby, till
'it ſhould be ſeen whether her uncle
'would do any thing conſiderable for
'her; and he was but juſt returned;
'and, in order to be allowed to ſtay at
'home, had promiſed his father never
'to marry without his conſent: but
'nevertheleſs loved his ſiſter, Mr. Dan-
'by ſaid, above all women; and de-
'clared that he never would be the
'huſband of any other.

'I aſked, whether the father had
'any objections, but thoſe of fortune,
'to his ſon's choice; and was an-
'ſwered, "No." He *could* have no
'other, the young man, like a bro-
'ther, ſaid: there was not a more
'virtuous and diſcreet young woman
'in the kingdom than his ſiſter, though
'he ſaid it, that ſhould not ſay it.

"Though you ſay it, that *ſhould* not
"ſay it! Is not our relation intitled
"to the ſame juſtice that we would
"do to another?

"We muſt not blame indiſcrimi-
"nately," continued I, "all fathers
"who expect a fortune to be brought
"into their family, in ſome meaſure
"equivalent to the benefit the new-
"comer hopes to receive from it;
"eſpecially in mercantile families, if
"the young man is to be admitted
"into a ſhare with his father; who,
"by the way, *may* have other chil-
"dren—"

"He has—"

"Something by way of equivalent
"for the part he gives up, ſhould be
"done. Love is a ſelfiſh deity. He
"puts two perſons upon preferring
"their own intereſts, nay, a gratifica-
"tion of their paſſion often *againſt*
"their intereſts, to thoſe of every body
"elſe; and reaſon, diſcretion, duty,
"are frequently given up in a compe-
"tition with it. But love, neverthe-
"leſs, will not do every thing for the
"ardent pair. Parents know this;
"and ought not to pay for the raſh-
"neſs they wiſh to prevent, but can-
"not."

'They were attentive. I proceeded,
'addreſſing myſelf to both in the mer-
'cantile ſtile.

"Is a father, who, by his prudence,
"has weathered many a ſtorm, and
"got ſafe into port, obliged to re-
"embark in the voyage of life, with
"the young folks, who perhaps, in
"a little while, will conſider him as
"an incumbrance, and grudge him
"his cabin? Parents (though a young
"man, I have always thought in this
"manner) ſhould be indulgent; but
"children, when they put themſelves
"into one ſcale, ſhould allow the pa-
"rent his due weight in the other.—
"You are angry at this father, are
"you not, my dear Miſs Danby?"

'I ſaid this, to hear what anſwer ſhe
'would return.

"Indeed I am not. Mr. Galliard
"knows beſt his own affairs, and what
"they require. I have ſaid ſo twenty
"and twenty times: and young Mr.
"Galliard is convinced, that his fa-
"ther is not to be blamed, having
"other children. And, to own the
"truth," (looking on the floor) "we
"both ſit down, and with together,
"now and then: but what ſignifies
"wiſhing?"

"My ſiſter will now have two thou-
"ſand pounds: perhaps when old
"Mr. Galliard ſees that his ſon's
"affections—"

"Old Mr. Galliard," interrupted
'I, "ſhall be aſked to do nothing in-
"convenient to himſelf, or that is not
"ſtrictly right by his other children:

"nor

" nor ſhall the niece of my late worthy
" friend enter into his family with
" diſcredit to herſelf."

'Notice being given that ſupper was
'ready, I took the brother and ſiſter
'each by the hand; and, entering the
'drawing-room with them, "Enjoy,"
'ſaid I, "the little repaſt that will be
" ſet before you. If it be in my power
" to make you all three happy, happy
" you ſhall be."

'It muſt give great pleaſure, my
'dear Dr. Bartlett, you will believe,
'to a man of my lively ſenſations, to
'ſee three very different faces in the
'ſame perſons, from thoſe they had
'entered with. I imagined more than
'once, as the grateful eyes of the ſiſter,
'and tongues of the brothers, ex-
'preſſed their joy, that I ſaw my late
'worthy friend looking down upon us,
'delighted, and not with diſapproba-
'tion, upon his choice of an executor,
'who was determined to ſupply the
'defects, which the frailty of human
'nature, by an over-ſtrong reſentment
'on one hand, and an overflowing
'gratitude on the other, had occa-
'ſioned.

'I told Mr. Thomas Danby, that,
'beſides his legacy, he might reckon
'upon five thouſand pounds, and en-
'ter accordingly into treaty for and
'with his maſter's niece.

'Mr. Edward Danby I commiſſion-
'ed, on the ſtrength of the like addi-
'tional ſum, to treat with the gentle-
'man he had ſerved.

" And you, my good Miſs Danby,"
'ſaid I, "ſhall acquaint your favoured
" Mr. Galliard, That, beſides the two
" thouſand pounds already yours, you
" will have five thouſand pounds more
" at his ſervice. And if theſe ſums
" anſwer not your full purpoſes, I
" expect you will let me know; ſince,
" whether they do or not, my reſpect
" to the memory of your worthy uncle
" ſhall be ſhewn to the value of more
" than theſe three ſums to his rela-
" tions. I never will be a richer man
" than I ought to be: and you muſt
" inform me what other relations you
" have, and of their different ſituations
" in life, that I may be enabled to
" amend a will made in a long and
" painful ſickneſs, which might ſour
" a diſpoſition that was naturally all
" benevolence."

'They wept; looked at one ano-
'ther; dried their eyes, and wept
'again. *I* thought my preſence pain-
'ful to them, and withdrew to my
'ſtudy, and ſhut the door, that I
'might not add to their pain.

'At my return—" Do you—Do
" you"—referred each brother to the
'other: and Mr. Thomas Danby get-
'ting up to ſpeak, "I ſee, my friends,"
'ſaid I, "your grateful hearts in your
" countenances. Do you think my
" pleaſure is not, at leaſt, equal to
" yours? I am *more* than rewarded in
" the conſciouſneſs of having endea-
" voured to make a right uſe of the
" power entruſted to me. You will
" each of you, I hope, (thus ſet for-
" ward) be eminent in his particular
" buſineſs. The merchants of Great-
" Britain are the moſt uſeful members
" of the community. If I have ob-
" liged you, let me recommend to you,
" each in his ſeveral way, according to
" his ability, and as opportunity may
" offer, to raiſe thoſe worthy hearts,
" that inevitable calamities ſhall make
" ſpiritleſs. Look upon what is done
" for you, not as the reward of any
" particular merits in yourſelves, but
" as your debt to that Providence,
" which makes it a principal part of
" your religion, to do good to your
" fellow-creatures. In a word, let me
" enjoin you, in all your tranſactions,
" to *remember mercy*, as well as *juſ-*
" *tice*."

'The brothers, with folded hands,
'declared, that their hearts were open-
'ed by the example ſet them: and,
'they hoped, would never be ſhut.
'The ſiſter *looked* the ſame declara-
'tion.

'Mr. Sylveſter, raiſed with this
'ſcene of gratitude, tears in his honeſt
'eyes, ſaid, That he ſhould be impa-
'tient till he had looked into his af-
'fairs, and through his acquaintance,
'in order to qualify himſelf to do
'ſome little good, after ſuch a *ſelf-*
'*rewarding* example.

'If a private man, my dear Dr.
'Bartlett, could be a means of ex-
'panding thus the hearts of four per-
'ſons, none of them unworthy, what
'good might not princes, and thoſe
'who have princely fortunes, do?—
'Yet, you ſee, I have done nothing
'but mere juſtice. I have not given

'up

'up any thing that was my own, before this will gave me a power, that perhaps was put into my hands, as a new trial of the integrity of my heart.

'But what poor creatures are we, my dear friend, that the very avoiding the occaſion of a wrong action ſhould gladden our hearts, as with the conſciouſneſs of ſomething meritorious!

'At parting, I told the nephews, That I expected to hear from them the moment any thing ſhould be brought to effect; and let their maſters and them agree, or not, I would take the ſpeedieſt methods that could be fallen upon, to transfer to them, and to their ſiſter, ſuch actions and ſtocks, as would put them in full poſſeſſion of what they were intitled to, as well by my promiſe, as by their uncle's will.

'I was obliged to enjoin them ſilence.

'Their ſiſter wept; and when I preſſed her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the preſſure; but in a manner ſo modeſt, (recollecting herſelf into ſome little confuſion) that ſhewed gratitude had poſſeſſion of her whole heart, and ſet her above the forms of her ſex.

'The good attorney, as much raiſed as if he were one of the perſons benefited, joined with the two brothers in invoking bleſſings upon me.

'So much, my dear Dr. Bartlett, for this night. The paſt day is a day that I am not diſpleaſed with.'

LETTER XXXVII.

DR. BARTLETT, TO MISS BYRON.

'MARCH 18.

'I Preſent to you, Madam, the account you deſired to ſee, as extracted by my kinſman from my papers. You ſeemed to wiſh it to be haſtened for you; it is not what it might have been; but mere facts, I preſume, will anſwer your intention. Be pleaſed, therefore, to accept it with your uſual goodneſs.

* *

"Dr. Bartlett went abroad as governor of a young man of quality; Mr. Lorimer I am to call him, to conceal his real name. He was the very reverſe of young Mr. Grandiſon. He was not only rude and ungovernable; but proud, ill-natured, malicious, even baſe.

"The doctor was exceedingly averſe to take upon him the charge of the wicked youth abroad; having had too many inſtances of the badneſs of his nature while in England: but he was prevailed upon by the ſolicitations of his father, (who repreſented it as an act of the greateſt charity to him and his family) as well as by the ſolemn promiſes of good behaviour from the young man; for he was known to regard the advice of Dr. Bartlett more than that of any other perſon.

"The doctor and Mr. Lorimer were at Turin, when young Mr. Grandiſon (who had been ſome months in France) for the firſt time arrived in that city; then in the eighteenth year of his age.

"Dr. Bartlett had not a more profligate pupil, than Mr. Grandiſon had a governor; though recommended by General W. his uncle by the mother's ſide. It uſed to be obſerved in places where they made but a few days reſidence, that the young gentleman ought to have been the governor, Monſieur Creutzer the governed. Mr. Grandiſon had, in ſhort, the happineſs, by his prudence, to eſcape ſeveral ſnares laid for his virtue, by a wretch, who hoped, if he could betray him into them, to ſilence the remonſtrances of the young man, upon his evil conduct; and to hinder him from complaining of him to his father.

"Mr. Grandiſon became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett at Turin: Monſieur Creutzer, at the ſame time, commenced an intimacy with Mr. Lorimer; and the two former were not more united from good qualities, than the two latter were from bad.

"Several riotous things were done by Creutzer and Lorimer; who, whatever the doctor could do to ſeparate them, were hardly ever aſunder. One of their enormities fell under the cognizance of the civil magiſtrate; and was not made eaſy to Lorimer without great intereſt and expence: while Creutzer fled

"to

" to Rome, to avoid condign punish-
" ment; and wrote to Mr. Grandiſon
" to join him there.

" Then it was, that Mr. Grandiſon
" wrote (as he had often ineffectually
" threatened to do) to repreſent to his
" father the profligacy of the man;
" and to requeſt him to appoint him
" another governor; or to permit him
" to return to England till he had
" made choice of one for him; beg-
" ging of Dr. Bartlett, that he would
" allow him, till he had an anſwer from
" his father, to apply to him for ad-
" vice and inſtruction.

" The anſwer of his father was,
" that he heard of his prudence from
" every mouth; that he was at liberty
" to chuſe what *companion* he pleaſed:
" but that he gave him no *governor*
" but his own diſcretion.

" Mr. Grandiſon then, more ear-
" neſtly than before, and with an
" humility and diffidence, ſuited to
" his natural generoſity of temper,
" that never grew upon indulgence,
" beſought the doctor's direction: and
" when they were obliged to ſeparate,
" they eſtabliſhed a correſpondence,
" which never will end but with the
" life of one of them.

" Mr. Grandiſon laid before the
" doctor all his plan; ſubmitting his
" conduct to him, as well with regard
" to the proſecution of his ſtudies, as
" to his travels: but they had not
" long correſponded in this manner,
" when the doctor let him know,
" that it was needleſs to conſult him
" *aforehand*; and the more ſo, as it
" often occaſioned a ſuſpenſion of ex-
" cellent reſolutions: but he beſought
" him to continue to him an account
" of all he undertook, of all he per-
" formed, and of every material inci-
" dent of his life; not only as his
" narrations would be matter of the
" higheſt entertainment to him; but
" as they would furniſh him with
" leſſons from example, that might
" be of greater force upon the unhap-
" py Lorimer, than his own precepts.

" While Lorimer was paſſing through
" but a few of the cities in Lombardy,
" Mr. Grandiſon made almoſt the
" tour of Europe; and yet gave him-
" ſelf time to make ſuch remarks upon
" perſons, places, and things, as
" could hardly be believed to be the
" obſervations of ſo young a man.

" Lorimer, mean time, was engaged
" in ſhews, ſpectacles, and in the di-
" verſions of the places in *which he*
" *lived*, as it might be ſaid, rather
" than *through which he paſſed*.

" The doctor, at one time, was
" the more patient with theſe delays,
" as he was willing that the carnival
" at Venice ſhould be over, before he
" ſuffered his pupil to go to that city.
" But Lorimer, ſuſpecting his inten-
" tion, ſlipt thither unknown to his
" governor, at the very beginning of
" it; and the doctor was forced to
" follow him: and when there, had
" the mortification of *hearing* of him
" (for the young man avoided his
" governor as much as poſſible) as
" one of the moſt riotous perſons there.

" In vain did the doctor, when he
" ſaw his pupil, ſet before him the
" example of Mr. Grandiſon; a much
" younger man. All the effect which
" the reading of Mr. Grandiſon's
" letters had upon him, was to make
" him hate the more both his governor
" and that gentleman. By one of
" theſe letters only, did he do himſelf
" temporary credit. It was written
" ſome months before it was ſhewn
" him, and deſcribed ſome places of
" note through which Mr. Grandiſon
" had paſſed, and through which the
" doctor and his charge had alſo more
" lately paſſed. The mean creature
" contrived to ſteal it, and his father
" having often urged for a ſpecimen
" of his ſon's obſervations on his
" travels, he copied it almoſt verba-
" tim, and tranſmitted it as his own
" to his father; only letting the
" doctor know, after he had ſent it
" away, that he *had* written.

" The doctor doubted not but
" Lorimer had expoſed himſelf; but
" was very much ſurprized, when he
" received a congratulatory letter from
" the father on his ſon's improve-
" ments, mingled with ſome little
" aſperity on the doctor, for having
" ſet out his ſon to his diſadvantage:
" I could not doubt," ſaid the fond
" father, " that a ſon of mine had
" genius: he wanted nothing but to
" apply."—And then he gave orders
" for doubling the value of his next
" remittance.

" The doctor took the young gen-
" tleman to taſk about it. He owned
" what he had done, and gloried in
" his

" his contrivance. But his governor " thought it incumbent upon him to " undeceive the father, and to ſave " him the extraordinary part of his " remittance.

" The young man was enraged at " the doctor, for *expoſing* him, as he " called it, to his father, and for the " check he was continually giving to " his lawleſs appetites; and falling " into acquaintance with a courtezan, " who was infamous for ruining many " young travellers by her ſubtle and " dangerous contrivances, they joined " in a reſolution to revenge themſelves " on the doctor, whom they conſidered " as their greateſt enemy.

" Several projects they fell upon: " one in particular was to accuſe " him, by a third hand, as concerning " himſelf with affairs of ſtate in " Venice: a crime which, in that " jealous republic, is never over-" looked, and generally ends fatally " for the accuſed; who, if ſeized, is " hardly ever heard of afterwards. " From this danger he narrowly " eſcaped, by means of his general " good character, and remarkable in-" offenſiveneſs, and the profligateneſs " of his accuſers; nor knew he his " danger till many months afterwards. " The doctor believes, that he fared " the better for being an Engliſhman, " and a governor to the ſon of a Bri-" tiſh nobleman, who made ſo con-" ſiderable a figure in England; be-" cauſe the Italians in general reap ſo " much advantage from the travellers " of this nation, that they are ready " to favour and encourage them above " thoſe of any other.

" The doctor had been very ſolici-" tous to be acquitted of his un-" gracious charge. In every letter " he wrote to England, this was one " of his prayers: but ſtill the father, " who knew not what to do with his " ſon at home, had beſought his pa-" tience; and wrote to his ſon in the " ſtrongeſt terms, after reproaching " him for his ungraciouſneſs, to pay " an implicit obedience to the doctor.

" The father was a learned man. " Great pains had been taken with " Lorimer, to make him know ſome-" thing of the ancient Greek and Ro-" man hiſtories. The father was " *very* deſirous, that his ſon ſhould " ſee the famous places of old Greece, " of which he himſelf had read ſo " much: and with great difficulty, " the doctor got the young man to leave " Venice, where the vile woman, and " the diverſions of the place, had taken " ſcandalous hold of him.

" Athens was the city at which the " father had deſired they would make " ſome ſtay; and from thence viſit " other parts of the Morea: and there " the young man found his woman " got before him, according to pri-" vate agreement between them.

" It was ſome time before the doc-" tor found out, that the very wo-" man who had acted ſo abandoned a " part with Lorimer at Venice, was " his miſtreſs at Athens: and when he " did, he applied, on ſome freſh enor-" mities committed by Lorimer, to " the tribunal which the Chriſtians " have there, conſiſting of eight vene-" rable men choſen out of the eight " quarters of the city, to determine " cauſes among Chriſtians; and they " taking cognizance of the facts, the " wicked woman ſuborned wretches " to accuſe the doctor to the Cadi, " who is the Turkiſh judge of the " place, as a dangerous and diſſaf-" fected perſon; and the Cadi being, " as it was ſuppoſed, corrupted by " preſents, got the vayvode, or go-" vernor, to interfere; and the doctor " was ſeized and thrown into priſon: " his Chriſtian friends in the place " were forbidden to interpoſe in his fa-" vour; and pen and ink, and all ac-" ceſs to him, were prohibited.

" The vile woman, having con-" certed meaſures with the perſons ſhe " had ſuborned, for continuing the " doctor in his ſevere confinement, ſet " out with her paramour for Venice; " and there they rioted as before.

" Mr. Beauchamp, a young man of " learning and fine parts, happened to " make an acquaintance with Mr. " Grandiſon in the iſland of Candia, " where they met as countrymen, which " from a ſympathy of mind, grew " immediately into an intimacy that " will hardly ever end. This young " gentleman, in the courſe of his " travels, viſiting Athens about this " time, was informed of the doctor's " misfortune, by one of the eight " Chriſtians who conſtituted the tri-" bunal above mentioned, and who " was an affectionate friend of the

" doctor,

" the doctor, though forbidden to
" buſy himſelf in his cauſe: and Mr.
" Beauchamp, (who had heard Mr.
" Grandiſon ſpeak of the doctor with
" an uncommon affection) knowing
" that Mr. Grandiſon was then at
" Conſtantinople, diſpatched a man
" on purpoſe, to acquaint him with
" the affair, and with all the particu-
" lars he could get of the caſe, an-
" thenticated as much as the nature
" of the thing would admit.

" Mr. Grandiſon was equally griev-
" ed and aſtoniſhed at the information.
" He inſtantly applied to the Engliſh
" ambaſſador at the Porte; as alſo to
" the French miniſter there; with
" whom he had made an acquaintance;
" they to the grand vizir; and an or-
" der was iſſued for ſetting the doctor
" at liberty. Mr. Grandiſon, in or-
" der to urge the diſpatch of the chiaux
" who carried it, accompanied him,
" and arrived at Athens, juſt as the
" vayvode had determined to get rid
" of the whole affair in a private man-
" ner (the doctor's finances being ex-
" hauſted) by the bow-ſtring. The
" danger endeared the doctor to Mr.
" Grandiſon; a relief ſo ſeaſonable
" endeared Mr. Grandiſon to the doc-
" tor; to them *both* Mr. Beauchamp,
" who would not ſtir from Athens till
" he had ſeen him delivered; having
" buſied himſelf in the interim, in the
" beſt manner he could, (though he
" was obliged to uſe caution and ſe-
" creſy) to do him ſervice, and to
" ſuſpend the fatal blow.

" Here was a cement to a friend-
" ſhip (that had been begun between
" the young gentlemen from likeneſs
" of manners) between them and the
" doctor, whom they have had the
" goodneſs ever ſince to regard as their
" father: and to this day it is one of
" the doctor's delights to write to his
" worthy ſon Beauchamp all that he
" can come at, relating to the life and
" actions of a man, whom the one re-
" gards as an example, the other as an
" honour to the human race.

" It was ſome time before the doc-
" tor knew for certain, that the un-
" gracious Lorimer had been conſent-
" ing to the ſhocking treatment he had
" met with; for the wretches whom
" the vile woman had ſuborned, had
" made their eſcape from Athens be-
" fore the arrival of Mr. Grandiſon
" and the chiaux; the flagitious youth
" had written to his father, in terms
" of the deepeſt ſorrow, an account of
" what had befallen his governor; and
" his father had taken the beſt mea-
" ſures that could be fallen upon at ſo
" great diſtance, for the doctor's ſuc-
" cour and liberty: but, in all proba-
" bility, he would have been loſt be-
" fore thoſe meaſures could have taken
" effect.

" Lorimer's father, little thinking
" that his ſon had connived at the plot
" formed againſt his governor, be-
" ſought him, when he had obtained
" his liberty, not to leave his ſon to
" his own devices. The doctor, as
" little thinking then, that Lorimer
" had been capable of a baſeneſs ſo
" very villainous, in compaſſion both
" to father and ſon, went to Venice,
" and got him out of the hands of the
" vile woman; and then to Rome:
" but there, the unhappy wretch con-
" tinuing his profligate courſes, be-
" came at laſt a ſacrifice to his diſſo-
" luteneſs; and his death was a de-
" liverance to his family, to the doc-
" tor, and to the earth.

" On his death-bed he confeſſed the
" plot, which the infamous courtezan
" had meditated againſt the doctor at
" Venice, as well as his connivance at
" that which ſhe had carried into exe-
" cution at Athens. He died in horror
" not to be deſcribed; begging for
" longer life, and promiſing reforma-
" tion on that condition. The man-
" ner of his death, and the crimes he
" confeſſed himſelf guilty of, by the
" inſtigation of the moſt abandoned of
" women, beſides thoſe committed a-
" gainſt his governor, ſo ſhocked and
" grieved the doctor, that he fell ill,
" and his recovery was long doubted of.

" Mean time Mr. Grandiſon viſited
" ſome parts of Aſia and Africk, Egypt
" particularly; correſponding all the
" time with Dr. Bartlett, and allow-
" ing the correſpondence to paſs into
" the hands of Mr. Beauchamp; as
" he did that which he held with Mr.
" Beauchamp, to be communicated to
" the doctor.

" When Mr. Grandiſon returned to
" Italy, finding there his two friends,
" he engaged the doctor to accompany
" Mr. Beauchamp in that part of his
" tour into ſome of the eaſtern re-
" gions, which he himſelf had been

" particularly pleaſed with, and, as he " ſaid, wanted to be more particularly " informed of: and *therefore* inſiſted, " that it ſhould be taken at his own " expence. He knew that Mr. Beau- " champ had a ſtep-mother, who had " prevailed on his father to take off " two-thirds of the allowance he made " him on his travels.

" Mr. Beauchamp very reluctantly " complied with the condition ſo ge- " nerouſly impoſed on him by his be- " loved friend; another of whoſe argu- " ments was, that ſuch a tour would " be the moſt likely means to eſtabliſh " the health of a man equally dear to " both.

" Mr. Grandiſon never was at a loſs " for arguments to keep in counte- " nance the perſons whom he bene- " fited; and to make their acceptance " of his favours appear not only to be " their duty, but an obligation laid " on himſelf.

" Mr. Grandiſon himſelf, when the " two gentlemen ſet out on their tour, " was engaged in ſome affairs at Bo- " logna and Florence, which gave him " great embarraſſment.

" Dr. Bartlett and Mr. Beauchamp " viſited the principal iſlands of the " Archipelago: after which, the doc- " tor left the young gentleman pur- " ſuing his courſe to Conſtantinople, " with intention to viſit ſome parts of " Aſia, and took the opportunity of a " veſſel that was bound for Leghorn, " to return thither.

" His health was happily eſtabliſh- " ed: and, knowing that Mr. Gran- " diſon expected the long-deſired call " from his father to return to Eng- " land, and that it was *likely* that he " could be of uſe to his ward Miſs " Jervois, and her affairs, in her guar- " dian's abſence, he was the more de- " ſirous to return to Italy.

" Mr. Grandiſon rejoiced at his ar- " rival: and ſoon after ſet out for " Paris, in order to attend there the " expected call; leaving Emily, in the " interim, to his care.

" Lorimer's father did not long ſur- " vive his ſon. He expreſſed himſelf " in his laſt hours highly ſenſible of " the doctor's care of his unhappy " boy; and earneſtly deſired his lady " to ſee him handſomely rewarded for " his trouble. But not making a will, " and the lady having, by her early " over-indulgence, ruined the morals " of her child, (never ſuffering him " to be either corrected or chidden, " were his enormities ever ſo flagrant) " ſhe bore a ſecret grudge to the doc- " tor for his honeſt repreſentations to " her lord of the young man's immo- " ralities: and not even the interpo- " ſition of a Sir Charles Grandiſon has " hitherto been able to procure the " leaſt acknowledgment to the doctor; " though the loſs, as well of his repu- " tation as life, might have been the " conſequence of the faithful ſervices " he had endeavoured to render to the " proſligate youth, and in him to the " whole family."

LETTER XXXVIII.

DR. BARTLETT. IN CONTINUATION.

[INCLOSING THE PRECEDING.]

' THUS far, dear Miſs Byron, ' (delight of every one who is ' ſo happy as to know you!) reach my ' kinſman's extracts from my papers. ' I will add ſome particulars in anſwer ' to your enquiries about Mr. Beau- ' champ, if, writing of a man I ſo ' greatly love, I can write but a few.

' Mr. Beauchamp is a fine young ' man in his perſon: when I call him ' a ſecond Sir Charles Grandiſon, you ' and the ladies, and my Lord L. will ' conceive a very high idea of his un- ' derſtanding, politeneſs, and other ' amiable qualities. He is of an an- ' cient family. His father, Sir Harry ' Beauchamp, tenderly loves him, and ' keeps him abroad equally againſt ' both their wills; eſpecially againſt ' Mr. Beauchamp's, now his beloved ' friend is in England. This is done ' to humour an imperious, vindictive ' woman, who, when a widow, had ' caſt her eye upon the young gentle- ' man for a huſband; imagining, that ' her great wealth (her perſon not diſ- ' agreeable) would have been a temp- ' tation to him. This, however, was ' unknown to the father; who made ' his addreſſes to her much about the ' time that Mr. Beauchamp had given ' an abſolute denial (perhaps with too ' little ceremony) to an overture made ' to him by a friend of hers. This ' enraged her. She was reſolved to be

' revenged

'revenged on him, and knowing him 'to be abſolutely in his father's power, 'as to fortune, gave way to Sir Harry's 'addreſſes; and on her obtaining ſuch 'terms as in a great meaſure put both 'father and ſon in her power, ſhe 'married Sir Harry.

'She ſoon gained an abſolute aſ-'cendant over her huſband. The ſon, 'when his father firſt made his ad-'dreſſes to her, was allowed to ſet 'out on his travels with an appoint-'ment of 600l. a year. She never 'reſted till ſhe had got 400l. a year to 'be ſtruck off; and the remaining '200l. was ſo ill remitted, that the 'young gentleman would have been 'put to the greateſt difficulties, had 'it not been for the truly friendly 'aſſiſtance of Mr. Grandiſon.

'Yet it is ſaid, that this lady is 'not deſtitute of ſome good qualities, 'and in caſes where the *ſon* is not the 'ſubject, behaves very commendably 'to Sir Harry: but being a managing 'woman, and Sir Harry loving his 'eaſe, ſhe has made herſelf his re-'ceiver and treaſurer; and by that 'means has put it out of his power to 'act as paternally by his ſon as he 'is inclined to do, without her know-'ing it.

'The lady and Sir Harry both, 'however, profeſs to admire the cha-'racter of Sir Charles Grandiſon, 'from the letters Mr. Beauchamp has 'written from time to time to his 'father; and from the general report 'in his favour; and on this, as well 'I, as Mr. Beauchamp, found our 'hope, that if Sir Charles, by ſome 'unſuſpected way, can make himſelf 'perſonally acquainted with the lady, 'he will be able to induce her to con-'ſent to her ſon-in-law's recal; and 'to be reconciled to him; the rather, 'as there is no iſſue by this marriage; 'whoſe intereſt might ſtrengthen the 'lady's animoſity.

'Mr. Beauchamp, in this hope, 'writes to Sir Charles, that he can, 'and will, pay all due reſpect to his 'father's wife, and, as ſuch, treat 'her as his mother, if ſhe will con-'ſent to his return to his native coun-'try; but declares, that he would 'ſtay abroad all his life, rather than 'his father ſhould be made unhappy, 'by allowing of his coming over 'againſt the conſent of ſo high-ſpirited 'a woman. In the mean time he 'propoſes to ſet out from Vienna, 'where he now is, for Paris, to be 'near, if Sir Charles, who he thinks 'can manage any point he undertakes, '(and who in this, will be ſeconded 'by his father's love) can prevail with 'his mother-in-law.

'I long, ladies, to have you all 'acquainted with this other excellent 'young man. You, Miſs Byron, I 'am ſure, in particular, will admire 'Sir Charles Grandiſon's, and my 'Beauchamp: of ſpirit ſo manly, 'yet of manners ſo delicate, I end as 'I began; he is a ſecond Sir Charles 'Grandiſon.

'I ſhall think myſelf, ladies, very 'happy, if I can find it in my power 'to oblige you, by any communica-'tions you would wiſh to be made 'you. But let me once more recom-'mend it to you, Lady L. Lord L. 'and Miſs Grandiſon, to throw off 'all reſerves to the moſt affectionate 'of brothers. He will have none to 'you, in caſes which he knows will 'give you pleaſure; and if he for-'bears of his own accord to acquaint 'you with ſome certain affairs, it is 'becauſe the iſſue of them is yet hid-'den from himſelf.

'As to Lady Olivia, mentioned to 'you by good Lord L. ſhe never can 'be more to my patron than ſhe now 'is.

'Allow me to be, my good Miſs 'Byron, with a true paternal affection, '*your admirer and humble ſervant*,

'AMBROSE BARTLETT.'

SUBJOINED IN A SEPARATE PAPER, BY MISS BYRON TO HER LUCY.

HOW is this, Lucy? Let me col-lect ſome of the contents of theſe letters. 'If Sir Charles forbear, of 'his own accord, to acquaint his 'ſiſters with ſome certain affairs — 'Iſſue hidden from himſelf.—En-'gaged in ſome affair at Bologna and 'Florence, that embarraſs him.'—[*Is*, or *was* ſo engaged, means the doctor?] 'Sir Charles not reſerved; yet re-'ſerved.'—How is all this, Lucy?

But does the doctor ſay, 'That I 'ſhall particularly admire Mr. Beau-'champ?'—What *means* the doctor by that?—But he cannot affront me

ſo much as to mean any thing but to ſhew his own love to the worthy young man. The doctor longs for us to ſee him: if I do ſee him, he muſt come quickly; for ſhall I not ſoon return to my laſt, my beſt refuge, the arms of my indulgent grandmamma and aunt?—I ſhall.

But, dear Lucy, have you any ſpite in you? Are you capable of malice—*deadly* malice?—If you are, ſit down, and wiſh the perſon you hate to be in love with a man (I muſt, it ſeems, ſpeak out) whom ſhe thinks, and every body knows, to be ſuperior to herſelf, in every quality, in every endowment, both of mind and fortune; and be doubtful (far, far worſe is *doubtful* than *ſure!*) among ſome faint glimmerings of hope, whether his affections are engaged; and if they are not, whether he can return—Ah, Lucy! you know what I mean—Don't let me ſpeak out.

But one word more—Don't you think the doctor's compliment at the beginning of this letter, a little particular?—'Delight of EVERY ONE' who is ſo happy as to know you.' Charming words!—But are they, or are they not, officiouſly inſerted!—Am I the delight of Sir Charles Grandiſon's heart? Does *he* not know *me?*—Weak, ſilly, vain, humble, low, yet proud Harriet Byron!—Be gone, paper—mean confeſſion of my conjecturing folly——Ah, Lucy, I tore the paper half through, as you'll ſee, in anger at myſelf; but I will ſtitch it to the doctor's letter, to be taken off by you, and to be ſeen by nobody elſe.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

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